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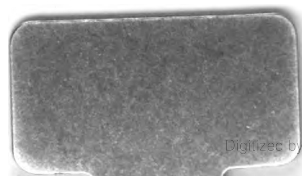
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The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs



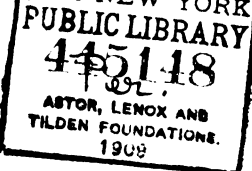
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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. I. ✓

IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

I.

A KING is born," the Magi said,
"Behold His herald star!"

They followed where the bright star led
From eastern lands afar.
They sought Him not with Prince or Priest
In purple palace hall;
But found the Babe 'mid boor and beast
Within a manger's stall.

II.

They found the Lord of life and death,
A helpless little child;
Dumb oxen warmed Him with their breath,
Maid Mary on Him smiled.
And angel hosts with burning wings
Stood tranced in holy awe
Before the lowly King of kings
Throned in the stable's straw.

III.

"I bring the nursling from the dam,"
One said, a shepherd mild;
"I give the lamb unto the Lamb,
The weanling to the Child."
"Red gold we bring to Christ the King
And spicy incense sweet
For God, and burial myrrh we bring
For wounded hands and feet."

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IV.

Christ cometh yet in aspect weak
And shelter fain would win,
Amid the lowly and the meek,
In hearts assoiled of sin.
He wears no crown, no monarch's guise
No pursuivant before ;
But well for whoso recognize
And greet Him and adore.

V.

Oh, make our hearts Thy manger, Lord !
And Magi-wise may we,
Like them, the star-led, who adored,
Proclaim Thy majesty.
Be myrrh of charity and gold
Of love the gifts we bring,
Than earth's dross richer manifold,
To Thee, our Sovran King !

VI.

So shall 'Thine angels' joyous song,
Till sin and sorrow cease,
Its echoes in our hearts prolong,
And all our days be peace.
So daily in the spirit's life,
Thou, Christ, shalt be reborn ;
Each eve be with redemption rife,
Each morn be Christmas morn.

THE REAL MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

THE Pope could never have forbidden the exchange of furs as it was practised by the missionaries. That was a matter that depended on the divine and natural law. There was really no other means of sustaining the missions and providing for the support of the priests.

The Indians treated the missionaries with more consideration than some of the French colonists did. During the war between the two great European powers some English troops from Boston had entered the Abenakis territory, destroyed their village and burned their church. After peace had been declared, a deputation of Indians came to Boston to ask the English Governor for workmen to rebuild their church. They offered to pay liberally for whatever was done. The governor received them with great show of regard, and made the most seductive offers. "Not only will I send you workmen" said he, "but I wish to pay myself the whole expense of the building. However, it is not reasonable that I, who am English, should build your church without putting in it an English minister to keep it and to teach you 'the prayer.' I will give you one with whom you will be very well satisfied, if you send back to Quebec the French minister who is in your village." This "French minister" was none other than Father Sebastian Rasle, a missionary of the Society of Jesus.

The chief replied to the governor: "Your words astonish me, and I am in amazement at the proposition you make. When you came here you saw me long before the French governor did, but neither those who came before your time nor your ministers ever spoke to me of 'the prayer' or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs, and that is all they cared for. I could not supply them with enough, and when I had plenty I was their very great friend, and that was all. On the other hand, one day when my canoe carried me out of my course, and made me lose my way, I wandered hither and thither until I arrived at a great village of the Algonquins

near Quebec. There the Black Robes were teaching. Hardly had I arrived when one of them came to see me, and although I was loaded with peltries, the Black Robe did not even deign to look at them. He spoke to me first of the Great Spirit, of paradise, hell, of 'the prayer,' and of the only way to reach heaven. I listened to him with pleasure. I was delighted with what he said, and I remained a long time in the village to hear him. At last 'his prayer' pleased me, and I asked him to instruct me. I also asked for baptism, and was baptized. After that I came back to my own country, and told what had happened to me. Everyone envied my good fortune and wanted to share in it, and they sent for the Black Robe and asked him to baptize them. That is how the Frenchman has treated me. If as soon as I had seen you, you had spoken to me of 'the prayer,' I should have had the misfortune to pray as you do, for I was not yet able to understand if your prayer was good. So I tell you now, that I hold 'the prayer' of the Frenchman; I like it and will keep it until the whole world is burned up and comes to an end. Keep your workmen and your money and your minister. I won't speak to you any more about them. I will talk to the French governor, my father, and he will send me men." So he did, indeed, and the church was rebuilt.

It would be difficult to find even in Telemachus a description in such simple and touching good taste. At the same time we cannot but admire the great idea which the Indian had of this Frenchman in his black robe, of his great evangelical simplicity, his unworldly disinterestedness in not even deigning to look at the peltries of the Indian.

The character of missionary life among the Hurons has led us perhaps to treat a little more lengthily than was proper this serious question of the trading of the Jesuits in Canada. But it was necessary, in order to vindicate the incorruptible honor of these religious who could never escape hatred and jealousy even in the depths of the forests of New France.

Their manner of life was regulated as in the strictest community. At four o'clock they arose, made their meditation, said Mass, heard a spiritual reading, and recited their Little Hours. At eight o'clock the door was thrown open for the

Indians. It was a continual avalanche of sight-seers, beggars, catechumens and christians. In the cabins of the Missionaries the Hurons made themselves perfectly at home. They planted themselves wherever they liked, and went out only when it suited them. They had to be allowed to go everywhere and to see everything. If they were interfered with, it resulted only in quarrels, and perhaps in blows. One had to go softly in dealing with them. It was of the greatest importance, however, to have one's eyes wide open, and to exercise a continual watchfulness unless one was willing to lose all his furniture and provisions. When some of the visitors were too importunate or acquisitive, which was not of rare occurrence, they were simply put out with an honest frankness, but at the same time with a great deal of tact and courtesy. The Huron who has been indiscreet or a thief is quite amenable to this method of procedure. From mid-day until two o'clock they taught catechism to the little children except on Tuesday and Thursday. On those days only one hour was given to the work, the remaining time being devoted to the Catechumens or the Christians, or to the most important personages of the settlement.

Thus six hours every day were spent in receiving the savages in the cabin of the missionaries, and in instructing and catechising them—an ungrateful and laborious work, which required unlimited patience, sweetness and charity. During this time the other Fathers visited all the cabins, hunted up the adults and the children in danger of death, taught them and baptized them. "The interior of their cabins," wrote Father De Brebeuf, "is a little image of hell. Ordinarily one sees only fire and smoke, naked bodies here and there on the ground, dirty and half baked with the fire, lying about promiscuously among the dogs. Everything is in a cloud of dust. Before one reaches the end of the long Indian cabin, he is covered with vermin, with soot and with filth. Yet these visits to their homes are indispensable and have to be repeated more than once a day. In spite of that how revolting their reception was most commonly in these wretched cabins! How often they had to submit to injuries and insults whenever they entered! Often they had to wait for hours before slipping in a word

about religion, and when perchance they had succeeded in teaching the savage some great truth, a dream during the night would destroy the weary work of months."

The daily round of the cabins lasted until two o'clock. After that examen of conscience, and then dinner. It was a source of infinite trouble when that time arrived to get rid of the Indians who were squatted around the fire, and perhaps dipping without ceremony into the pot. It was all the worse for the Black Robe if they left him nothing to eat. A rogue of a Frenchman one day found out the means of making these undesirable guests clear out of the cabin. Just an instant before the clock was going to strike he spoke to it and said "Hurry up now and ring twice." The clock struck, and after the second stroke the Frenchman said "Enough." "What is it saying?" asked the savages. "It says 'clear out,' it is time for dinner." The Indians in astonishment did not wait for any more. They all hastened to the door.

During the dinner the Fathers read the Holy Bible, and at supper, some religious work. Dinner and supper did not last long, for sagamite is swallowed quickly, and right after that began anew the reception of the savages and the visits to the cabins.

At 4, the clock again said "clear out, it is the time for prayer." The missionaries shut the door, recite their breviary, make note of the events of the day, write their letters, consult together about the interests of the Mission, and study the Huron language. Father DeBrebeuf writes on the 20th May, 1657, "My companions work with such ardor at the study of this language, which is hardly known, and not yet reduced to any linguistical principles that they have made most remarkable progress." The exercises of the evening in summer were made in the light that came through the roof, and in winter by the glare of the fire while seated on a log and often amid a dense smoke.

Sunday there was High Mass. The ceremony of the Blessed Bread was performed. They had vespers, catechism for the children and the unbelievers separately, and instruction of their Catechumens and Christians. They sung complins at five o'clock, and kept up their visits to the cabins all

day long. There was not a moment to rest. On that day they displayed all possible pomp in the service, especially in the ceremonies of baptism, for it was very important to strike the imagination of this people of children before arriving at their intelligences. But their pomp was of the most modest character, although considered magnificent in that country. "Everywhere" says LeMercier, "they had wreaths and foliage and bouquets of flowers, and whatever colored cloth they had brought from France in order to make up an ornamentation for these great feasts. When there was any great personage to be baptized, ordinarily all the tribe assisted at the ceremony, and invariably the Fathers had to provide a feast, which was most commonly smoked fish cooked in sagamite. The Indians could never understand a ceremony without a banquet.

"The distant villages were not deprived of the visits of the missionaries. Every week many of them set out on the road, a blanket on their back to roll themselves in at night, and in their hand a bag containing needles, books, beads, or other objects to offer as presents, or pay for lodging and food. They were not always well received, and more than once, when expelled from one village, had to direct their steps to another more hospitable. There they entered without ceremony the first cabin that would admit them, and after the Huron fashion, took their share in the meal of sagamite, and at night laid down in a corner to sleep. During the day they visited all the huts to baptize and to preach. It was an ungrateful and a difficult labor to undertake these "flying missions," as they were called. Often and often they were refused or thrust out, insulted, ill-treated and even threatened with death; but as it was God's work, nothing stopped them. On Saturday they came back to the nearest residence and on Monday resumed their journeys. Thus the days went by in the missions of St. Joseph and the Immaculate Conception—days of work and prayer and suffering and nevertheless days of peace and consolation. But greater troubles now were before them.

The Puritans who had come from England and Holland, were at the bottom of a revolt of the Hurons against the

Jesuits which began just then. "Do not trust these Jesuits," they told the Indians. "Woe to your country if they enter, it will be desolated and ruined. In Europe they dare not show themselves, and whenever they are caught they are immediately put to death." This perfidious counsel suggested by hatred and by greed could not fail to make an impression on the simple and ignorant minds of these savages who were remarkable for their mistrust and superstition, and were not able to explain sufficiently why the missionary came among them. The calumnies of the English and Dutch Puritans passed from mouth to mouth, went from village to village, and insensibly prepared their minds for the revolt. The storm broke at the moment when it was least expected. In 1637 an epidemic, unknown until then among the savages, and very much like small-pox in its character caused terrible ravages in the country, and in a few months destroyed half of the population. The mortality was frightful among the old men, the most courageous and skilful warriors, upon whom the tribe looked to for defence, and among the children who were the hope of the nation. The missionaries themselves did not escape; most of them caught the sickness. The missionaries themselves did not escape; most of them caught the sickness and some of them died. The chiefs got together to investigate the cause of this new sickness, and to discuss the best means of checking its progress. They consulted the medicine men, who interrogated the spirits, interpreted dreams, and practised incantations, and in obedience to their orders a series of remedies was begun each more infallible than the other. Here are some of the chief ones:

The sick were made to travel along the roads in the middle of winter, stark naked and howling like wolves. They demanded the presents which were to cure them, and the presents rained on them from all sides. To this treatment another succeeded. In the middle of the night, men, women and children, all pretending to be crazy, precipitated themselves from their cabins and gave way to the most hideous orgies. After this came the scandalous actions of the day. They had the most extravagant dances, and assumed most ridiculous costumes. Some were covered with sacks, others had their bodies

painted white and their faces black. Others had feathers or horns on their heads, others held hot stones in their mouths, or wore masks which were calculated to inspire feelings of terror. When the dance was over these masks were placed on the door, or on the roofs of the cabins, in order to frighten off the sickness. The chiefs and medicine men harangued the invisible monster and forbade him to take any more victims, but to go rather to their enemies, the Iroquois. They sprinkled themselves with mystical water. The young men indulged in the most furious games, and then came their fasts and their feasts. The relatives and friends gathered around some unhappy wretch whose life was despaired of, and ate till they almost burst, hoping thus to save the dying person, while the sick man feebly encouraged them in their efforts in his behalf.

All of these remedies appointed by the medicine men were conscientiously undertaken one after the other, and all of course without avail. The sickness followed its course bringing terror and disaster wherever it broke out. Whole families disappeared, warriors died in the flower of their age, and only a few little children escaped. The whole nation seemed to be on the point of extinction, or at least to be deprived of its warriors and unable any longer to sustain the contest with its implacable enemies. It must perish or bend beneath the yoke of its foes.

A BRIGHT AND BLESSED LIFE.

BY SISTER M. GERTRUDE.

“**F**LOSS and Fly, I'm in a puzzle.” The speaker took a step forward, leaned his arm on a prettily carved wooden gate, and looked down at his mute companions. Floss, a meek, beautiful spaniel, fixed her lustrous eyes on her young master, with full-hearted sympathy. Fly, a wiry fox-terrier, lifted a quick glance as if to take in the words, and then bent his gaze on the ground, as though determined to give the question his profound consideration. Some anxious moments passed before the puzzle was unfolded.

"Floss and Fly," said Donald Fiacre Farrinleigh "I love you and I love everything here."

Floss and Fly knew that well. So did the horse and the pony, likewise the birds. And, if the flowers had been gifted with a spark of discernment, they would have known that fact also.

"But," added Don, "I think I'll go away from you."

A sunnier, sweeter spirit than Donald Farrinleigh's never gladdened a home. The tradition went round that the instant the baptismal water flowed on his forehead, the baby opened a pair of shining eyes and smiled, as never baby had smiled at baptism, in the memory of the frequenters of the village chapel. Even in his baby silence, the charm of his soft, serene ways was felt by everyone who came in contact with Don.

He was the son of a very young mother, and a father several years her senior. Nella had been Austin Farrinleigh's star of happiness from her childhood, and as soon as she became "the best loved wife in the land," he thought earth touched heaven in his home of Gardenlea.

Nella first—his beautiful garden next, had been the absorbing objects of Austin's affections until Don appeared. A promise had been attached to the name of the first son of the house. He was to be called Fiacre.

Nella, who had a full admixture of Scottish blood in her veins, had set her fancy on "Donald" for her boy. So the father remarking that Saint Fiacre had been the son of a Scoto-Irish King, agreed that the more unusual name might take the second place—though his gratitude to the Saint remained unchanged.

We must preface the story of Austin's gratitude, by sketching the character of the man. He could take nothing lightly. He looked at everything, natural and supernatural, seriously and steadfastly. People often said it was a sermon to them to see him in the church—the slow, reverent Sign of the Cross; the devotion that drew him away from earth into the immediate intercourse with the Divinity.

The same earnestness was seen through his occupations and amusements. His land was overseen with diligence, his de-

pendents trained as far as he could train them to conscientiousness, all was done with strict attention to duty ; but duty became a "labor of love" concerning his garden, for he literally idolized that little world of sweet, glowing bloom.

It never looked dreary. He managed to keep a succession of blossoms, paler and rarer, of course, in winter and early spring, yet constantly providing a spot of tender color for the eye that sought it.

However, a long line of prosperous seasons met a check at length. No skill, no precautions could prevail against the weeks of cutting east winds, which dried up the sap in the sturdiest stems, and blighted every attempt of the delicate sprays to assert their graceful freedom.

The master of Gardenlea grieved far more over the lost loveliness of his treasure-spot than different natures can realize. It was strange and sad to Nella to watch his grave face growing lined with anxiety and hopelessness. She had tried many a saint for help, had multiplied her triduos and novenas, before she confided her efforts to a friend who was well versed in spiritual biographies. The advice Nella got was

"Try St. Fiacre."

Only too thankful for a suggestion she inquired.

"Why, who was he?"

And the pamphlet put into her hands was one of those love penetrated records of Ireland's "long ago," which is invested with such a halo of sanctity and glory.

It traced the history of Prince Fiacre, son of Ardh, the celebrated Scoto-Irish King, who reigned in Ireland about the year 606. It shows the royal child, going forth tearfully, for the first time, from his home, accompanied by the King and Queen, who wished to place him themselves in the tutelage of St. Conan, Bishop of the Isle of Man. It told the mighty influence of the spirit of God on the princely boy, so that when his studies and his religious training closed, and he returned to his father's palace, the Court became so unendurable a purgatory to him that he and his sister Sira, who had secretly bound herself to Christ by a vow of virginity, stole away together, resolved to find some retreat where they could live unknown and unnoticed till death.

It followed them to the City of Meaux, where Saint Faron gave them a fatherly welcome, and no doubt, supernaturally illumined, brought Sira to his holy sister, the Abbess Fare, who received the Irish maiden into her Monastery with pitying charity, little dreaming that she harbored a princess.

It related the scene between the same glorious bishop and Fiacre, which ended by a gift to the stranger of what he craved : "A hermit's cell in a lonely place, and a garden plot round it." And thus the forest of Breuil became honored by the presence of *the patron saint of gardens and flowers*.

It were too long to describe how that hitherto uninhabited forest "blossomed like the rose," under Fiacre's care. How Saint Faron insisted on ordaining him priest, and erected a hospital close to the exile's bright enclosure. How pilgrims flocked to it, attracted by the hermit's soothing and sanctifying power, until Fiacre, himself, was obliged to petition the Bishop for space to enlarge the building. Nor can we do justice to the legend of Angels guiding the Irish Saint's blessed staff, so that it pointed out a site for a magnificent edifice. Nor the tale of the angelic hands scattering groups of the most exquisite and fragrant blossoms round Fiacre's new possessions, *because of his special love for "God's sweet flowers."*

It was at this point that Austin Farrinleigh laid down the biography and lifted his heart to the Saint's throne in heaven. That night a slow, soft shower fell, and when the pale dawn glided in through rifts in the dark clouds, the early watcher knew that his prayer had been heard. Life had stolen into the hearts of the flowers.

Thus began the thanksgiving which Austin wished to perpetuate when Don was granted to his and Nella's desires.

No need to say that their boy breathed an atmosphere of piety and peace from his birth. Quiet happiness reigned round him. Broad fields and distant hills filled the farther landscape, and then—fairest region within sight—was his own domain of Gardenlea. Birds, and gay, silent playmates among the many pets provided for him, flowers of every hue, and his mother, a fresh, buoyant spirit, beside him everywhere.

Donald's heart opened wide to whatever was beautiful, good and holy. He looked towards his future path with the joyous

tenderness which was predominant in Nella, tinged effectually by the calmness and self-control, naturally expected in Austin Farrinleigh's son.

In the stillness of old age Nella often sat for hours pondering on the pages of a diary which she began in Don's infancy. Only a mother would be tempted to linger over the earlier entries, but the first note of a change was struck under the heading.

“DECEMBER 24, 1763.

“Don has brought ‘an angel, unawares’ under our roof this Christmas Eve. He noticed a tired-looking stranger at the gate, apparently lost in admiration of Austin's perfect Christmas roses. The snow was falling heavily, and our boy's tender heart grew sore for the lonely man, so thin and wasted, and so intent on the flowers. We offered him a welcome, in honor of the blessed night; and in him we have found what we longed for—a friend and tutor for Don.

“Arthur Hainesford is an English convert. One short year ago he was ready to embark on his chosen career as a Protestant minister. Powerful friends, scholarship, great personal attractions, were certain to lead him to a post of distinction. To-day he is homeless, friendless, and penniless. No—not friendless and not homeless, for as soon as he told his tale, Austin begged him to make our home his own.”

An oft told tale, in many respects, was this of Arthur Hainesford, the English exile, turning in the hour of distress to the land where sufferers for the faith were honored beyond the honors rendered to the great ones of earth. One peculiarly sweet chord was touched in the narrative of his conversion. Unlike most others of his standing the change in him was almost instantaneous.

He had been appointed to a curacy in the Midland District, and it was his dream, by night and day how to help in the finishing touches that were in progress in his beautiful church. He scanned every religious edifice within reach; and was returning from an expedition of investigation when he chanced to glance down a narrow lane between two hedges rich with foxglove. At the end, placed as if shrinking from sight, in an opening off the pathway, he saw a low, square, whitewashed

building. A cross was slightly raised above the roof at one side, and a pitying smile parted the young clergyman's lips as he murmured.

"I need not study that Roman Sanctuary."

Next instant, two magnificent voices, tenor and bass, were borne toward him, as they sang :

"Heart of our Saviour ! Heart of our Friend,
Heart that has loved Thine own to the end,
Heart of our Jesus ! Heart of our Lord !
Be Thou for ever praised and adored."

Before an hour passed, Arthur Hainesford was kneeling in that despised little Shrine of the Conquering Heart—a Catholic.

He never could discuss, or explain what bowed him to the Saviour's Feet ! Love divine sought him, Love divine clasped him closely, and to his questioners he could only answer : "*Taste and see how sweet the Lord is.*"

Most sweet and most comforting as were the low whispers of the Spirit of Sweetness, earthly hopes and joy and affections all fled away from the convert that bright June evening. He had not waited to count the cost of his step, but he certainly trusted his father's pride in him and his mother's love for him. Both failed him. The former calmly desired him to go beg his bread from those who had ensnared him. The latter drew back from his wistful advance, with the quiet dismissal :

"You have separated yourself from us, Arthur. Goodbye."

He knew them too well to expect that they would relent. His few preparations were quickly made, and he set sail for Ireland. He was so completely unaccustomed to battle with the world that several months went by before his timid efforts at obtaining employment as a tutor ended by his unforeseen welcome into Gardenlea.

Four years of golden peace rolled smoothly past in that haven. Don was nearly fifteen. One night there was a sudden panic in the house. Don was ill. A cold had developed rapidly into pneumonia, and there was—the doctor said—"no hope." Dawn came, Don was "worse." For the details of that day, we shall turn again to Nella's Diary.

"He lay in the dreaded stupor which had been foretold to me as the immediate forerunner of the end. The pressure on the laboring lungs had not relaxed, and, in the vain attempt to relieve him, I let the summer breeze blow freely into the room. It raised the light curtains, and a dazzling ray of warm June sunshine swept in. It glanced here and there. Then, as if it had found the object of its search, it rested on Don's statue of the Sacred Heart, illuminating the red Centre of thorncrowned Love.

Don woke. His eyes shone with strange gladness, and his lips moved. "He is going," I gasped. "No," answered Austin, "This is not death, it is life!" Our boy heard him, and a smile, sweet as an angel's, welcomed us to his arms. The Spirit of Death was conquered."

In briefer sentences than Nella's, we continue the tale. Each moment led Don farther on the road to recovery. When hope merged into certainty, Arthur Hainesford acknowledged the offering he had made on behalf of the boy. For fully a year, he had been determined to begin his studies for the priesthood. One point alone troubled him. He clung to the quiet toil he would be sure of in Ireland or England. Still, some incessantly recurring inspiration whispered that his mission should be among those who were "sitting in darkness," in far off lands, unconscious of the saving glow of the sevenfold Sacramental streams of the Precious Blood.

When he watched Don falling into the deathlike torpor, he suddenly prayed:

"Save that boy for your service, my blessed Lord, and accept my promise of devoting myself to the labor I shrank from. I place my sacrifice in Your Sacred Heart."

That instant the sunbeam sparkled in. That instant Don met its glory with the joy of one who feels the touch of God. That instant the angels of many forsaken wanderers bade their happy choirs join in grandest Alleluias to the redeeming Son of the Eternal. That instant the white ranks of the Crusaders lifted up imploring hands for their successors in the harvest fields of the faith. That instant the benediction of the Most High descended on two of His elect, destined to

wear to endless ages, the insignia of the Order of Melchisedech.

Arthur Hainesford parted from Don without allowing himself to express the desire that was becoming prophetic, with regard to his pupil's future. The boy was not altogether his unclouded self for some days after the leave-taking. At last he spoke :

"Father" he said, "I never was an inquisitive fellow."

"No, Don," answered Austin, "You are a restful member of a household. You never ply us with questions."

"I am about to ask you one now," went on Don. "I always knew I am called after Saint Fiacre, because he answered your prayer for our garden. The fancy struck me to-day to hear how he lived and died."

"God's will be done," murmured the father, foreseeing what would follow all too clearly. But Don detected no trace of pain in the reply.

"He exiled himself from his father's kingdom, and when, after many years, an old friend discovered the long-sought-for prince in the hermit-priest of the forest of Breuil, it was impossible to induce Fiacre to forsake his mission there. When his father died and his subjects besought the saint to deliver them from the yoke of an unworthy ruler, he told them he dared not ascend the throne. 'I am very weak,' he said, 'and the crown and sceptre might be fatal to my hope of an eternal rest. Let me live where I can save my soul, among my pilgrims and my flowers.' "

"So he died away from home?" asked Don, in a low voice.

"Yes, on the 30th of August, 670."

An hour later Don stood, as we first met him, at the garden gate, bracing himself for the farewell to all he loved, while he lingered in the tranquil radiance that had never known a cloud of sorrow. Hoping for full confidence, although shrinking from the pang, Austin Farrinleigh came quietly towards his son.

"Father," said Don, "I must tell you all. I am worried and troubled for the first time in my life, because I am afraid

you and mother will fret when I say that God seems to want me to go work for him, far away."

Perhaps not many fathers would have answered so unhesitatingly :

"I think He does, Don. Go—do His will."

He could say no more, for Don's face shone with delight.

"Then you're glad, father."

"Honored, and grateful," spoke Austin, bravely, though his heart was the heart of a martyr.

"You will tell mother."

"Yes."

And with many soothing words Austin gently let Nella know that their "only one" was claimed by God.

Eight years of spiritual culture in the Seminary of Saint Sulpice ; eight years of spiritual growth, manifest in Don to the most careless observer ; three days of sojourn in Ireland, as another of its consecrated sons ; and the last long farewell, when the young missionary took the torch of heavenly truth in his hand to carry its brightness into the Australian wilds.

* * * *

Using the storyteller's privilege freely we transport you over time and space ; and bid you lose sight of Ireland, while you fix your eyes on a very different scene. There are few features in common with the familiar land across the ocean. The tall white gum tree stands up, like a white marble column. The acacia's clustering blossoms breathe their strange, sweet fragrance. The flowers we recognize are of a size that astonishes us, for the lily, the tulip and the honeysuckle grow like trees. A step into the nearest forest gives us a glance at the richest colored and most delicately tinted orchids.

And yet, though this is not "home" nor homelike, the open door of the log hut before us shows so many Irish belongings, and the wooden chapel hard by is beautified by so many tokens of the loving work of Irish hands, that we are not surprised when a voice that we listened to years ago greets us, as Don comes forward into the southern sunlight.

He is very little changed. We can note the same graceful vigor, the same kindly brightness, the same happy heart, warm

and living still in Father Donald Farrinleigh. His companion bears many a trace of toil and privations, yet who would wish him otherwise, this wise and patient priest, who, as Arthur Hainesford, came "out of great tribulation."

"We must be prudent," he says, "the toils of years are not undone in a few months."

"Poor fellows," answers Father Donald, "the worshippers of devils and a slumbering divinity, who may wake up at any moment to devour them, must surely be glad to turn to our own beloved God."

"They like you, at all events, at least the majority do. But be careful until the higher love is rooted in their souls. The inborn dislike to the white man sometimes suddenly starts up," replies the more experienced missionary.

"I could forgive them anything without an effort," is the answer. "Even death at their hands would not appear malicious to me, they are so ignorant, so helpless."

Not quite a year had elapsed since Father Hainesford had repaid Don's eager hospitality on the memorable Christmas Eve by opening his log hut and its dependencies to his newly ordained assistant. The best portrait we can draw of the latter will be found in a letter which was read "far away" with mingled joy and pain. Father Hainesford wrote:

"The gifts from Gardenlea have almost transformed our hut into an Irish villa. And, as for the chapel, it has grown into an exquisitely adorned Sanctuary. But how am I to tell what you have bestowed on the mission in the most precious gift of all, the son whom God claimed from you. He goes about among our dark flock like a joyous sunbeam. They try to resist his influence, but they don't often succeed. He has various means of winning them. They wonder at his princely bearing, his ready sympathy, and his unusual gifts. Even those who have not taken in the meaning of the words are attempting to join the chorus when he leads some favorite hymn. An old native told me the other day, that Don always *leaves a tract of light behind him.*"

However, Father Hainesford refrained from letting the father and mother know that he was sometimes anxious, when Don went fearlessly among the unconverted natives, hoping that a

touch of grace might have been waiting for that moment to lay its soft, powerful pressure on their hearts. It was this slight difference of opinion concerning the degree of trust that could be placed in the frequenters of the May devotions that called forth the conversation already recorded. Some strangers had been attracted by the singing of the hymns before and after Benediction, and there were two or three among them whom Father Hainesford detected as superstitious and rebellious idolaters. They evidently understood English well enough to enter into, and be displeased—for some reason known only to themselves—at the services that were carried on in the chapel. If they lurked in the neighborhood, it was impossible to say what they might meditate.

Still, Father Donald had so often won the stoniest minded of the tribes; had so often trodden down the dragon of sin with the light firm step of the priest who echoes St. Michael's war cry, that Father Hainesford, in spite of the warning he gave, blamed himself for the caution which was totally unknown to the younger spirit by his side.

"I think," he said, "I see some curious or suspicious eyes behind that farthest acacia tree."

"May I accost these watchers?" asked Father Donald.

"You would smile if I exerted my authority so far as to refuse you. How can I say no?" was the answer.

"Then say a prayer for me and for them." And almost before the words were uttered "Don" was gone.

Father Hainesford's eyes followed him to the group of drooping trees and saw him pass behind them. The short click of a pistol rang through the evening air.

"O God! be merciful," exclaimed Father Hainesford, hurrying to the spot where the thin spire of blue smoke pointed to the victim of holiest love.

By the time he reached it, he could only kneel beside the dead. Alone with the Heart of eternal tenderness, the joyous spirit of Donald Farrinleigh had sped with swift flight to the Throne, whose Angel hands unrolled the glorious record of that bright and blessed life.

Years afterwards, the earliest settlers in the spot we have commemorated preserved the memory of a grave in the shadow

of a wooden chapel, close to a forest. They said this grave was always the centre of a tiny inclosure blooming with the loveliest of Australian and Irish flowers. A marble statue of the Sacred Heart stood, as in guardianship, over the rest of the sleeper in God's everlasting care. And the inscription underneath the statue briefly chronicled the departed:

"To the beloved and venerated memory of the Rev. Donald Fiacre Farrinleigh.

'Oh! how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory; for the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known both with God and with man. When it is present they imitate it, and they desire it when it hath withdrawn itself; and it triumpheth crowned forever, winning the reward of undefiled conflicts.'"

MISSION NOTES.

NEWS FROM CHINA.

Besieged in Peking.—A Sister of Charity's Story.—The terrible drama of massacre and siege was too much for Sister Jaurias, Superior of the Sisters of Charity in Peking. She stood the fearful strain until the Allies entered the city and the convent was saved. Then, worn out with privation and terror, she died. Her diary, just published, gives a graphic account of the siege as far as it was witnessed by her.

On the evening of the last day of May, an intrepid little band of marines of different nationalities entered Peking for the defence of the Legations. The same evening were heard in the streets the rumblings of the coming storm. Meanwhile Peking was cut off from all communications with the world outside. A detachment of Russian cavalry had been attacked on the river bank by the Boxers, and refugees had been pouring in. Panic was spreading amongst the Christians in the city, and women, young and old, implored an asylum at the Sister's home. On the 4th of June, the Bishop's residence was to be attacked, but a storm having broken out, the insurgents' rage was turned elsewhere. The following day a similar crowd kept gathering around the church. Incendiary fires began to arise on the hills around the city, and what measures of defence were possible were adopted. Marines from the *Elba* were told off to guard the

Bishop's residence and the establishment of the Sisters. The danger being constant, the gallant tars slept with their arms at their sides. All the while, terrified women and girls kept coming, some of whom had just seen their relatives slain for their faith. Even those not yet Christian begged to be baptized. Confessions were heard continually. The steady tramp of soldiers marching was heard from outside, and the marines sprang up from their unfinished supper. Native troops were passing, under orders, it was said, to evacuate the city.

About thirty baptized infants were brought in by pagan nurses to whom they had been intrusted. Catholic houses were marked for destruction, and it was impossible to pass along the streets unless on the condition of prostration to an idol. An attempt was now made by the rebels to burn the Christians' place of refuge by enormous heaps of straw set on fire. The wind, however, blew back the flames. A fierce attack was made at the same time, in the southern part of the city, on the college of the Brothers of Mary, the orphanage of native girls, the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, and the old Portuguese church. The Missionaries and Sisters were saved by the heroic efforts of some Europeans, who rushed at midnight from the Peking Hotel and the street of the Legations. From the Catholic churches were seen ascending columns of smoke and flame, and it was believed that the two priests in charge of them perished without resistance.

Shells were falling frequently, and a number of persons had been killed, and a number wounded. Bishop Favier ordered all the Christians to gather into the large church attached to his residence. This was defended by forty brave seamen. Against this little band a horde of rebels advanced, followed by men with lighted torches, while others waited for the chance of pillage. The rifles of the marines, however, with their steady fire, thinned the ranks of the besiegers, who finally fell back. Next day there was a furious attack from another side, and the brunt of the battle fell upon the Italian marines. Their lieutenant carried a crucifix in the pocket of his tunic, and the men, when the victory was gained, knelt down to say an *Ave Maria*. The evening following, another attempt was made to burn down the residence. Again the flames were driven back, while the heroic detachment of French marines poured a hail of lead upon the frantic assailants. Two nights after the troops made a sortie, to the stupefaction of the rebels, burned the house of a Mandarin where the Boxers used to gather, and brought back food and ammuni-

tion. Two of the gallant French marines were killed in bringing back a captured cannon. Meanwhile the Christian women and children wept and prayed in the church." Sister Jaurias was unable to continue her diary. It was afterwards learned that when the Boxers pillaged the Hospital of St. Vincent, the sick and old confessed the faith amidst dreadful tortures.

Southern Manchuria—A Letter from the Fugitives.—The missionaries, Father Hérin and Perreau, wrote to their Superior in September: "Ten missionaries fallen on the field of honor, with three native priests and two Sisters, what a void in our ranks already ill-supplied! From their places in heaven may they obtain for us the grace to be what they have been—zealous and holy missionaries. For two months we have been wandering through the forest, and sleeping at night beneath the stars. Several times we were near being taken, and our Community of Christians at Tcha-Kou were near being destroyed by bands of soldiers and Boxers. Thank God! each time unforeseen obstacles saved us. Since we have been able to say mass, joy and courage have returned. We spent the 15th of August amongst our Christians, who came in great numbers to the Sacraments. At night we had to return to hide in the forest."

The Diary of Mgr. Favier.—Mgr. Favier, Bishop of Peking, gives a thrilling account of the fearful siege in his diary just published.

In the church and adjoining residence about 3,420 Christians had taken refuge. Of these 71 were Europeans. There were two Bishops, a few priests and brothers, 22 Sisters of Charity, 30 French marines with their commander, 10 Italian marines, with two officers, 111 students of the Seminaries, 900 men, 1800 women and children with 450 girls from the schools or orphanages, and 51 infants.

At the rate of a pound a day for each person, there was food for a month. For the defence there were only forty rifles and about 500 lances.

The Vicariate was to be consecrated to the Sacred Heart at half-past six in the evening of June 22d, feast of the Sacred Heart. But scarcely had the priest, kneeling at the foot of the altar, begun to read the act of consecration, when a cannon-ball, shot through the window, killed one of the women. Soon fourteen pieces of Krupp cannon began to throw shells almost incessantly. On the following day 360 cannon shots were fired at this Christian quarter. On Sunday, the 24th, the Mauser rifles of the

Chinese literally rained their bullets on the church and residence. However, fifty of the assailants fell before the well-directed fire of the marines. Next day was heard the thunder of cannon from the direction of the Legations. Now and again one of the Christian refugees fell, but it was wonderful how few were killed. The fierce onset of the brutal crowd was beaten back by the fire of the marines. Each one of these wore a scapular and a crucifix, and their escape seemed miraculous. The Boxers threw lighted torches against the principle entrance, and poured petroleum oil from a fire engine, while the regular Chinese soldiers directed a very hail of bullets upon the defenders. Yet the marines drove them back. They even sallied out at midnight, slew some of the Boxers, captured the petroleum engine and a store of ammunition. A brave Breton sub-officer died of his wounds, having received all the Sacraments. He was buried while the Boxer bullets were falling around the mourners.

A group of magnificently dressed persons was seen gathered on an eminence in the gardens of the Imperial Palace. It was thought that it consisted of the Empress, the Prince Tuan and others, come to see the attack. The marines were strongly tempted to empty their guns at them, but were restrained by Mgr. Favier.

Small-pox broke out amongst the children, and seven or eight were dying each day. Food grew scarce and poor. A heavy rain began to fall, and the death-rate increased. The captured cannon was mounted for the defence, and native Christian clock-makers manufactured excellent cartridges. Even powder was made which served well. All sorts of vessels, filled with water, were set upon the roof, and an improvised fire company was ready with a pump, pitchers, etc., to extinguish the flames caused by the grenades which the Boxers threw upon the buildings. As many as 250 of these explosives became ignited as they fell. One day all seemed lost. The besiegers placed a Krupp gun in a favorable position, and the first shell tore to pieces the native Christian artillerist defending the church. The western side of the buildings was pierced through and through, while all day long ignited fuses were thrown by hundreds over the roof. Three hundred and sixty cannon-shots had been fired at the buildings in twelve hours, yet there had been only one person killed and a few wounded.

Day after day the cannonade went on. One poor seaman was shot through the head, but was able to receive the Sacraments

before he died. The Coadjutor Bishop had a narrow escape ; the band of his hat was torn by a bullet. A shell fell upon the bed from which Bishop Favier had just risen, and another on the seats of the chapel from which the Sisters had just gone out. Suddenly the whole place is rocked as by an earthquake. A mine had exploded, but had not been run in far enough to tear down the walls. Later, another explosion killed twenty-five of the besieged and wounded twenty-eight. The whole western side of the enclosure was in ruins, and an attack was immediately expected, but did not occur. One or two more marines had now fallen, and a Marist Brother. The Brothers and seminarians were trained to use the rifles of the dead defenders. On the 23d of July, about one thousand Boxers and soldiers made a terrific attack on three sides of the enclosure at the same time, attempting to scale the walls. One hundred and fifty of them were shot and the remainder took to flight. The soldiers of Prince Tuan, however, turned on the principal entrance, against which they fired not less than five thousand Mauser balls, but not one person was wounded.

At one time M. Henry, Commander of the French Marines, defended with twelve men a breach in the wall against hundreds of Boxers who were entering with fagots saturated with petroleum. Two seamen were wounded, and their brave and devoted leader was shot in the neck. As he went down from his place, he was shot again in the side. After a few moments he fell into the arms of one of the priests, who gave him the last Sacraments, and in twenty minutes he was dead. He had said at the beginning of the siege that he would be happy to give up his life in so good a cause. His true-hearted Breton seamen wept over him like children.

The Boxers now began to send into the enclosure arrows to which were attached notes offering food and life to the Christians if they renounced the faith and gave up the missionaries ; otherwise all were to die. Needless to say that no one yielded, although they were now forced to kill and eat the dogs which fed on the corpses of their enemies. Roots of all kinds and leaves of trees were readily eaten. It was fearful. Some few, driven out by hunger, were seized and cut to pieces by the Boxers. By this time a certain number of the heroic seamen had been shot through the head, and some through the eyes.

The food had now been reduced to two ounces a day. Although it was the season of rain, yet providentially none fell. In the

afternoon of the 10th of August a captive balloon was seen to the south. Two days after, there was a terrific mine explosion, which would have destroyed half the Sisters and their charge had they not been hearing Mass, and thus kept out of danger. A hole about ten feet deep and fifty in circumference had been made in the ground, and five Italian marines with their officer and eighty Christians had been buried. The officer was found alive and two marines, but these were mortally wounded. One of the Marist Brothers, while endeavoring to save a woman who had been half buried, was shot dead. A detachment of marines and seminarians were set to defend the breach. One poor fellow, soon after, was shot through the forehead.

On the 14th of August a terrific cannonade was heard from the southwest. The Chinese flag disappeared from the city walls, and the thunder of the cannon grew louder, while confusion and flight were noticed amongst the Chinese in the streets. Joy began to dawn in the hearts of those who had almost lost hope, as horror after horror of the fiery ordeal had broken upon them. At five in the evening of the 14th, foreign officers were seen signalling on the walls of the city, and near them was floating the American flag. While the wounded were being carried by hundreds through the streets, the day of deliverance had come. The next day was ushered in by the renewed roaring of the cannon. But the street from the city gate to the Christian quarter was blocked by barricades and defended by one thousand five hundred men, while the houses were held by Boxers and regular soldiers. Mgr. Favier had said Mass and caused a well-known air to be played upon the bugle; but there was no hurrah in response. On the contrary, a shell burst at his feet. A French flag was run up; and an officer of the relieving force, having come at the signal, ran up the ladder lowered to him, and shook hands with the Coadjutor Bishop. He was a Japanese captain, and asked if they could not open the gate of the Yellow City. But they were too few. So determining to force it by an explosion, he went away again. Immediately a troop dressed in blue were seen coming up quickly with cannon. They were a French company, and soon scaled the walls. Meanwhile the Japanese had opened the gate, and the French artillery swept the streets. The relieving force rushed upon the barricades and their deadly hail quickly cleared away the ranks of the brigand defenders. The way was thickly strewn with their dead. A little while, and the French general stood within the

ruined enclosure, greeted by the unrestrainable joy of those he had saved.

Escape of the Sisters of Providence from Manchuria.—Two Sisters, with four native Chinese virgins, escaped under the protection of a troop of Russian soldiers, and finally succeeded in making their way to Nangasaki, Japan, having spent thirty-eight days on the way. Companions of the Sisters burned alive at Moukden, they had been stationed at Tié-ling for a few months, where they were shown great respect by the natives before the outbreak. They went amongst the people and were frequently called to attend the sick. In this short stay they had baptized 1,100 dying infants. "We were unworthy to pluck the palm of martyrdom," writes one of the Sisters, "and I regret it intensely."

Almost at the beginning of their journey they were set upon by a furious band of rebel Chinese. 300 Christians were kneeling down to receive what they thought the last absolution from the two priests with them, but the Cossacks fought bravely and drove back the crowd.

Journeying all day, the caravan of 500 persons had to rest supperless. The Sister writes that the subject of her meditation was, "Our Lord was hungry." In fifteen days they were attacked thirteen times, and believed, seven or eight times, that they were about to die. Generally, at each attack some one was wounded. A few of the Cossacks were killed, and one of the priests was asked to bless their grave. Many of the poor refugees, unable to keep up with the march, had to be left behind. At last, through rain, storm, the burning glare of the sun, the caravan reached a place of safety.

Southwestern Che-li.—In one place Father Lomüller and his Christians fortified themselves by earthen ramparts; and, having hastily bought some cannons, defended themselves for three months against all the attacks of the Boxers. They even sallied out to assist another Christian settlement.

In the same province Father Wetterwald formed a little army of 500 men, who wore badges of the Sacred Heart on their heads. In three battles they withstood 6,000 Boxers, pursuing them in the last until they took possession of a hostile village and recovered what had been stolen.

Seven priests, having had to fly from their posts, were robbed of everything on the way; and fleeing through the fields, wa

dered from one hiding place to another for a month. At last, reduced to extremities, they reached their friends.

The Franciscan Missionaries in Chan-Si.—The sufferings of our heroic Catholic missionaries in the fearful persecution in China are almost inconceivable. Father Barnabé, writing to his superior, says that famine and pestilence had fallen upon them at the same time as persecution. All in the convent—priests, seminarians, servants—were stricken. One priest was left ill in the house, to be probably massacred soon after. A Brother died almost suddenly and, soon after, a priest and another Brother. Those who tried to escape were stopped when they acknowledged they were Christians. The Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Grassi, and his Coadjutor Bishop, Mgr. Fogolla, upon being commanded to deny the faith, said they had not come all the way from Europe for that; their courage would never fail. Soon after, the two Bishops, two priests and a Brother, ten seminarians, and several native Chinese virgins and servants were all put to death; not one failed. Some time later seven Franciscan nuns were massacred. All the buildings of the mission were destroyed, and the surviving Christians threatened with death by famine.

NORTHERN EUROPE.

The Most Northern Tabernacle in the World.—It is at Hammerfest, in the north of Norway, and on the occasion of the Bishop's visit, it was all decorated with verdure, when scarcely a green thing could be found—not a tree, nor shrub, nor spear of grass, on those chill arctic shores.

The pastor, the Sisters, and all the Catholics of Hammerfest, came to meet the Bishop, Mgr. Fallize, as he stepped off the steamer. The little children crowded round to get possession of his hands and kiss his ring, meriting thereby their mothers' chiding, and occasionally something more forcible from their papas. Many of the people had come a long distance on foot or by boat. All the communicants wished to receive Holy Communion from the hands of their Shepherd. Afterwards, in child-like simplicity, the people gathered familiarly round the missionary Bishop to tell him the news of the place. One noble lady had given a silver sanctuary lamp, and another had engaged to supply it with oil. There was a photograph of the church, taken in January, by the frail light of the northern dayless winter, when the snow was more than two yards high. An avalanche, falling from the rocks behind the church, had killed one of the

men ; and just then it was found necessary to saw away the frozen snow which hung above the church, threatening to destroy it.

"I cannot reflect without astonishment," writes Mgr. Fallize, "upon the great number of poor souls, foreigners in this land, who have here found, or found anew, the faith. We have had lately at Christiania the consolation of receiving into the Church several Hebrews, who were attached to a circus visiting Norway. Many of them have become veritable apostles amongst their companions, and continue to write to us about their trials and joys. In the Easter season we have frequently general Communions of persons engaged in theatrical work, and the First Communion and Confirmation of their children. Even the gypsies are our friends, and ask to be allowed to go to Holy Communion.

Amongst the Laplanders.—Of Christianity, poor people, they have little save Baptism, and the usual Protestant prejudices against the Catholic Church. There are still amongst them a multitude of pagan practices. They have the most ridiculously superstitious beliefs. There are but three priests in all Lapland. The continual wanderings of the people render the chances of instructing them extremely difficult. Their miserable huts are very uncleanly, and they sleep pell-mell with their dogs. They are very hospitable, and when visited by a priest, they construct a special apartment for him. The manner of it is sometimes very simple : he gets under an upturned boat, wraps himself in his plaid, covers his face with a mosquito net, and sleeps like one of the Blessed.

Here those fiords and isles are real ice-palaces with their gleaming columns of frost granite. But what a life, to pass the long winter without light or heat, when no tourist ever comes, amidst the Finnish and Norwegian fishermen and the melancholy Lapland shepherds ! Yet in such a scene, at Alten, is found a Catholic missionary.

In these bleak northlands, immense solitudes extend outside of the towns. The farmer, surrounded by his household, lives many leagues from his nearest neighbor. The fisherman sets his hut on the wild sea-shore, or by a lake, or at the end of a fiord, or on some lone isle where a little space of cultivable earth allows the mother and children to sow a few potatoes and feed a cow or goats. Except at fairs or in time of large fishing expeditions, people rarely meet, except at church, however, which they travel long chill distances to attend. But as a rule, it is only at Christmas that all the relatives and friends are brought together.

In Norway the families are large, and thus the population grows rapidly, notwithstanding the emigration of great numbers to the United States, especially to Wisconsin and Minnesota. The education of children presents a special difficulty, owing to the distance between homesteads. The schools are good, but the teacher can remain usually only ten or twelve weeks in one locality, and then goes on to the next. Meanwhile the parents complete the training and instruction of the children.

HINDOSTAN.

Coimbatour.—Father Gudin, of the Paris Foreign Missions, writes that in his field of labors, there is a harvest of souls far greater than heretofore. The weather for some months has been extremely tempestuous, so that the people could not leave their houses to go to labor in the fields. Suffering from cold and hunger, they come asking to be baptized. The missionary having delayed a little to try them and to instruct them more fully, a certain number died almost suddenly without Baptism. For two years, there has been a movement towards the Church. One reason probably is, that the country being unhealthy, the brahmins and non-Catholic missionaries scarcely visit it. "At this moment," writes Father Gudin, "while one hears on every side the roar of rain-swelled torrents, I am occupied all day with the instruction of converts. Each day come new recruits, whom I have to teach, to feed, to lodge."

LATE NEWS FROM CHINA.

The *Missions Catholiques* has received the news that Fathers Abbeloos, Dobbe, and Zylmans, missionaries in Central Mongolia, were killed or burned with their Christians in the Church. In the eastern side of Central Mongolia, there were 10,000 Christians and 5,000 preparing for Baptism, scattered in more than 300 small villages. All the churches and residences have been destroyed, and probably 5,000 persons have been slain in this mission which promised so much. Some time before they were massacred, the missionaries afforded hospitality to a little party of Protestant Swedes—three men, three women, and seven small children. These had been attached to an American mission.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

"I desire to see every Catholic child a member of this pious Association."—Pope Leo XIII.

This work has now existed nearly sixty years, and in that time has saved about fifteen million children born in idolatry. Its object is the Baptism, rescue, and Christian education of children born of infidel parents. The founder was Mgr. de Forbin-Janson. It aims at enrolling all Catholic children in this missionary enterprise, the modest contribution being a halfpenny a month. At the meeting of the Central Council last May, the sum of 3,676,000 francs were distributed to the missions in 199 grants. The greater number of the grants were for China.

NOATOLI, BASIA, G. O. EAST INDIES.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER, P. C. :

Many thanks for the alms you sent me lately ; when this letter reaches you, the masses will have been said. I should have written long ago, but I have met with an accident which has detained me for two months in Manresa, Ranchce. Travelling in a bullock-cart, I rolled down a slope, cart and all, in a rice-field some fifteen feet deep. Happily I was not killed, but I was bruised all over and my foot was sprained in three places, and, as yet, I can scarcely walk about. This will explain to you why my answer was so delayed. I have the pleasure of sending you a view of our church, not finished as yet, but I hope we shall sing the *Gloria in Excelsis* in it next Christmas. The church has been built by the natives under our direction, mouldings and everything have been made by them, even stained windows, according to a process given to us by one of the missionary fathers of Crichinopoly. So, you see, that with some patience, something can be got out of our poor savages.

I have also negatives of some other photos, especially native workmen at their trades, but, on account of the rains it is impossible to print any photos just now ; a little later I shall send them to you , perhaps they will be of some use for the *Messenger*.

I have good news to send to you : our district, by far the biggest in this mission (it is about one hundred miles in length and sixty in width, with a Catholic population of fourteen thousand scattered in some two hundred and fifty villages and hamlets) will be divided in three. Land has been bought in Panari and Biru, and those two districts, which, up till now, have been a little neglected on account of the distance, will have their resident missionary. But we have got only the ground and no money as yet, to start buildings. Were it not for the rains we could go there and put up under a tree, but, as in some seasons water falls in abundance, at least a hut is necessary as a shelter, besides a chapel and a school. I do not mean a church like in Noatoli ; for the moment it is out of question, but we intend to build at once a big hut which will be at the same time our residence, the chapel and the school. We have had lately much rain. In Calcutta there has been more than forty inches in a single week, so no question any more of famine, at least here, but we hear that on the side of Calcutta where the lands are much lower and water cannot easily flow away, the crops have been drowned beyond hope ; even the huts of the poor people, which are made of mud, have been destroyed, and there will be famine again in that part of our mission. In Calcutta itself in some streets there has been water more than four feet deep ; more than two hundred brick-houses have fallen besides a still greater number of mud-huts and many people are without shelter. We are now trying to get some money to keep up our school next year, all we had has been given to the poor famine stricken. We have to take here all the

boys of our district to prepare them for their first communion ; before coming here they go to the little schools in their villages, where, of course, they do not learn much, when they are of age, we take them in Noatoli as boarders, for two or three years. Here they learn practically something of the Christian life and they can be prepared for the reception of Sacraments. Every year we have here some two hundred boys, the girls go to Pranchee to the Loretto nuns. Our boarding school is of a very simple style, yet it is a heavy burden on us, as we cannot take any fee from our scholars, most of them being too poor. We have to feed them and provide them with everything. The school itself is a large room without any furniture, only mats on which the boys sit during the day and sleep at night. Food is of the same style, twice a day rice and vegetables which they eat with their hands ; forks and spoons are utensils unknown in those countries ; a little meat is given sometimes on feast-days, but very seldom. This school is the only means to make these poor people Christians, in their villages, living among pagans, they see only bad example, but when they have been here for two or three years, there is strong hope they will keep the Christian customs they have been taught here and afterwards become the head of good Christian families.

Please let the kind benefactors know that we pray for them and have our Christians, especially the children, pray for them, that God reward them for their generosity.

With many thanks for your help as well as for the *Messenger* you so kindly send us every month.

Reverentroe Vestroe,

Servus in Xto.,

L. FLEURQUIN, S. J.

THE SHRINE.

SCRANTON, PA., December 19th, 1900.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER :

I must write you about the happy Sunday I spent at Auriesville.

I passed Saturday night in Amsterdam, and as the West Shore Railroad has been turning over a new leaf in the matter of promptness, I had just time to swallow a cup of coffee after Mass and run for the train.

The Hotel where I enjoyed such a hearty breakfast a year ago looked very inviting and I wished the train might be late that I might renew my acquaintance with the home-made sausage and the buckwheat cakes of pleasant memory.

The day was bright and cold with just enough snow under foot to make the walking comfortable.

I walked all over the grounds, visiting the little Shrine, the Calvary, and all the places so dear to us, and so full of happy memories, and as I walked along the Road to the Ravine, I wished that my friends were only with me to enjoy the perfect winter weather.

I exchanged greetings with a number of the farmers who were on their way to worship in the village church and was very glad to renew my acquaintance with these good people.

The Ravine looked so peaceful. The grass was green in places where the snow had not come, and the evergreen trees around the grotto and in the glade, relieved the bareness of the winter and made everything look so warm and cheerful.

I wandered around for half an hour enjoying the quiet beauty of the holy spot, and would liked to have remained longer, but Mr. and Mrs. Irving had kindly invited me to dinner and I must say I was ready to do justice to a good meal.

I was pleased to learn that there were prospects of a new depot to be ready next summer. Those of us who had to wait in the old structure very long for the belated trains, will appreciate this improvement.

I made my first call upon our old friend Mr. Putman, who is seriously ill in the old homestead. He was glad to see me, but I was very sorry to find him so helpless.

I walked over the familiar road to the village, making my little visits on my many friends there, and returned to the depot with but little time to spare before the train to Amsterdam arrived.

The day had indeed been very short and I reluctantly bade Auriesville good-bye for a while, hoping that I would soon have another opportunity to visit the shrine before the winter was over.

With kindest wishes and trusting that we will all be able to spend even a short time at Auriesville next summer,

I remain, sincerely yours,

E. A. BROOKS, JR.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Sacerdos.....	\$5.00	A. D. McD, Cambridgeport, Mass....	54
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00	Miss D. New York.....	5.00
M. McK, St. Louis, Mo.	1.00	Mrs. McL, New York.....	1.00
J. H. W., Chelsea, Mich.	1.00	Miss C., New York.....	1.00
E. F., Elk River, Cal.....	1.00		

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 2.

THE REAL MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

(*Continued.*)

IN this condition of affairs, when the future appeared as sombre as the present was filled with calamities, the Hurons reproached the Medicine Men with the uselessness of their remedies. That is always the case. Nations in their folly are always ready to ascribe the cause of their misfortunes to those from whom they expected protection. But the Medicine Men had an answer ready. They said: "There are sorcerers here whose power is greater than ours; they have cast a spell on the country, and by their incantations prevent the effect of our remedies."

These sorcerers were the Jesuits; and the Hurons, already prejudiced by the false reports of the English and Dutch, willingly admitted this explanation, which was invented by an old sorcerer, a little hunchback, who went round with some ragged skins of beavers covering his distorted body. A thousand rumors began to circulate, each more extravagant than the other. "The Jesuits," they said, "kept a corpse in their cabin, which was the cause of this epidemic."—It was the Sacred Host which inspired this gross fancy. "They also kept in a barrel a serpent and a frog, whose pestilential breath spread death everywhere. They brought these things from Three Rivers, and their power was deadly, etc." A young Huron, who had been a boarder in the seminary of Our Lady of Angels at that time, wanted to return to his country. "Do not go," a Father told him. "You may die of the pestilence which is raging there."

When the boy returned, he told the Hurons that the missionaries were indeed the real authors of the misfortune which was ruining the tribe.

They then lost their heads, and began to talk of nothing else than of massacring the missionaries. All that belonged to the Fathers was looked upon as magic. The remedies distributed to the sick were poison ; the clock at each stroke announced the death of an Indian ; the weather-vane indicated the road of the sickness and sent it everywhere through the country ; the flames of hell represented in the pictures of the chapel signified the fire of the fever ; the demons which menaced and tormented the damned were the evil genii who fattened upon the sick and killed them little by little. In some villages they refused even to make use of the pots and pans brought from France for fear of the magic they thought was in them.

Up to that time, the Hurons had looked upon the missionary with mingled feelings of fear, respect and admiration. His extraordinary knowledge, the little care he had for life, his virtues which were so novel for these savages, all made him in their eyes unlike other men. But now the Jesuits were powerful magicians in the service of some dread divinity. They made the rain and the fine weather, they determined life and death, they produced at will, famine, pestilence and every misfortune.

In the belief of the Indians, the thunder is a man under the form of a turkey who lives in the clouds. When he remains there it is fine weather, and when he descends on the earth he brings thunder and lightning and rain. The lightning gleams each time that he opens his wings ; it is he and his brood that produce the thunder. These European magicians, it was thought, could draw the thunder down whenever they wished. The white color of the cross did not prevent it from coming upon the earth, but the red color frightened the turkey, and forced him to fly to some other region or to go back in the clouds. Such were some of their ridiculous notions.

Every morning at the hour of Mass, or in the evening at the recitation of litanies, groups of Indians could be seen coming silently to the doors of the Fathers' cabin. They listened to the murmur of the voices within, and said in terror, "These are the magical incantations and the prayers to the evil spirits."

Breviaries, missals, inkstands, images, writings, all were instruments of magic. The least gesture or look, the very walk of the priest inspired such fear that they did not dare to turn their eyes towards him or approach him. They avoided touching anything that belonged to them, clothing, food, or any object in the residence ; everything was tainted with magic.

When things came to this pass, meetings were held under the greatest secrecy at the dead of night. What should they do with the black robes ? Opinions were divided ; some voted banishment, others death.

The situation became more and more serious. There were attempts to burn the residences of the Fathers. During the night they tore down the crosses. The children encouraged by the Medicine Men insulted the priests, and threw sticks, and stones and lumps of ice at them as they passed. When the missionary presented himself at the cabin, they shut the door in his face. If he managed to enter, the sick in terror concealed themselves under their blankets, the women turned away their faces, the men kept a grim silence, and the neophytes did not dare to show themselves. Only the laws of hospitality prevented them from crushing in the skull of the priest with a blow of the tomahawk or club. "Go away from us, Black Robe," some old sorceress would cry out from her place where she crouched near the fire, "there are no sick people here, and no children."

One day an Indian rushed upon Father du Peron with his tomahawk in the air. Another seized the crucifix which Father Ragueneau carried upon his breast, meanwhile lifting his tomahawk above his head. Father Le Mercier was seized and threatened with being burned alive. "Threats of death were frequent," writes Father Bressanni, "and the tomahawks were often quivering above our heads." However, no one was killed; evidently Providence was watching over His servants and protecting them.

On the 14th of August, 1637, the Hurons met at Ossossane for a general assembly. Three tribes and twenty-six villages were represented. The object was to deliberate on the sufferings of the country, and on the war which was imminent with the Iroquois. That was its apparent purpose, but the real ob-

ject was to get rid of the missionaries. Father De Brébeuf was invited. He accepted the invitation, and took his place among the representatives of the Bear Nation, which seemed the most excited on the subject of the priests. The coolness and daring of the Jesuit astonished the chiefs, but accustomed to conceal their feelings, they did not betray themselves, and at the first meeting they spoke only of treaties and alliances and all went off in the most admirable order. Some questions were addressed to Father De Brébeuf, and as he spoke the Huron language with great facility he answered at length, always preserving an imperturbable calm, and never fearing to bring back to the minds of his listeners the fundamental truths of Christianity, and to pass from the fires of the earth to the eternal flames of hell.

This meeting was only a preparation for the chief subject of deliberation. It was a device intended to conceal the true motive of the assembly. The Father was not deceived. He knew too well these perfidious Hurons; he had penetrated their evil purpose too well to imagine for a moment that he was called to the council for the sole purpose of giving his advice upon the interests of the tribe, or of letting them listen to his dissertation on the nature of the firmament, the movement of the stars or the eclipses.

On the morrow there was a second reunion. The meeting opened at eight in the evening. All the Fathers were present, seated with the deputies of the Bear Nation, and having in front of them the representatives of the two other tribes. "I do not know," Father Le Mercier writes, "if I ever saw anything more gloomy than that assembly. In the beginning they sat there as if death was already upon them; they only groaned or murmured something about the dead or the sick of their families. All that, however, was only to prepare themselves to discharge all the venom of their souls upon their supposed enemies. There was no one to take our defence, and the man who kept silence thought he did us the greatest favor."

Ontitarac, an old man, already blind, was the presiding chief. He enjoyed the esteem of all for his wisdom and experience. He rose, and in a strong voice, trembling with emotion, saluted each of the three nations and all of the chiefs who were

present. He congratulated them for having come to deliberate on an affair of the greatest importance, and exhorted them to proceed with calmness and deliberation, for there was question of discovering the authors of the sickness which was ravaging the country, and of finding some remedy for the evil. Then the chief of the council, the master of this solemn feast of the dead, began to speak. He painted in the most gloomy colors the condition of the country, and ascribed it all to the Jesuits. Another chief followed him. "Brothers," said he, "you know well that I speak only in councils of war. Nevertheless, since all the other chiefs are dead, I must speak before I follow them to the grave. It is necessary for me to say what I think, and perhaps it may be for the benefit of the country, which is now on the brink of ruin. Every day things grow worse. This cruel malady has run through all the cabins of our settlement, and has made such ravages in our tribes that we are now reduced to a few persons, and perhaps we shall not long escape the fury of this demon. I have seen sickness at other times in our country, but I have never seen anything like this. Two or three moons brought the end of the trouble then, and in a short time our families were re-established, and we soon forgot it. But now it is already a year that we are afflicted in this way, and we see no promise of the end of our misery." Then, with calculated moderation, though at times he gave utterance to sudden cries of indignation and wrath, he accused the Jesuits of being, by their magic, the sole authors of these public calamities.

"We could not leave unanswered the accusations of this chief, actuated as he was by so much malice," said Father Le Mercier, "and being of such authority in the nation. Father De Brébeuf arose, and in a few brief words refuted each of their accusations. "Show us," he heard from all sides, "the piece of magic cloth that is the cause of our ruin." "I have no such thing," said the Father. "If you do not believe me, send to our cabins, which all of you enter at all times, and if you fear that you are deceived, throw everything that we have into the lake." "That is just the way that magicians speak," replied the presiding chief. "How do you want me to speak?" said the Father. "Tell us then what makes us die," cried one

of the warriors. "I do not know," said the missionary; "but since you urge me, listen." He then began to explain calmly how Divine Justice punishes even in this life those who are wicked. The chief again interrupted him. "Tell us the author of this sickness. We are here to find him out. Show us the piece of magic cloth." "I do not know either the cause or the authors of this malady," said Father De Brébeuf. He continued the explanation of the doctrine of the Church on the justice of God. That was not what the chief wanted, and he clamored again and again for the evil charm. Without being disconcerted the Father went on with his explanation. He understood the savages, and he knew that with their impressionable natures to gain time was to gain his cause. For that reason he would not abridge his discourse. The chief every moment interrupted him with the same question, but without replying the Father continued his teaching and his exhortation until some of the deputies, wearied out, withdrew, others fell asleep, and the rest at last broke up the assembly.

Father De Brébeuf left the meeting after midnight, quite sure that he would not reach his own cabin alive, for the young braves of the Bear Nation had resolved to anticipate the decision of the council and to kill the missionaries. As the priests were considered a source of public danger, the law permitted the first comer to kill them at any time or in any place. "If they cleave your head we will not speak of it," said an old man to Father De Brébeuf, as the meeting broke up. The father understood it. As he was going along, an Indian fell at his feet, struck by the blow of a tomahawk. The Father stopped, and calmly addressing the murderer, said, "Did you mean that blow for me?" "No," answered the crafty Huron; "you can go." He passed on, and finally entered his wigwam.

The council of the 4th of August arrived at no decision, but the Fathers could not fail to foresee that their resolution would soon be taken. At the next meeting the death of the missionaries was voted without a single voice being raised in their behalf.

THE FESTIVAL OF DREAMS.

BY R. F. EGAN.

ONAWIHTA crouched down upon the moss-covered log and rested her head on her uplifted hands. In her day dream she saw visions of the bridegroom Molonka, bartering bearskins for a string of those gorgeous beads shown, a few days since, in the Onondaga village, by a Dutch trader from the South. If the great God would only command her husband in this coming sleep, the Festival of Dreams, to satisfy her longings, how happy she would be.

The glittering rays of the afternoon sun pierced through the dense leafy branches of the copse, and finally in their progress westward fell full upon the dusky face of Onawihtha. She was just changing her position when the light swish-swash of a paddle broke in upon the silence. Full of curiosity she ran down to the shore of the lake.

There, shielding her eyes from the flaming sun, she looked out on the water and saw in the distance a light canoe gliding swiftly over the shimmering surface of the lake.

Retreating a few paces, she stood under the shadow of a heavy oak tree until the skiff neared the shore. When the forms of two men could be distinguished, Onawihtha leant forward eagerly. Suddenly, she gave a start of delight and dropped back against the trunk of the tree, murmuring as she did so:

“It is a Black Robe!”

Instinctively, she seized the small pearl crucifix dangling from her wampum belt and held it tightly in her clasp for a few moments.

It was six years since Onawihtha had seen a Black Robe. That occasion could never be erased from her memory because it was then that she, with her Huron father and a Black Robe, had been taken prisoners by a band of marauding Onondagas. Onawihtha's striking beauty had saved her life, but the two men had been put to death. As the saintly priest knelt to receive his death-blow, he had handed the girl this same pearl cross,

saying, "Remember always, my child, that Christ and His Maid Mother are thy best friends."

Onawihta did not exactly understand the words or the gift, for she was then but nine years old, but the beauty of the cross so delighted her that she grew to revere it as a most sacred talisman. She was not alone in this belief, for all the Onondagas shared her respect for its supposed good properties. And when Molonka, the beloved chief of the nation, one moon since, had claimed the fair Huron for his bride, the Indian's faith in Onawihta's good luck waxed stronger.

Onawihta did not have to wait long before the canoe floated into shore and its bottom grated upon the sandy beach. The two men alighted; one was short and slender with a pale face, darkened by intense seriousness, while the other was erect and firmly built, with a countenance that reflected the joys of Heaven's peace and that by its very suggestiveness moved even the simple girl before it to thoughts of higher things. His black robes proved that Onawihta's surmise was correct; he was a Jesuit missionary.

As the priest glanced toward the forest, he caught sight of the eager, attentive face fixed upon him. He went up to Onawihta and spoke.

"Dost thou know, my child," he said, in a low but resonant voice, "where we can find the chief of thy nation?"

"Yes, Black Robe. He that is chief of the Onondagas is Molonka, my husband. I shall fetch him to thee," and she made an impetuous movement forward.

"Stay, my child," said the priest, as his keen eyes detected the crucifix. "Art thou a believer in the loving Christ?"

"I know Him not," she answered simply. "But the Black Robe told me that He was my best friend. And the Black Robe gave me this!" she continued, as in childish delight she held up the cross for admiration.

"When ——," began the priest in amazement, but Onawihta quickly interrupted him.

"Oh, Black Robe, see!"

She pointed a long, brown finger toward the west at the huge figure of a man, pacing up and down the beach.

"It is Molonka!" she exclaimed.

Without another word she sped lightly down the sandy shore. Her straight jet hair fluttered in the breeze and her lithe figure swayed gracefully to and fro.

"Molonka," she called, as breathless, she caught up to him. "The Black Robe has come to our nation at last."

The stalwart Indian raised his head and gazed thoughtfully into his wife's face for a moment. At length he spoke :

"Then it is peace between my nation and thine, Onawihta."

By this time, the missionary and his *donné* had reached them. The men exchanged greetings and then Molonka asked : "Is thy mission peace?"

"Yes," responded the priest. "It is to make peace between thy nation and the Hurons and for the honor and glory of God."

"Welcome, then, to the nation of the Onondagas," answered the deep-voiced chief. "From this sleep unto the next is a festival time for our people, so we cannot yet treat with thee. Rest now in yonder wigwam," pointing to a solitary wigwam a few rods beyond in a clearing. "And on the second sleep hereafter, I shall take thee to my people."

"May the good God take care of thee and thine," fervently answered the priest, as Molonka, taking his wife's hand, moved away.

"We must hasten to our dreaming, my Onawihta," he said. "See, the sun-god is going to his rest."

Onawihta turned to gaze upon the fiery ball that was dropping down upon the green woods beyond. Its beauty held her so enrapt that she did not notice the huge stone in her pathway, till she fell flat upon it.

"Art thou hurt, my wife?" asked Molonka quickly, as he raised her. Onawihta looked up and laughingly answered : "I am not hurt, Molonka. Do not grow fearful."

But the cloud did not leave her husband's face.

"Onawihta," he said, after a long, unbroken pause, "that is not well. Thou must have offended the mighty God."

Fear instantly darkened Onawihta's face, so in silence both pursued their way. When they reached the entrance to their wigwam, Onawihta thought of her cross and put her hand down to feel for it. It was gone. She said nothing, but in fear and trembling walked in.

Early the next day, a commotion in the wigwam aroused Onawihta. The flickering morning light blinded her eyes, so she could only just discern the great figure of a man near the entrance. Wondering, she lifted her head from her soft pillow of moss.

Hearing the rustling from behind, the man turned, and Onawihta in her clearer vision saw that he was Molonka, buckling on his wampum belt. Overcome by curiosity, she spoke:

"Molonka, my husband, what has the great God commanded thee in thy dream?"

"My Onawihta," he answered gently, despite the fierceness of his countenance, "the mighty Agreskone has commanded me to tomahawk the blackbird of prey, which entered this village, before our last sleep."

Onawihta sank back on her couch, clasping her hands in a tight grip lest they should tremble with her fright. She did not know how to analyze her feelings, but the dread which last night had made her shudder, now, in its realization, held her cold and torpid.

Snatching up his tomahawk, Molonka rushed forth from the wigwam, his upper lip drawn firmly over the lower and his black eyes gleaming with a savage light.

Onawihta quietly arose and gazed after his rigid figure as he strode down the beach. Coming to a path, opening into the forest, he turned and disappeared into the thick gloom. Quick as thought, Onawihta sped fleetly after him, along by the sandy shore.

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"Didst thou see the Indian woman fall last night, Father?" asked the donné of the priest as they rose from their morning devotions.

"Yes, my son," answered the Black Robe, meditatively. "I hope the child was not hurt. Is it not strange about the crucifix that she wears?" he queried, as he took the arm of the young man and together they strolled along the water's edge.

"Very strange, indeed," commented the donné. "I scarcely believe her to be an Onondaga. She has the Huron accent. Dost thou not think so, Father?"

The priest did not answer for his attention had been attracted to a gleaming object lying almost hidden in the sand. Tossing up the white grains with his foot, he brought to light a small glistening cross. Eagerly he stooped forward to get it, and then he held it up before his friend's eyes.

"Wonderful !" he exclaimed. "This is the second crucifix we have seen among the heathen Onondagas."

This time the younger man's attention was directed elsewhere. An ominous crackling, which experience had taught him to shun sounded distinctly upon his ear. He peered into the shadowy depths of the forest, but could see nothing.

"Father," he said, turning to his companion, "something is wrong. I fear the crafty Indian."

"Why so, my son?" questioned the priest, "none but the good chief and his wife are aware of our arrival. But look, there she comes running toward us."

The *donné* said nothing, but gazed anxiously into the wood, for he was not so sure. The priest hastened forward to greet Onawihtha.

"The blessings of God upon thee, my child," he said, warmly, as he approached her.

"Nay, Black Robe, the powerful God is like the mighty eagle. Beware his fierce talons."

"Thou art frightened, my child?" questioned the priest. "Tell me, what is the trouble?"

"Black Robe, fly !" And she pointed her finger to the canoe at the water's edge. "Fly from the wrath of Agreskone. He has bidden Molonka to slay thee."

But the last words were quite lost on the missionary. A hoarse thundering war-whoop rent the air, and Molonka rushed on him from the forest behind them.

The aged priest sank upon his knees and turned his prayerful eyes upward—Onawihtha drew back in terror, but only for the instant. She swerved around and grasped tightly the upraised arm of her husband.

"Molonka !" The cry was full of entreaty. She knew no more to say.

"Onawihtha, wilt thou make me forego the bidding of Agreskone?" he sternly demanded. Terrified by his anger she

loosened her grip, but she had already accomplished her purpose. Before the hand of Molonka was freed, the *donné* had seized the tomahawk and with a sure aim, had flung it out into the clear depths of the trembling lake.

As Onawihta, in her fear cast down her eyes she caught a glimpse of the shining pearl cross in the priest's hand.

"My beautiful talisman," she cried, delightedly, as she seized the hand of the priest. "It is mine, Black Robe."

Her dread was all gone. Taking the crucifix in her hands, she gleefully held it up in the sparkling sunlight before Molonka, who was standing, bowed in dejection. Agreskone had commanded, but now had failed him. In response to his wife's joyful cry, he looked up.

Gradually the set expression disappeared from his countenance, and the wonted earnestness and peace returned. "Agreskone has again given us good fortune, my wife," he said, quietly.

"Nay," answered the priest, as he rose from his knees. "The loving Christ has saved thee and me for better ends."

Onawihta looked wonderingly up into the priest's face, while his words sank deep into Molonka's heart. And the Black Robe and his *donné* in silence made a thanksgiving for the beginnings of a successful conquest of two souls.

THE SERVITE ORDER.

ITS FOUNDATION AND PROGRESS.

BY M. M. HALVEY.

WHAT Catholic has not, in childhood and maturity alike loved to hear and repeat the history of the Church's religious foundations—the story of Carmel from the visions of Elias to the scapular of Saint Simon—of a Dominic binding the fierce Albigenses with the mystic chains of Mary's Rosary—a Francis receiving the stigmata and spreading everywhere the love of Lady Poverty—a Peter Nolasco leading his expedition of mercy—a Loyola exchanging the sword for the cross

and with the method of one accustomed to earthly command, marshalling for combat, the soldiery of Christ.

Not less interesting than these is the record of Servites, banded together for the holy purpose of propagating devotion to the sorrows of Mary and seeking to perpetuate and renew in their own persons, her martyrdom and the transpiercing of her Immaculate Heart. Fitly enough the original Knights of Our Lady of Dolors, were seven in number and with their history the history of the "Seven Founders" must needs open the annals of the Servite Order.

It was at a time when the chief cities of Italy (with the exception of those belonging to the states of the Church) were really independent communities, each seeking ascendancy, and all, as a rule, on bad terms with their neighbors.

Florence the beautiful was usually one of the most turbulent: from 1187 to 1215, however, she enjoyed exceptional tranquillity and during those years of benison it was, that her seven sons, destined to be known as the "Seven Servite Saints" came into the world.

There was at that time in the city a most popular religious confraternity for seculars, instituted in our Lady's honor under the title of St. Mary Major, the members being called "Laudesi" an old Italian word signifying persons devoted to our Lady's praise.

In its ranks were two hundred members of the Florentine nobility and gentry, amongst them seven youthful scions of families particularly conspicuous by right of descent and social position. Their names were Bonfilius Monaldy, Alexis Falconieri, Benedict dell'Antella, Bartolomew Amidei, Ricovero Uguccioni, Ghirardino Sostegni, and John Manetti. None of them were then above thirty nor under twenty years old; some were married, though of their domestic life nothing is recorded but the fact of their marriage, and later on, their wives' voluntary consent to the early separation Heaven demanded at their hands.

At this stage nothing strikes us more forcibly, than the fact that the community of thought and feeling fostered by the confraternity, was the blessed influence which contributed most to the inception and consummation of their holy projects, so that

the Sodality of the "Laudesi" may well be called the "cradle" of the Servite Order.

Bonfilii Monaldi had, from the outset, been looked upon as leader and mentor: he as the oldest of the seven was the first to enter the confraternity and had introduced the others therein. With his influence was always exerted that of a holy ecclesiastic, James d'Alberto, who, young in years as Monaldi himself, had, because of his prudence and wisdom, risen to the post of Director of the Laudesi. He it was who drafted and sanctioned the rules of a special association formed by the fervent seven, as a further means of strengthening their resolve to dedicate themselves unreservedly to the service of Mary.

A new Bishop, Ardingo dei Foraboschi, a descendant of a noble Florentine house, had succeeded to the see of his native city. He particularly admired and esteemed the great confraternity of the "Laudesi" with the workings of which he was familiar, as he was also with the sanctity of the chosen seven, whose labors for the salvation of souls had attracted his attention.

It was on the day dear to our Lady's heart, the feast of her glorious Assumption, in the year 1233, an event occurred, which chronicled from generation to generation, still awakes in the recital something of the same delight that filled the favored souls whose perfection merited such rare distinction.

The feast was always observed with much solemnity by the "Laudesi," who assembled in their Sodality chapel to chant the praises of their Patroness. While thus outwardly engaged with their fellow members, our seven saints suddenly lost sight of all visible surroundings, gazing in ecstasy on some object unseen by the rest of the congregation. To each appeared the self-same vision of a Lady, beautiful and benign, surrounded by ministering angels, who, bending towards them from the midst of the dazzling halo that encompassed her, spoke in tones of incomparable sweetness.

"Leave the world" was the loving command, "Withdraw yourselves together into a solitary place, so you may learn to conquer yourselves and to live for God alone. Thus will you receive heavenly consolations and my aid and protection shall never fail you."

The vision disappeared, the ecstasy ended, and the confraternity members, all unconscious of the wonders wrought before their unseeing eyes, quitted the little chapel, leaving behind the seven kneeling motionless, regardless of time, longing each to share with the others the secret of the hour, and yet unwilling to break the spell of that glorified silence.

Bonfiliius Monaldi, as in some sense the leader, was first inspired to speak and describe his visitation, whereupon the others proclaimed their participancy, and their equal willingness to obey the heavenly mandate. But few words were spoken; a common resolve actuated the group, to relinquish immediately all earthly belongings in order to follow more closely the Divine Master, and then Monaldi hastened to consult their revered director and receive his opinion.

The priest, cognisant as he was, of their holiness, interpreted the vision as a genuine intervention of our Lady and as such demanding immediate response. Preparations were at once commenced. There was much of apparent difficulty to overcome; families and friends to be persuaded into acquiescence—pecuniary matters to be arranged—important offices to be resigned. For two at least, there was the necessity of providing suitably for young wives, whose voluntary consent to the step was necessary, according to the rules of the church. Tradition tells us that here the force of previous example triumphed to such extent, that the wives of the "Laudesi" took upon themselves also religious vows and were subsequently affiliated as Tertiaries to the Servite Order.

Within twenty-three days all arrangements were complete and early on the morning of our Lady's Nativity (Sept. 8th, 1233) the seven, accompanied still by their beloved director, assembled in their chosen dwelling place, having first secured the sanction and blessing of Bishop Ardingo. This new home, situated a short distance outside the walls of Florence, was the property of one of their number—a small, rude dwelling, built in the corner of a Franciscan cemetery and near the convent of that order called La Camarzia from its proximity to the Campus Martius. Permission had been secured from the Bishop for the establishment of a private chapel where

the Blessed Sacrament might be reserved: above its altar a statue of the Mother of Sorrows was already installed as token of her protectorate, and here, on this eventful dawn, the new recluses received from the hands of their chaplain, the Bread of Heaven, which could alone sustain in the struggle thus gladly inaugurated.

On this first day they exchanged the dress, that while always simple, has been necessarily similar to the garb worn by those of their age and rank, donning in its stead tunics of coarse woolen material, symbolic of holy poverty. A rule was early formulated: theirs was to be a life of penance, meditation and entire renunciation of self;—religious exercises were to be performed in common, while in their free moments, each was permitted to employ his talents for the glory of God and salvation of souls. Charity, love of poverty and austerity, almost uninterrupted silence, well-nigh constant prayer, frequent meditation and the most tender love of their Mother Mary, were the guiding principles of their daily life.

Bonfilius Monaldi was chosen as their superior, and it only remained to obtain Bishop Ardingo's approval of those arrangements. A day was therefore appointed for an audience at his palace, where he wished to see them all gathered, and so once more the seven saints of Florence—now the Solitaries of La Camarzia, found themselves in the streets of their native city. They were quickly surrounded by multitudes, drawn, some by curiosity, some by reverential admiration, many in the spirit of mockery and contempt. Once again the seal of the Heavenly Queen's approval was to be set upon the work she had initiated, and this time so that many might bear witness.

Once again from the mouths of babes and sucklings should speak that wisdom that confounds all human knowledge. Above the din of the city's multitude, infant voices were heard—the voices of babes in arms, carried by their mothers and held aloft where all eyes could see—exclaiming distinctly —“ See ! here are the Servants of Mary.” Thus, to the astonishment of all, “for,” says the chronicler “ the like had never been heard before”, was the coveted title conferred by innocent lips, inspired as none could doubt by the gracious Mother herself.

A second time this marvel was repeated, when on the 13th of January, 1234, the octave of the Epiphany, two of the Solitaries set forth to beg in Florence. While they passed from door to door, infants were again heard to speak distinctly, pleading their cause and one of these was St. Philip Benizi who came to be styled the eighth founder of the Servites, because as their fifth General, he perfected the institutes of the Order and marvellously extended its influence. From his mother's arms this babe of five months (born on the very day of our Lady's apparition in the "Laudesi" chapel) smiled upon the mendicants, exclaiming clearly, "Mother, here come the Servants of Mary ; give them an alms."

In gratitude to Mary for her choice of them as her servants, they adopted the custom of reciting her office daily and their sons still keep sacred this pledge of seven centuries ago. Every Saturday was devoted to the celebration of her joys, but from the outset our Lady's Dolors were the favored subject of meditation and the Chaplet of the seven Sorrows was early adopted by them.

They wore the roughest haircloth and spiked girdles and strove earnestly to live the ideal life of contemplation and penance, for which they had forsaken the world.

But the fame of their sanctity had spread afar ; reports of the supernatural favors vouchsafed them, excited general curiosity ; from Florence, the city which had known and numbered them among her leading citizens, crowds flocked daily to see and consult and beseech the prayers of the Solitaries of La Camarzia. Thus, the object of their withdrawal from the world was being gradually defeated; all that they had fled from seemed to pursue them and it appeared to those fervent souls, that, by remaining in the home, no longer a solitude, they might prove themselves unfaithful to the wondrous grace bestowed on them through Mary's intercession. Therefore, the resolve was taken, to forsake La Camarzia and seek some remote region, where it should be less difficult to carry out their project of sanctification. Anxious only to discover the Divine Will in all things, they besought special guidance in the choice of an abode and for this purpose multiplied their prayers and penances.

One night as they watched and prayed, a dazzling veil of light overspread the shadowed sky on which they gazed, and all saw, distinctly outlined against the horizon, an exact representation of Monte Senario, a mountain lying to the north of Florence, about eleven miles distant. Again was heard the voice of Mary as she had before spoken in the "Laudesi" chapel, bidding them seek this mount and live there the chosen life of mortification in which they should ever be encouraged by her help and favor. Thus, their destination was learned and once more led by their superior, they knelt before their Bishop, beseeching his consent and assistance. Bishop Ardingo was ready to co-operate with any project of theirs, for daily his admiration of their virtues grew stronger, and through his good offices a piece of land on the mountain's crest, was donated to the Solitaries by the noble family of the Lottaringhi to whom the property belonged.

Monte Senario, so named on account of the purity of the air, rises to a height little short of three thousand feet; anything more inaccessible cannot well be imagined; the sides of the mountain are clothed with dense pine forests, where in those days wild animals found refuge, but from its crest the domes and towers of beautiful Florence are now, as then, distinctly visible. On the extreme summit was found, strangely enough, a level plateau, small in extent but extremely picturesque, containing a clear spring of cold water, guarded oasis-like by a grove of tall trees. Hither, on the last day of May—the vigil of the Ascension, in 1234—came the Solitaries with their devoted director, and very touching is the account of that last night at La Camarzia, spent in prayer and thanksgiving; of the farewell Mass at day-dawn and the description of the little procession that then started, while Florence still slept. The brother who walked first carried the cross; another bore the picture of the Blessed Mother, and the rest followed in order, giving expression to the gladness of their hearts when the quiet country was reached, by chanting aloud the praises of their Queen in unison with the birds' morning songs.

Arrived at their destination, the cross was planted in the centre of the level space; the banner of our Lady was rev-

erently unfurled, and falling on their knees before her treasured picture, they exclaimed as with one voice : " Behold we have left all things or thee, O Mary, our Mother."

A new chapter in the Servite story now commenced, a chapter teeming with miraculous incidents and events, following in quick succession to lead through God's appointed ways to marvellous results. It was soon apparent, that even the remoteness of Monte Senario was not barrier sufficient to secure to the Solitaries the complete isolation from the world for which they pined. Little by little, bands of pilgrims found their way by the hitherto untrodden paths, seeking that consolation for spiritual and physical ills, which the tender hearts of the saintly hermits could not refuse to the prayers of their stricken brethren. The rude caves, fashioned by nature in the mountain side, were utilized as their homes, and on the mountain top a church had arisen (only large enough to admit the little community, and built entirely by the labor of their own hands), of which the foundation stone, laid by Bishop Ardingo, bore the prophetic inscription : "*Non erit hic aliud nisi Domus Dei et porta coeli, et vobis Servis vocabitur aula Virginis.*" ("This is no other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven, and it shall be called the royal abode of the Virgin for you who are her servants.")

The time of the Solitaries was entirely spent in prayer, meditation, pious conferences and bodily labor. Their meals consisted of a few herbs, a small portion of bread and draughts of water from their mountain spring ; they slept on the bare earth or on stones and boards, shared prolonged vigils, and practiced all bodily mortifications. At intervals they were obliged to visit the neighboring localities, and Florence sometimes witnessed the strange spectacle of her noblest-born, begging their bread from door to door.

For these occasions, on account of the extreme difficulty of descending and ascending Monte Senario, they were obliged to hire a resting place at the chapel of St. Maria di Cafaggio, on which foundation afterward rose the principal monastery of the Servite Order.

Needless to say that the practices commenced at La Camarzia in honor of their blessed Patroness were continued and

multiplied. None addressed the other without first saying "Ave Maria," and hearing the response, "Gratia Plena;" the praises of Mary followed always those which they addressed seven times daily to the Most High. This life continued for six years, after which time the Cardinal legate of Gregory IX visited the hermitage in company with Bishop Ardingo. Filled with admiration of their perfection, the wise legate regretted that such example should in a manner be withdrawn from mankind, and proposed that they admit into their association, some who wished to retire from the world and do penance for their sins. The idea had never occurred to those humble souls seeking only their own advancement in virtue, but suggested by one of such knowledge, wisdom and influence, they resolved to consult God's will on the subject through the wonted medium of prayer. The manner in which the Lord vouchsafed to relieve this spiritual perplexity has since become known in the category of Servite marvels, as "the miracle of the vine."

Below the mountain crest was a rocky platform, thinly covered with earth, which, because of its southern projection, the hermits deemed worthy of cultivation, and accordingly a vine had been planted there. No further thought was given to the matter, until on the third Sunday of Lent (falling on February 27th), it was discovered that the vine had suddenly put forth seven branches, thickly laden with foliage and fruit. Not daring to solve the enigma for themselves, although even their humility could suggest no natural explanation for the phenomenon, a brother was dispatched to consult Bishop Ardingo. To him in a vision of that night the Blessed Mother appeared to interpret the miracle, declaring the sudden fruitfulness of the vine emblematic of that which God willed for the confraternity, the members of which were as branches destined to bear fruit to eternal life throughout Christendom.

On Good Friday night of that Lent, March 25th, complete assurance of the Master's intentions in their regard was vouchsafed His servants. The day had been spent in meditation on His sufferings and in spirit the faithful seven had accompanied their Queen on her way of sorrows to the scene

of her heart's transfixion. Night closed in, and still they knelt, offering to her the reparation of their tender affection, when, without warning, the Mother of the Crucified was before them, brighter than the sun and accompanied by angels, bearing some, the instruments of the Passion, and others black habits, similar to those now worn by the Servites. In one hand the Mother bore the Rule of St. Augustine in golden script and a scroll on which appeared the words, "Servants of Mary," and in the other was a palm branch. The sweet music of her tones filled again the ears of her faithful ones, whom she now commanded to wear the black habit in memory of her sorrows—to follow the Rule of St. Augustine, retaining the name of her servants, and by obedience and perseverance to merit the palm of eternal life. Thus the Blessed Virgin, in the presence of her angels, avowed herself the Foundress of the new Order, bestowing upon it, habit, rule and name; its existence was now an accomplished fact, its object clearly defined, and all doubts solved by the miraculous intervention of Mary.

Assembled together on her withdrawal, the hermits announced to their chaplain, the unanimous decision, that after Easter, any suitable subject applying, should be received and the first addition to the saintly seven was this beloved Spiritual Father himself—James d'Alberto—known in our day as Blessed James of Popibonzi, afterwards first Procurator General of the Order. A twelvemonth's novitiate was begun—habits fashioned after that shown by our Lady were procured, and the monastic tonsure was traced on the heads of the new monks, the officiating Bishop Ardingo bestowing his benediction in this unusual form:—"May the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of angels bless, increase, and maintain the order of her own servants. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Bonfilius was confirmed as superior, relinquishing (as did Alexis Falconieri) his surname to be known in future as Brother Bonfilius; three of the others dropped their baptismal, retaining their family names, and two completely sunk their identity by assuming the new forms of Brother Manettus and Brother Buonagiunta.

The news spread quickly that recruits would now be re-

ceived to the little army of our Lady and many vocations followed, so that the novitiate was soon filled. By the bishop's advice, the founders became students of theology and were all admitted to Holy Orders in the following year, with the exception of Alexis Falconieri who persisted in regarding himself as unworthy of this distinction.

The first constitutions were brief, beginning, as might be expected, with the name of Mary and treating largely of the obligations that were her due. The "Crown," since regarded as a species of family devotion, was composed of seven Paternosters and seven times seven Aves in honor of her sorrows, concluding with three Aves commemorative of her tears. In 1245, St. Manettus attended the Council of Lyons and also endeavored to propagate the order in France, preparing the way for St. Philip Benizi, who, twenty-four years later developed the work. Through Cardinal Cappocci, the Papal approbation was partially secured and, in 1250, steps were taken towards realizing that golden dream of the Founder's permanent establishment in Florence. The foundation stone was laid for the church and convent of Caffagio, the nucleus of the present magnificent Basilica of *La Santissima Annunziata*.

Manifestations of Mary's favor continued, none more unmistakable than her presentation to her order of one who was indeed her loyal son, Philip Benizi, a young physician of Florence, connected, like the founders, with the city's noblest families. To him in the little church of Our Lady of Grace, the Blessed Virgin appeared, clothed in mourning weeds and seated in a magnificent chariot while a heavenly voice spoke the words of the day's epistle, which recorded the meeting of Philip, the deacon, with the eunuch of Queen Candace—"Go near and join thyself to this chariot." Again in a vision of the night, Mary counselled her client: "Go, Philip, seek my servants" and at daydawn Philip hastened to Cafaggio to ask the advice of the prior Bonfilii. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, St. Bonfilii interpreted the vision, clearly foreseeing the future sanctity of the youth and the two remained absorbed in heavenly things until the refectory bell rang at three in the afternoon. Invited to share the poor repast, Philip attended also a spiritual conference that followed and at its close, kneeling with arms extended in

the form of a cross, he besought admission to the order as a lay brother—to live and die in the capacity of servant to the servants of Mary. There could be no hesitation regarding his admission, who had come as the chosen of their Queen, and soon the high-bred, nobly-born physician of Florence—the gifted scholar of Paris and Padua, wore the coarse tunic of the postulant, retaining his baptismal name of Philip, because so he had been addressed by the Divine Mother.

St. Philip's novitiate, begun at Cafaggio, was continued at Monte Senario, under the direction of St. Amadeus and here the novice quite attained to the level of sanctity of the heroic Founders themselves. Five years he spent in the duties of lay brotherhood, which however, amongst Servites, who placed the distinction of Mary's Servitude above all other conditions, differ little from those assumed by the general community. It was only because of the treasures of spiritual wisdom bestowed on St. Philip, fitting him in a peculiar manner for the direction of souls, that his superiors resolved he should be constrained by obedience to receive Holy Orders. Accordingly, he was ordained on April 12, 1259, his first Mass being celebrated on the occasion of the holiday of the General Chapter, on the Feast of Pentecost.

The description that has come down to us of the fifty days of preparation for that Mass, is in itself a revelation, calculated to impress us with a just idea of the status of the priesthood as understood by a saint. And what of the hour of fulfilment, when as guerdon for that wondrous vigil, there was repeated on the crest of Monte Senario, the miracle that enlightened the Judean shepherds in the dawn of the Nativity! Then angels sang their "*Gloria*," when the Word made Flesh first lay in the arms of His Mother; now, their tones—the tones of the cherubim of the heavenly Court, rang out in exquisite harmony—" *Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus*," as the same Incarnate God was uplifted in the newly anointed hands of His servant.

The life of St. Philip for many succeeding years is interwoven with the history of the order, its trials and triumphs, its disappointments and attainments. In 1267, on the resignation of St. Manettus, Philip was elected General of the Servites at the age of thirty-four years. He would fain have

escaped the honor but the voice of the Queen, gently authoritative as before, directed his choice : " Philip, do not resist the Holy Spirit, for I have called thee out of the world that thou mayest guide my chosen people."

All present shed tears as they heard this proof of his exaltation but, says the chronicler " he, though thus exalted, did but humble himself more and more."

St. Philip was indeed the favored son of the order ; of the founders with whom he is associated because of his work in revising and perfecting the Constitutions, St. Bonfilius and St. Buonaguinta died in his arms, and prior to his election as General, he was for two years colleague of St. Manettus in the Generalate. After he had assumed charge, the surviving founders retired more and more from active participation in affairs, preparing in seclusion for the hour that should reunite them with their dearly beloved brethren. Three of them lived to share the Jubilee of their order, which within those fifty years, had taken root in the great nations of Europe—Italy, Germany and France, and had undertaken distant missions in Crete and India, its children numbering, at the death of the last surviving founder, not less than 10,000 souls.

Grievous trials had, nevertheless, been its portion, for the continued existence of a decree of the Fourth Lateran Council, held in 1215, forbidding the introduction of any new order prevented formal recognition of the Servites as an independent foundation and seriously interfered with their projects. Pope Innocent V felt called upon to obey this decree which was but held in abeyance by his predecessors, and at one time resolved on the suppression of the Servites, or at least their amalgamation with the Hermits of St. Augustine. St. Philip, then General, hastened to Rome to plead the cause of Mary's protégés, but before he could arrive there, Innocent V died, and Cardinal Orsini, who was ever favorably disposed toward the Servites became Pope. With him the General interceded so convincingly, that the idea of suppression was abandoned and the order breathed freely after its lengthened period of suspense. The Sainted Father-advocate had, nevertheless, long passed to his reward, indeed twenty years more of uncertainty

elapsed when in 1304, the first year of his Pontificate, Pope Benedict XI, a member of the Dominican order, finally proclaimed the long contested right of the Servants of Mary to a corporate existence. Of those who had the most especial cause to rejoice, but one survived, St. Alexis Falconieri who, by his own choice, remained a lay brother to the close of his long life of one hundred and ten years.

Our own day has seen the seal of Mother Church publicly affixed to the record of the Seven Solitaries of Monte Senario. The canonization bore a double significance, for it formed one in the series of celebrations that signalized the golden jubilee of our revered Pontiff, Leo XIII. A more impressive solemnity cannot be imagined than the canonization on January 15, 1888, of the wondrous seven who had in life set no bounds to the limits of their humility. With their triumph, it will be remembered, was celebrated too, that of Peter Claver, priest; John Berchmans, scholastic, and Alphonsus Rodriguez, all three members of the Society of Jesus. So, once more, the names of Son and Mother were associated in connection with those of their heroic followers—the Soldiers of Jesus and the Servants of Mary.

(To be continued.)

MISSION NOTES.

CHINA.

A Sister of Charity writes from Ning-Po at the end of November: "We have much reason to thank God for the way so many thousands of the Christians remained faithful to the end. Despite threats, torture, and frequently most painful death, apostasy has been wonderfully rare, and that principally among quite new Christians. At Nanting there was a massacre of the innocents. About one hundred little boys, belonging to the Brothers, had taken refuge there when their place was attacked and fired. The children, with two brothers, took refuge on a high terrace near the sacristy, and there defended themselves for several hours, at the same time witnessing

horrible massacre down below, of between three hundred and four hundred Christians. When the church blazed, the boys were simply being roasted, and had to descend from the terrace. Nearly all were killed . . . a few broke through . . . but all were killed a couple of days later. The little fellows behaved heroically, refusing to apostatize despite all threats. The Brothers had refused to leave them."

The Hour of Danger.—Thsing-Chow is in the province of Shantung. It is a Franciscan mission-station, amidst a population mostly Mussulman. Here were situated the principal establishments of the Vicariate—the higher and the preparatory seminaries, a boys' school; a girls' orphanage, etc. Two priests, one being Chinese, remained here; while several others visited the Christian missions in the country around. The people were peaceful and respected the missionaries. At length the storm clouds began to gather. News came of the sinister deeds of the Boxers, and refugees came pouring in. The missionaries, though urged, refused to leave without the order of their Bishop, and were, for a time, protected by a small band of native soldiers. These were finally withdrawn as the fever of revolt became intenser. The Boxer placard promised that if the native Christians apostatized they would not be troubled. While there was yet time, the missionaries sent away the children into the Christian families, concealed the sacred vessels, and began to prepare by confession to meet the coming danger. It was the eve of the feast of Saints Peter and Paul. Next day a low Mass was said and all went to Communion. Then the seminarians were dismissed. Although there seemed to be little hope of safety, the storm did not burst. Word came from the Bishop that the missionaries should leave for the coast, and the officials of the place protected them as they escaped.

The most touching scenes of the late massacres are reported from China. The Christian communities were sometimes so rapidly dispersed that it was possible only to give a general absolution while they knelt and recited the act of contrition, broken by sobs. It was the parting of the early martyrs over again.

A Fight for Life.—Towards the end of December the following details became known concerning the death of two French missionaries in Manchuria, Fathers Leguevel and Bourgeois. 2,500 soldiers had penetrated into Lee-Chang, determined to ex-

terminate the Christians. The missionaries quickly armed their people the best way they could. They were driven back finally, reduced to a small band, and took refuge in an old tower. Upon this the Boxers turned their cannon. The little Christian company had to fire broken pieces of money from their guns. At last the powder failed and, having broken their weapons, they heroically met death. The two priests were beheaded.

Peace has not yet been established in China. News of Massacres still continue.

The truth about the Missionaries.—Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, Catholic chaplain with the American troops in China, has written a remarkable account of the state of things in that country. "I did my best to get at the bottom of things," he says, and he gives very plainly and very strongly the results of his observations. He disposes easily and briefly of the absurd charge that Catholic missionaries encouraged looting or took part in trade: "They have still to prove a single instance involving a Catholic priest here." As some of the Protestant missionaries made serious charges against the Catholic priests in China, it is well to give what Father Gleason has to say about those same Protestant missionaries:

"One fact I can vouch for, and that is that when the Legations were relieved, and before our commissary arrived, a number of them went into the grocery business temporarily in Peking and sold our soldiers articles of food at fabulous prices. And yet our American soldiers were the first to enter Peking, and force their way to the relief of these people.

"Another fact known to everybody in Peking. When the siege of the legation was raised a large number of these missionaries joined in the mad rush for loot with a keenness that would put the Russians to shame. The only difference was that the Russians smashed everything that could not be transported or of whose value they were ignorant, whereas the Protestant missionaries, with one or two rare exceptions, showed a better commercial sense. The missionaries who decamped for other climes, or who went to Tientsin, packed up as much as was possible, while others, among whom M. Amment, American Congregationalist missionary, was facile princeps, knowing the palaces of the rich princes, boldly took possession of them, even in parts of Peking under other flags. The Rev. Mr. Amment seized a rich palace in the Japanese quarter, and the Japanese authorities, out of courtesy to the Americans, did not disturb him, while he sold at

auction the vast quantity of valuable objects of art, etc., down to the last article saleable on the premises. Then as he was established in business and the contents of the palace running short he had tons of loot from other places brought there by the cartload for disposal.

"Another Protestant missionary, named Tewksbury, may not be criticized too severely by officers with whom he has come in contact, for the reason that the reverend gentleman is also a correspondent and might break the standing of an ordinary man, inasmuch as he could use his power as a writer for the periodical press for this purpose if criticized. The gentleman is very shrewd. He does nothing for which he could be actually brought to task, but he does many funny things. For instance, by representing that the Chinese outside Tung Chan wished to indemnify him for the losses suffered by his mission in Tung Chan he got a cavalry guard to accompany him. Having lived in China ten years he could bluff the Chinese villagers without the soldiers understanding him, and could even use these soldiers with him as a backing to this threat. At any rate the people gave up eight mule loads of silver which was brought to Tung Chan.

"Various Protestant missionaries have done good work, and one thing to the credit of the American missionaries is that they have the reputation of not sowing the seeds of strife. This has been attempted only by the London Missions. A correspondent of the *New York Journal*, told me that a London Mission man had stated in the presence of three correspondents in Shanghai, that Catholic priests, acting as mandarins, had tried and condemned men to punishment. When asked for proof all the missionary could say was, that he heard so. This was an absurd calumny on the face of it, but I brought this correspondent face to face with Monsignor Favier and put the matter to him point blank. The Bishop said it was a ludicrous charge as such a thing was an absolute impossibility. It is true that Catholic bishops and priests, and many Protestant missionaries, have the title of mandarin of a certain class, but this is simply a title of dignity which brings with it no power, and especially no power of a judicial nature, of which the Chinese are very jealous and with which they would part under no circumstances."

Missionary forces.—At the beginning of the Boxer outbreak there were in China 759 European priests and 407 Chinese priests. Catholic buildings and institutions numbered 3,930. There were 49 seminaries and 2,913 schools. The Empire is divided into 36

Catholic vicarates, the two largest being Peking and Nanking, containing at least 155,000 converts. By far the largest number of missionaries are from France.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

According to the report presented by Father Piolet, S. J., to the Committee of Organization of the French Exposition, there are 33 French religious bodies which send priests on foreign missions. Those include, of course, the great religious orders. As far as we can reckon, there are about 4,500 French missionary priests, and 4,000 religious brothers helping them, with 10,500 nuns or sisters sent out by 70 congregations or orders of religious women.

A NATIVE PRIESTHOOD.

The *Missions Etrangères*, or Paris Society of Foreign Missions, has 585 native priests in the mission field entrusted to it; the Jesuit missions in India and China have 160; the Lazarists have about 50 in China; the Marists, 8 in Oceanica.

In the last beatification of missionary martyrs, many of the heroes honored were natives.

In Africa there are now several preparatory and higher seminaries for the training of a native priesthood. In the missions of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost there are a dozen priests, two recently ordained in French Congo, one in the Jesuit missions of Madagascar and eight in Senegambia, with sixty natives in religious orders of men.

AFRICA.

South Africa.—Mission work is slow and difficult and demands long residence and material aid for schools, etc. The non-Catholic missionaries are fast pouring in. Drought and various pests impede agricultural work so necessary for the support of the mission stations and the training of the natives.

The Sisters of Notre Dame, in Rhodesia, tell something of their privation, notwithstanding which they affirm that "progress in all directions has been marked." "To prevent the rain from flooding us, for we stand on a slope, trenches have been dug and banked with sand; paths have been made, raised and bordered with stones. . . . Two hundred heads of fine cabbages were ready to cut when the locusts arrived. One night was enough to leave nothing but a field of stumps."

The slave-trade.—This revolting traffic is far from being ended in Africa. In some places the unhappy natives are sold in the

open market. Several sisterhoods are doing admirable work in counteracting this infamous commerce. They render most useful assistance, particularly to the "White Fathers," instituted by Cardinal Lavigerie, and to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

Zambesi.—Father Hiller writes from Boroma, about his success under the patronage of St. Joseph. Since the opening of his new church his work has been singularly blest. From all around the natives bring infants to be baptized. This is the result of teaching catechism in the neighboring Kaffir villages. The system of teaching has a touch of romance in it. Two children are sent beforehand as heralds. At their coming to a village the chief beats a large drum made from a hollowed trunk of a tree, covered at the end with the skin of a lion or crocodile. This is the signal. Men, women and children throng to the instruction. The two children begin by teaching the prayers, then the missionary explains the catechism. The First Holy Communion is celebrated with extraordinary solemnity. There were eighty-six little communicants this year. All day shots were fired, for the Kaffirs cannot realize a feast-day without this element of inspiration. When there is a special solemnity, a banquet is spread for all the Christian community. Several hogs are slain and Kaffir beer is prepared. The festivity ends with Benediction. In two schools there are three hundred children, who are taught, clothed, and fed. There are five Sisters of St. Joseph. Lately, a Portuguese Brother was carried off by the African fever after a few days' illness.

In Tunis by the Sahara.—Four thousand Mussulmans, one thousand Jews, and three hundred or four hundred Catholics, with a priest in charge of them, such is the population of Gafsa, an oasis on the sands of the Great Sahara. Here the wandering Arab pitches his tent, and looks without disfavor on the missionary who visits him in illness and gives medicines for nothing. The spiritual part of the missionary's self-sacrifice is confined, to a great extent, to the baptizing of dying children. This has to be done secretly. Under pretence of soothing the little sufferer's brow, a few drops of water are made to flow upon it, and the words of Baptism are pronounced. There is no Christian church yet erected in the place. Gafsa was a flourishing city in old Roman days under the name of Capsa. It was then, and is still infested, with serpents. But God has set a guard against them. This is a large lizard, quite inoffensive towards man, but the implacable enemy of the serpent family. Christians were numerous here in the early days. The native martyr, St. Liberatus, is the patron of the little town.

SYRIA.

From the Cedars of Lebanon.—We often meet, in the United States, Syrian traders. They are very frequently met in the West Indies, where they travel all over the islands, generally on foot, selling various wares, especially trinkets. They usually employ strong black men to carry their heavy boxes. Many of these Syrians are Catholics and from the mountains of Lebanon. They are polite, kind, intelligent, temperate, with well-shaped features. Good traders, too, they commonly save money.

A missionary tells us something about the villages of their native country. Jebeil, the ancient Babylus, rival of Tyre and Sidon, is now marked by all the traces of decay. Set in ruins, around it lie scattered the granite columns of the palaces of former days. The people are very poor, the father of the household scarcely making a livelihood from the ungrateful soil. There is great lack of religious instruction, too; but the faith is there and great respect for its practices. With a little care it revives. One day the missionary met a poor child leaning against a tree and crying bitterly. He asked her what was the matter. She said she wanted to become a Sister, but the master of the spinning industry in which she worked had kept back her slender pay. Encouraged a little, she worked on for two years, studying some hours of the night. Finally a lady from Marseilles sent her enough to procure a modest outfit, and she became a lay sister amongst the Dames de Nazareth. Some months afterwards the Superiors wrote, "If you have any more Sisters of this kind we shall receive them with pleasure."

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

M. Jules Lemaitre wrote, last year, in the *Echo de Paris*, "The story of the little Chinese thrown to the dogs and the swine is certainly not a myth . . . We everywhere witnessed infanticide, and oftenest that of little girls." Yet these infants have immortal souls and need only baptism to possess the bliss of Heaven. Hence it is that the Holy Father wishes every Catholic child to belong to the Holy Childhood and contribute a little offering for the saving of those infants. For saving abandoned children in pagan lands, the Holy Childhood has now 7,000 establishments, containing 335,000 children. Last Year the Catholics of Germany contributed 1,228,000 francs for the maintenance of those children.

REVIEW OF 1900.

The principal facts concerning the missionary life of the Church during the past year are summed up in the *Missions Catholiques*, Jan. 4. The fearful tragedies in China have all but wrecked for the moment the flourishing Catholic missions there. At the same time anti-Christian legislation in France aims at drying up the greatest fountain of missionary life and devotedness in the Church.

In the North of Europe, particularly in Norway, there is great hope of a gradual revival of the ancient faith.

Armenia, land of sorrow, has for three years seen her children outraged and murdered by the savage Mussulmans.

Thibet, long closed to missionary enterprise, has been lately opened, even at the suggestion of the religious leaders of that country.

In Africa, the unhealthy climate has claimed the lives of many valiant apostles; but there is much progress, especially in Madagascar.

In South America, Peru has received three new Prefectures Apostolic. In Australasia the Marist Fathers and the missionaries of the Sacred Heart are spreading the faith with great devotedness and success.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

MARCH, 1901.

No. 3.

THE SERVITE ORDER.

ITS FOUNDATION AND PROGRESS.

BY M. M. HALVEY.

REFERRING to the sanctity of the Seven Servite Founders as gloriously attested by that joint canonization alluded to in a recent number of the *Messenger*, one biographer has said: "Saintly followers of the Founders are to be found in every branch of the Order—priests, lay brothers, members of the third order, women who have vowed themselves to God in the cloister, and their sisters, who, as Tertiaries, remained with their families in the world."

This sisterhood, known to us as the Mantellate or Third Order of the Servants of Mary, has now for American Catholics, the peculiar interest that comes of possession, for happily in our own country, there has been set of late an offshoot of that marvellous stem, which, as the symbolic vine of La Camarzia, is ever "yielding abundant fruit in the vineyard of Mary."

But it was surely fitting that the sex, privileged to be first at the Cross and Tomb of the Crucified, should have early representation in an order devoted to the contemplation of His Mother's dolors. Very soon, indeed, after its inception the Holy Founders gave the scapular, sometimes called the "habit," to pious people of both sexes, the father and mother of St. Philip Benizi being mentioned as having received it. The only obligations seem to have been the wearing of the scapular, underneath the dress if preferred, and the practice of devotions in honor of our Lady's Sorrows.

Some of the Tertiaries, however, lived in community, giv-

ing their time to prayer and works of charity, but without fixed rules or modes of dress. St. Philip, noting the possibilities of those fervent souls, became early anxious to see them united, and in Juliana Falconieri, now known as Foundress of the Servite Sisters, he recognized God's chosen instrument for this great work. She was the niece of St. Alexis, the daughter of that brother in whose favor the saint had resigned his rights of primogeniture, when retiring to La Camarzia. Clarence Falconieri amassed enormous wealth in mercantile pursuits, which, as he advanced in years, he became desirous of sharing with the church and the poor, fearing lest he had unwittingly overstepped strict justice in the methods of its accumulation. St. Alexis suggested the gift of the Church of the Annunziata, which was accordingly commenced, and before its completion, the donor received from heaven a return far exceeding his expectations. For to him and his wife Ricordata was vouchsafed consolation long desired, in the birth of a daughter who came to gladden their declining years. St. Alexis was sponsor of the babe, named from St. Juliana the Martyr, and faithfully did he fulfill the duties of this office by fostering the development of the child's rare spiritual gifts. Upon him, as her nearest relative, too, devolved much responsibility on the death of her father, which occurred when the heiress of the Falconieri was very young. Beholding in her with prophetic certainty the future Servant of Mary, St. Alexis spared no efforts in the task of her education: the biographer of St. Juliana pictures for us vividly the domestic scene, then familiar in the Falconieri palace, when this fair young girl surrounded by all the belongings of wealth, sat at the feet of the emaciated solitary in his rough patched habit, to learn from him the lessons of our Lady's dolors, of which he was ever the special apostle.

Gifted with wonderful beauty and talents—the possessor of a voice famed for its sweetness even in that land of song, Juliana from her childhood was yet so insensible to vanity, that not once in her life did she behold her own image in a mirror. Her dislike for the frivolities of dress, her extreme care in the choice of reading, and her gentle reserve of manner, ren-

der her an exemplar for the young people of our own day, when those evils she so particularly abhorred are prevalent enough to threaten the overthrow of domestic happiness. It is cheering to find the echoed sentiments of the girl saint still dominant in the Constitutions of her Order, guaranteeing its equipment for the great mission of modern education.

The mother of Juliana was fully aware of her daughter's marvellous perfection of soul, apparent from infancy when her first unprompted words were the divine names of Jesus and Mary. With complete confidence in the judgment and prudence of her husband's venerable brother, she had left St. Alexis quite free in the direction of his pupil. Yet, when the results of his tutelage became fully apparent in the dawning years of girlhood, that found the Florentine heiress conversant with learned languages and varied sciences—skilled alike in domestic arts and surgical lore, the mother's worldly ambition triumphed over her gratitude to the Giver of all good.

Ricordata's first object became the settlement of her young daughter by a suitable marriage. As a preliminary step, she insisted on fine dressing, which, so far, our saint had been able to avoid, as also participation in the social gaieties befitting her rank. Juliana, whose unfaltering obedience admitted of no resistance to her mother's will in such matters, yet contrived, that compliance with these distasteful commands should be fresh proofs of her love for Him to whom her life was consecrated. As a reminder of the thorny crown whereby He expiated the vanity of men, she concealed in her luxuriant hair, long, sharp needles, so arranged, that the confining ribbons which were the fashion of her day, caused them to pierce her head and inflict constant pain. Her mother, charmed by the flattering comments of friends, and happy in the exceeding success which seemed to attend her plans, failed to discover the secret of her child's supernatural loveliness—the sign manual of the Spouse, Whose love filled the pure heart with ineffable sweetness that irradiated the beautiful face.

Many proposals of marriage came from eligible Florentine nobles, but Juliana, urged by her mother to a speedy decision, returned the invariable reply: "When the time comes, Our

Lady will provide." At length, Ricordata herself fixed her choice for son-in-law upon a noble youth named Falco, of high birth, handsome, wealthy, and nearly connected with their own family of the Falconieri. Juliana could no longer keep silence; she imparted to her mother her resolve to reject all earthly nuptials and live and die the Spouse of Christ. Then, indeed, the cross for which she had longed was hers to bear; only through the transfixed heart of Mary could strength for the struggle have been obtained. She, who knew herself from infancy the object of her parents' undivided affection, who had never cost them an instant's uneasiness or pain, heard from the lips of her mother, the most cruel reproaches and accusations, intermingled with tender pleadings and appeals to her gratitude and obedience. Again and again the struggle was renewed. Friends and relatives supported the maternal authority; violence and even blows were resorted to, reproaches and contempt became her daily portion. St. Alexis was her only earthly stay; his encouragement and consolation helped to sustain her, his unceasing prayers were hers, but even he, venerated as he was by his brother's widow, could not stem the torrent of her disappointment. Only when she was forced to admit all her efforts useless, did Ricordata give reluctant consent to her child's dedication as Spouse of Christ. With her own hand then, Juliana cut off her beautiful hair and by the advice of her uncle, bound herself irrevocably by a vow of virginity.

St. Philip Benizi was at that time in Florence, where a general chapter was being held, and from his hands, Juliana Falconieri received, in 1284, the habit of the Third Order or Mantellate—a facsimile of that in which our Lady appeared to the Holy Founder. In this garb the saint is represented in St. Peter's, where her statue stands among the founders of religious orders.

The clothing of this earliest Servite nun took place in the Church of the Annunziata, raised by her own father as a thank-offering to the Lord, and before the miraculous picture of our Lady of the Annunciation.

The tale of this famous masterpiece has been told by many

pens, commencing with the resolve of the Servite Founders, that their new church should contain a fresco, treating of the Angel Gabriel's message to the Maid of Nazareth. Bartholomew, the artist selected, was as pious as he was gifted, and prepared for his task with prayer, in which he begged the Fathers to join. The first portion of the undertaking was accomplished, even to his satisfaction—the beauteous angel—the mystic dove—the outline of the Virgin's graceful form, but his hand seemed powerless to realize his own conception of the face of Mary. So with failing courage he laid down his brush to seek rest before attempting the completion of the scene.

On March 25th, he returned, hoping new inspiration for the endeavor, but as his hand drew aside the curtain with which he had veiled his unfinished sketch, a cry of wonder burst from his lips, for before him, glowed such a presentment of the Mother-Maid as no earthly art could have produced. Its heavenly origin was soon attested by the number of miracles wrought at the shrine, and the exquisite fragrance always pervading the surrounding sanctuary.

At the time of St. Juliana's reception no Servite convent existed. The pious women who had received the scapular as Tertiaries, lived, as has been said, in the world without fixed rule. Moreover, the new postulant had promised to remain with her mother, whose advancing age rendered a daughter's ministrations more than ever necessary. The whole body of reverend Fathers assembled in council, assisted at the ceremony, which commenced a year of novitiate spent in her mother's house. It was a year of strictest penance and seclusion, of fasts and prayers and meditation, during which Juliana's virtues were an edification to all. At its close St. Philip received her vows of profession, and the beloved livery of the Queen's servants was hers for all time, worn by night as well as by day, according to the obligations accepted by the Founders, who so venerated their Lady's gift, that even temporarily, it was never discarded. Some devout young girls soon shared St. Juliana's solitude, among them three of her cousins—Bilia, Guiduccia and Francesca Falconieri.

St. Philip, foreseeing his approaching death, which must

leave the direction of the Mantellate entirely in her charge, prepared the young mistress of souls most carefully for her allotted task. He, to whom she had made a vow of obedience as being to her, God's representative, told her she was the chosen Foundress of a sisterhood, and gave to her the rules of the Third Order as they were practiced in the world. Her disciples received a habit similar to her own, to be worn, if not constantly, at least at the meetings of the Tertiaries, and after a twelvemonths' novitiate, they promised to observe the rules for the remainder of their lives, but made no vows.

One of the great joys with which the Divine Spouse recompensed her, who had discarded the world for His sake, was the reception into the Order of her mother. Trampling underfoot all pride and human respect, Ricordata asked for a favor, for the habit she had once refused her daughter, and notwithstanding her great age, adopted the life of penance and prayer imposed by the Servite rule.

St. Philip's death, which occurred on August 22d, 1285, in his fifty-second year, almost overwhelmed with grief the young superioress, on whose shrinking shoulders the mantle of his responsibility, in a measure, fell. We are told that her only consolation was the remembrance of a wonderful conversion wrought by the saint during his latest days.

The converts were two women of Todi, whose lives had long been the scandal of their native city, but whose conversion was as that of Magdalen in its ardor and entirety. Accepting the saint's advice, they withdrew to a wilderness, where they practiced most rigorous penances, and where their perfection attracted many to the service of God. Later on, means of building a convent was placed at their disposal, and here, with the pious sisters, who had shared their life in the desert, they established themselves under rules of strict enclosure, dedicating the institution to St. Catherine, who was thus patroness of the first convent of cloistered nuns of the Second Order of Servites. St. Juliana assisted them, sending to them two of her own spiritual daughters, who were also her cousins—Francesca and Guiduccia Falconieri, before mentioned.

The number of the Tertiaries continued to increase, and now many of them desired complete retirement from the world. St. Juliana, therefore, with the aid and advice of St. Alexis, resolved to form them into a community, and for that purpose selected a building, close to the Church of the Annunziata, afterwards the scene of her holy death. Here assembled all, who were 'not, like the angelic foundress, obliged to live at home, and thus in the year 1287 the earliest convent of the Mantellate was founded. For twenty-one succeeding years, St. Juliana continued to reside in her own home, while constantly assisting her dear sisters in the ways of perfection, waiting upon them in their necessities, nursing them in sickness, and providing for their temporal as well as spiritual needs

In 1306, Ricordata, having attained her ninety-fifth year, died in the arms of the daughter who had so contributed to her sanctification, and St. Juliana was free to dispose of the immense fortune to which she was heiress. Everything was given to her beloved poor, and at last she found herself as she had longed to be, homeless and portionless as He Who "had not where to lay His Head."

Bidding a glad farewell to the home of her ancestors, she went, barefoot, to ask on her knees, admission to the convent as the lowliest of all. The joy of the sisters can well be imagined, secure at length of her continued presence, to whose intercession was universally attributed the peace and prosperity then enjoyed by the whole Order.

Even the dreaded political factions of the day which not Papal authority nor the labors of Saints Philip and Alexis could subdue, acknowledged the influence of the gentle virgin. She separated combatants, reconciled enemies, consoled the widows and orphans made desolate by existing feuds, assisted the dying, prepared dead for burial—in a word, practiced unceasingly the most heroic virtues, doing all things in His Name Who strengthend her for the conflict. Now that she was free to carry out St. Philip's plans, the Sisters, assembled in chapter by the General of the Order, unanimously declared her prioress, and after a severe strug-

gle, her humility was overcome by the force of obedience, in so far as to submit to the decree.

St. Juliana was in her thirty-sixth year when she assumed control of the first Mantellate foundation. She immediately set about drawing up the Rules for nuns of the Third Order, which were approved by Martin V. and later confirmed by Innocent VIII. "These rules actuated by prudence and zeal," says her historian, "she planned and studied in prayer and meditation, and wrote in tears."

The service of God and the Sorrowful Mother, by mental and vocal prayer was to occupy a great part of their time: poverty, mortification, humility, charity and detachment from the world were to be their special virtues. St. Juliana did not intend her nuns to be cloistered, although in course of time the Mantellate in Italy, conforming to the universal custom there, became so. The saint's great love for children, who, in turn, were always peculiarly attracted to her, caused the education of youth to be considered among the helpful works of her devoted sisterhood, and so it still remains.

The story of her life as Superior, is one to which justice could only be done in detail. Her prudence in governing, her wonderful charity, her thirst for humiliation, her love of poverty and angelic purity were repaid even in life by such extraordinary gifts as the power of reading consciences—of foretelling future events, and of discerning by a peculiar fragrance souls that were pleasing in the sight of her Divine Spouse.

In the year 1314, St. Juliana lost her venerable uncle, St. Alexis, who lived as we have seen, to witness the final approval of the Servites, also the well-being of the second order founded by St. Philip, and the success of the Mantellate, which must have been doubly dear to him as the achievement of his well beloved niece and spiritual daughter.

For thirty succeeding years St. Juliana exercised the charge of prioress, which, on the completion of her seventieth year, she begged to resign, because of increasing infirmities.

Her penances and labors had exhausted her constitution, as one consequence of which, this loving spouse of the Cruci-

fied, suffered in her last hours, what was to her the most painful cross she had been called upon to bear. The nature of her illness prevented her receiving Holy Viaticum, and she, who throughout life had been the most devoted lover of JESUS in the Sacrament of His love, was inconsolable.

The picture of her death, familiar to many, preserves the recollection of a miracle, whereby the Master assuaged the longing of His well-beloved. In accordance with her desire, and urged by Divine inspiration, the priest placed a corporal on her breast upon which "as a living star," was laid the Blessed Sacrament, only to disappear from human sight, absorbed into the faithful heart which had loved so intensely and now throbbed its last pulsation in joyful union with its Crucified Love.

On July 16th, 1737, the decree of her canonization was published, amidst the splendors of St. Peter's, and June 19th was fixed for the celebration of St. Juliana's feast, a date that always immediately follows or precedes that of Corpus Christi as befitting the saint who died for love of her Sacramental Lord.

The daughters of St. Juliana were first introduced into France in 1844, settling at Cuves in the diocese of Langres; although aggregated to the Servite Order, and governed by its rules, they were then called Daughters of Our Lady of Calvary. In 1851, this little community removed to London, to engage in missionary work under the guidance of Father Faber, and the first Oratory Fathers, and were there known as Sisters of Compassion.

In 1864, with Cardinal Wiseman's sanction, Sister Mary Philomena successor of Sister Marie Guyot, their first superioress, visited Rome, seeking to interest Pope Pius IX. in the ardent desire of her sisterhood to be formerly recognized as Servites. The beloved Pontiff granted their request, and on June 23d of the same year, the sisters received in London the habit of the "Mantellate" and the desired name, with particular constitutions formed on the Servite rule. Sister Philomena was named by his Eminence as Superioress General, taking the name of Juliana in addition to her own: an impor-

tant mission was subsequently opened, and in the following September, two Servite Fathers came from Rome, to act as chaplains and directors.

From the land which was once "Our Lady's Dower" her Order has since spread into France, Belgium, and our own country. The circumstances attending its introduction here will naturally be of most interest to *Messenger* readers.

In 1892 two sisters were called from London to America on family business: the Mother-General in the apostolic spirit of the Foundress whose name she bore, told them, should an American foundation offer to accept it. With this possibility in view, letters were procured from the Archbishop of Westminster and others, which served later as introduction to His Grace of Milwaukee, in whose diocese the Sisters were offered a foundation.

This earliest charge was the school of St. Michael's, Wisconsin, where they remained two years, when to the great regret of the people, the mission was given up for a more important one.

At the beginning of 1893, the Rev. F. B. Luebberrmann, of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, applied to the mother-house for sisters to take charge of his schools. Five of the English community were spared for this purpose. They embarked for their new mission on August 26th, and arrived in New York, six days later, where, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of Missions, they paid their thanksgiving visit to the Master Whose call they had hastened to obey. Among this devoted band was one, already considered a pioneer of the Order, inasmuch as she was of those who first wore the religious habit in the streets of London, where such had not been seen since the so-called reformation. Her hands, too, fashioned the banner for the earliest public procession there, and she also enjoyed the distinction of having Father Faber receive her first and Cardinal Wiseman her second vows.

On the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, peculiarly dear to the Servites, as the day on which the Holy Founders abandoned the world, the sisters arrived in Mt. Vernon, to commence without delay their allotted work.

Present conditions attest its success. They now conduct kindergarten, parochial schools and an academy there, besides a novitiate and academy at Enfield, Illinois, where, in December, 1897, Rt. Rev. Dr. Janssen, Bishop of Belleville, presided over the first ceremony of reception and profession on American soil.

Most wonderful, indeed, is the change wrought in this quiet spot by the courage and perseverance of St. Juliana's daughters. A flourishing academy has replaced the little frame dwelling, erected as their earliest shelter—the Confraternity of Our Lady of Dolors has been established throughout the parish which extends for many miles around, well-nigh the whole congregation now wear the black scapular, and assist at all the devotions inaugurated by the Sisterhood in honor of the Sorrowful Mother.

With hope born of Mary's promise, and fostered through centuries of glorious fulfilment, we await for the seed thus planted on America's generous soil, the assured increase, that means propagation among us of tender devotion to the Passion of the Most Merciful Redeemer, and the Dolors of His Blessed Mother.

"PANCHITA."

EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

PANCHITA was in despair! It was the first of December, and to-morrow would end the sixth novena she had made since the new year began, all for the same request, and thus far no slightest prospect of an answer to her fervent, childish prayers. True, it was only a temporal favor for which she was so earnestly beseeching the high Heavens, and Padre Alvarez, in his last sermon had solemnly warned his eager listeners against thinking too much of the things of this world. The thought was discouraging, and yet Panchita had read in her *Santa Biblia* where the dear Lord

had said "Ask and you shall receive," and "Whatsoever you ask the Father in my name it shall be granted." Besides what did all the ex-votos that decorate the churches of Mexico mean, if they were not silent witnesses of prayers that had been answered, and Panchita's petition, while it lacked spirituality, was not a selfish one.

Now there was Concha—a smile of genuine amusement flitted across the child's brown, tear-stained face at the recollection—who was making a novena to the blessed San Antonio for a blue silk dress. She went to la Iglesia del Carmen, too, just because it was so far away from her home, and for nine days she had walked all those squares because she said the distance made it seem like a pilgrimage! Panchita had not seen her friend for several weeks, so she could not learn whether or not this peculiar request had been granted, but she thought it showed great vanity in Concha, and a blue dress would not become her, anyway. Poor Panchita, though not yet thirteen, had weightier affairs on her mind than the frivolities of fashion. Her father was very poor, and though his family by descent could rank as peer to the noblest Dons in Mexico, life had thus far proved anything but "a primrose path of dalliance" for his wife and children. Blue blood now counts for little in a country that is trying to form itself into a model Republic, unless backed by a generous bank account, and it had been many years, alas, since José Ortega had possessed any bank account at all! He lived in a little side street to the rear of the Palace, not far from the National Museum. This Palace, you must know, is very grand and imposing in front, but its vicinity is neither healthy nor desirable as a place of residence, and where an entire family is confined to four badly ventilated rooms the results can be easily left to the imagination. "Picturesque" was the adjective usually applied to this uncomfortable and unsanitary locality, and tourists were quite in the habit of stopping before Panchita's home to take a snap-shot of her sad, sweet little face as it peered wistfully through the iron bars with which the windows of all private houses in Mexico are guarded. She had grown so used to the kodak fiends, whom she spoke of as "those strange Amer-

icanos," that she regarded the possession of a camera as one of the common vagaries of our freakish countrymen.

Once she had quite an adventure: she was playing with her doll in the long window when an enthusiastic amateur coaxed her to pose for a series of photographs. Panchita thought it great fun, and felt very proud when, as he was leaving, the jolly young Collegian pressed into her hand a *peso* to buy *dulces*; a bright, shining dollar, more than she had ever owned in her life before. Her mother was pleased, too, and kissed her little daughter approvingly, but their joy was turned to grief when the father came home to dinner. He was very angry—Panchita had never seen him in such a rage—and he flung the money on the stone floor where its ring sounded in Panchita's ears for many days afterwards. "Madre de Dios," he exclaimed, "and has my daughter come to this—to take money from a foreign stranger? Better sit in the Zocalo like a poor, afflicted beggar, and whine for centavos, better be dead, better——" but here the Señor was forced to pause for want of a climax. "Now go," he continued more kindly, to the frightened child, "put this *peso* in the charity box at San Juan's, and never let me again hear of such a proceeding!" Panchita obeyed very reluctantly; she was only eleven then, but she had a bright, clever mind, and she thought very naturally that charity should begin at home, and she failed to see why the poor of the parish of San Juan should be enriched by her honestly earned dollar, when both she and her sister were sadly in need of shoes and stockings. While she was away the Señor turned to his wife, and for the forty thousandth time read her a lecture on the obligations that one bearing the proud name of Ortega owed to herself and children; but the good-natured Señora was accustomed to her husband's tirades when once he mounted his favorite hobby, ancestral dignity, and like the wise woman she was, made no response. She was very pretty still, the Señora, in spite of poverty and trouble; guileless and light-hearted as a child; indeed, she seemed less mature than either of her daughters as she sat propped up in her invalid's chair, whiling away the dragging hours with her favorite game, solitaire. It was her boast that

she knew more different kinds of solitaire than anyone in the city, and it was probably true, for she had little else to do. Lola took all the domestic cares upon her own strong shoulders, for ever since Panchita's birth their mother had been an invalid; many children had come to gladden the Ortega home, but death had claimed them all except our little friend and her older sister, Lola.

"If the boys had only lived," the Señora was wont to exclaim, in her dark hours, "things might have been different!" Girls, she thought, were all very well in their place, but they could not be expected to render much assistance in a financial way, and of such help the family stood sorely in need. Patient, dark-eyed Lola spent many a weary hour over the finè drawn-work, which she sold for a moderately fair price at a little store on Calle San Francisco, but the New Woman movement has not yet reached Mexico, and though she worked industriously, her gross receipts fell far short of a man's salary, and hunger was not an infrequent guest at Señor José's frugal board. He, poor man, held an unimportant office under the Government, as assistant secretary to the Secretary Ramon de la Sierra, who was a man of violent temper, and subjected his unfortunate clerks to all sorts of abuse when things did not go to suit him. In our country the office-holders who act as lubricators to make the giant wheels of the Government go round, are jocularly spoken of as "mules," but whether this same term is applied to Mexican officials or not, I cannot say. Certain it is, that Señor Ortega frequently apostrophized himself as the most stupid of burros for remaining in his present position, *pues que quiere Vd?* There was none other open to him and his family had to be supported. He was very sad now at all times, *muy triste* even on holidays, and yet Panchita could remember when he used to be merry as a schoolboy when a fiesta came around, and how they would go together for long rides in the tramvia, or down the Canal de la Viga in funny little boats; on these latter expeditions the mother and Lola always accompanied them and shared in the pleasure of watching the Indians ascend the canal with their "floating gardens" of vegetables and flowers.

This is one of the sights of the city, and no tourist feels he has done his duty until this unique canal is visited. Then when they returned home the Señora would get out her beloved cards, and, while Lola busied herself about the chocolate, would pretend to tell their fortunes. Such delightful futures as this little mother painted! There was an uncle of the Señora's whom she had not seen since she was a child; he lived in the *tierra caliente*, and was too poor, he wrote, to come and visit them, but as a girl she had been his favorite, and he had promised to share with her his fortune when he made one—a contingency that grew yearly more remote and illusive. This uncle who for more than twenty years had been restrained by poverty from seeing his pet niece was yet a great personage in her eyes, and many an encouraging romance had she spun to her daughters of the great things "el Tio" would do if he ever had the good luck to grow rich. Indeed, he figured as largely in the Señora's stories as did the Ortega genealogy in the reminiscences of their father, and being a living, and, as it were, concrete piece of matter, he was regarded by the children with far more reverence and affection. It is difficult for the young to cherish much devotion for a family tree! Their love for this unknown relative was part of their maternal inheritance: in joy or sorrow the Señora never forgot to revert with feeling to *el pobre tio*, whose life had been spent on his coffee plantation with such apparently discouraging results. The Señor, on the contrary, rarely alluded to his ancestry except when his wrath was aroused or his pride insulted, as in the case of Panchita's unfortunate dollar; and the children could not understand why he should be so proud of a family that took no notice of his existence. True, his nearest relatives were dead, but he had two cousins in the city, wealthy men, whom the girls had seen roll by in their luxurious carriages on those rare, red-letter days when they had gone for a promenade in the Paseo de la Reforma, that beautiful driveway leading to Chapultepec, which is conceded to be one of the handsomest boulevards in the world. Never so much as a nod of recognition passed between the men, for José Ortega would rather die than make

an advance towards these cousins who had treated him cruelly enough in his youth, and all because he had refused to marry the *novia* selected for him, a languid, powdered Señorita with no more animation than an Aztec idol, and had wedded instead a pretty, laughing peasant girl with no other fortune than her bright, young face. It is to be feared she never fully appreciated her husband's sacrifice, but they had prospered, and been happy enough until the wife's ill health, and its attendant doctor's bills, began to sap their little income; then things went from bad to worse, and of late the Señor had been subject to fits of depression from which nothing could rouse him. The Señora was a very religious woman, with a beautiful faith in Divine Providence, which she had instilled into her children, and in spite of her sufferings she rarely gave way to despondency; when she felt the "blues" approaching she would get out her well-worn pack of cards and shuffle and turn them until every prediction of misfortune was banished to her satisfaction, and the uncle's possible fortune took on a tangible shape—by the cards!

The old man wrote to her about twice a year, and his niece responded promptly in a dutiful and laboriously composed letter, telling him of the happiness he would confer by coming to see them, and regretting that her husband's circumstances forbade her sending him the necessary funds. The Señor always read and approved these letters—ties of kindred are, as a rule, strong among the Mexicans—but in his secret heart he was glad that "el tío" could not come. Another mouth to feed would have made a great difference in their scanty larder, and the unhappy father lived in constant fear that every day might bring his dismissal; his sight was failing, and this past month Don Ramon, under whom he worked, had been less tolerant than usual of his errors. The poor man saw naught but starvation for himself and family if he lost his position, and it was small wonder that he grew more and more gloomy as the days went by. He was too unselfish to communicate these fears to his wife and children, but Panchita divined the trouble, and her successive novenas were all for this dear father's sake.

On the day our story opens she had accompanied Lola to the Curio Store that made a specialty of dainty drawn-work, and on their way home, had begged her sister to let her make a visit to the handsome Iglesia de la Profesa, which stands at the corners of Calles San Francisco and San José de Réal. This church was Panchita's idea of Heaven! Whenever she passed she heard the most beautiful music pealing forth from the wonderfully carved organ loft, and it contained such lovely pictures and frescoes at which the child never tired of looking. There were pews, also, and elegant ladies praying so devoutly that, had they not been so handsomely dressed, Panchita could have almost imagined them as unhappy as herself. She was still too young, you see, and too unversed in life's history to know that riches and misery are not necessarily strangers. But what pleased her most of all (you will laugh I am sure when I tell it), was the wide strip of carpet extending down the middle aisle—the only carpet Panchita had ever seen, and to her it represented the acme of all that was refined and luxurious in life. Heaven, she thought, must be very like this church, with its holy calm, its soft, subdued light, its gleaming candles and splendid music. There had been times when the child would sit in silent reverie before the grand altar, moved by a beauty she did not understand, but to-day she was only sad and her childish petition was offered in a perfunctory, half-hearted manner, for she had begun to believe it was all "no use." Many an older heart than hers has felt this same discouragement; many a stronger soul has lost faith and hope because the ways of God are not as the ways of man. It is a temptation that comes alike to saint and sinner, so it is not surprising that our pretty little Mexican friend should be downcast. There was, however, a crisis approaching in the lives of the Ortega household. When Panchita returned home Lola met her at the door. "The uncle is here," she said; "he came while we were out." If her sister had announced the arrival of a fairy with a golden wand Panchita could not have been more astonished. "El Tío," she gasped, and then with true housewifely instinct, added: "Oh, Lola, and we have nothing for supper!"

"He appears to have foreseen as much, *queridissima mia*, for he has brought with him a hamper filled with the produce of his hacienda. Such a big basket, Panchita, with coffee, and wine, and fruit, and dozens of eggs. Pigeons, too, and chickens just ready to be popped into the oven. We shall sup famously to-night, little sister."

"But, Lola, I thought he was poor!" exclaimed Panchita, amazed at the recital of such bounteous stores.

"So he is, child; very poor so far as money goes, but on his little plantation these things are raised with but slight effort. Go, now, and see the dear uncle, but first change your dress for the red plaid; I want you to look your best when he meets you."

Panchita was truly glad to see this much-talked-of relative, who proved to be a hale, stalwart old man, straight as a spruce tree in spite of his seventy years, and more youthful in appearance than her father. He was talking to her parents when she entered the room, and no one could have guessed from the Señor's manner that he was not really overwhelmed with pleasure, as he professed to be, at the uncle's visit. As for the Señora, she was radiant with delight! Household affairs were forgotten, and with a childish disregard for such material considerations, she enacted the rôle of Mary, leaving the more arduous one of Martha to her eldest daughter. After the most pretentious meal the Ortegas had enjoyed for many years, "el Tío" related the history of his misfortunes, and asserted that it was incompetent labor and repeated failures in the coffee crops that had kept him in the clutches of poverty. "But," he added, "I am still young, and at last I begin to see my way clear. With God's assistance I shall yet live to amass a fortune for the *chiquitas*." He seemed, in truth, extremely gay and jovial in the face of so many difficulties, and, as high spirits are infectious, Señor José, yielding to the unusual and seductive influence of wine and good cheer, told in turn his troubles and apprehensions. The uncle showed himself an attentive and at the same time, a sympathetic listener.

"Cheer up, my son," he exclaimed, "and remember it is always darkest before the dawn. I have friends of influence

here in the city through whom I may be able to get you some office better suited to your health, and with better remuneration."

That night they all retired in a more hopeful mood, thanks to the unexpected advent of "el Tio." Lola and Panchita gave their tiny bedroom up to him, and fixed a cot in the kitchen for themselves; they were very careful to keep this change a secret from the old man lest he might be made uncomfortable by the thought of having incommoded them. As far as their limited circumstances allowed, they did all in their power for the pleasure and entertainment of their guest, nor could he have received a warmer welcome from these simple, unworldly people had he come to them in the princely guise so often pictured by the Señora in her card fortunes. He had been with them about two weeks when he announced one morning over his chocolate that he was going to buy a lottery ticket. "I dreamed last night that I had won the capital prize in the grand lottery, and the number was seventy—my own age; so Panchita, mia, let us go out at once and try if it is to be had. I must see how that dream turns out."

Off they went together, he the prototype of cheerful Winter, she the incarnation of joyous, beautiful Spring. Many times did this kindly uncle stop in the Portales to buy fruit and *dulces* for the little maid.

"What are a few centavos more or less to a poor man?" he would say in reply to Panchita's remonstrances, and the child thought this very sound philosophy. The Lottery is not a forbidden institution in Mexico, as it is in the United States, and the tickets are sold everywhere throughout the Republic, but in no place are these *vendedores de la Loteria* so ubiquitous and insistent as they are in the Capital. They throng the Zocala and plazuela of the magnificent Cathedral, the theatres, flower-market, and restaurants. I have even seen them waiting outside the cemetery gates.

"El Tio" did not get the ticket of his dream. A drawing was booked to take place in a few days, and only a few of the *billetes* remained unsold. Panchita was much disappointed and begged him to wait until next month, but he laughed at

her for a superstitious *chiquita*, and picked out another number, which he declared would be the "winner." Nothing ever appeared to ruffle or disappoint this uncle, and such a disposition is a fortune in itself. The drawing was to take place on the 16th of December, but before the day arrived this vacillating old gentleman had apparently forgotten all about his dream and his ticket, and was now deeply interested in the "Posadas" which had begun two days before. He said he was resolved to celebrate Christmas in the good old-fashioned style, as every true Mexican should, and Panchita, who had cast aside her worries and become a child again under her uncle's tutelage, gladly acquiesced in every suggestion. Nine days before Christmas Eve, la Noche Buena, as it is called in Mexico, the Posadas are inaugurated, and the celebration continues for nine consecutive nights. The custom is so old that its exact origin is rather obscure. In former times it was exclusively religious, but of late years social festivities form part of the program, and after the prayers and pilgrimages are over, the young people indulge in games, dancing, and general fun-making. But properly speaking, the Posadas are a religious observance, and are commemorative of the journey which Mary and Joseph were obliged to take from Nazareth to Bethlehem in order to comply with the Roman Emperor's mandate "that all the world should be enrolled." It was really a census on a large scale. The holy couple naturally traveled in a manner conformable with their means, Mary seated on an ass, and Joseph leading it, just as the poor of Mexico travel to this day. As darkness fell they went from house to house begging shelter for the night (*posada*), and sometimes they were refused. This is the incident of Sacred History portrayed by the Posadas.

The images of Joseph and Mary are carried around the corridors of the house followed by the members of the family, their guests, and the servants walking in procession, bearing lighted tapers and singing hymns and litanies. When the procession has gone through the halls several times a part of the household enters the abode, the others with the images of the Pilgrims remain outside. These latter then knock and beg a

night's shelter in the names of Joseph and Mary. Those inside make answer refusing at first, and a dialogue follows in song, the words and music of which have been of immemorial use in Mexico on this occasion. Finally the party inside relents and throws open the doors to the pilgrims; those who have been waiting outside then enter, invoking a blessing on the house and its inhabitants. The images are placed on an altar amidst flowers and lighted tapers, more prayers are said, and thus the ceremony ends. This is repeated at various houses during the nine days that precedes Christmas, and from the sixteenth of the month all is life and animation on the north side of the Alameda, where stalls and booths are erected for the sale of candles, piñatas, figures of the Holy Couple, and all the other things that go to make up this celebration. All day long these stalls are thronged with children, their mothers and nurses, and their happy, little voices lisping and chattering in the soft musical accents of Spain, mingle with the clinking of centavos or the ring of silver *pesos*. It is a most picturesque scene! The figures of the Holy Pilgrims are of every price and variety. Some of them represent both the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph walking, attended by an angel in a pink tunic, and an ass carrying a scanty load of provisions. In these groups Mary was dressed in a robe of white and blue, and Joseph in a rather startling combination of green and yellow, and yet the *tout ensemble*, with its background of silver-foil trees and peculiar hued flowers, was not so inartistic as it sounds. In other groups the Blessed Virgin is riding the ass which an angel with properly curtailed drapery, and feather tips in his golden crown is leading, at the same time carrying a basket of food covered with a napkin just as can be seen in the streets of the city to-day, only an Indian replaces the angel. All these quaint figures are a delight to the children, and Panchita was allowed to select the one that best pleased her.

In Mexico the largest as well as the smallest stores, offices, and places of business are closed every day from twelve to two, to allow the employees ample time to enjoy a leisurely *comida*; haste is not an attribute of the Mexican citizen,

whose character from childhood is formed on the rule of never doing to-day what can be put off until to-morrow—"hasta manana" being the national motto, it would seem.

When Señor Ortega came home for his noonday meal and siesta on the day after the grand lottery drawing, he was struck by the air of suppressed excitement that pervaded his usually decorous abode. Panchita had caught up her mother's mantilla, and was executing one of the graceful dances for which the country is famous. Lola and the Señora were talking volubly, and "el Tio," seated in a new easy chair, was waving aloft a check for fifty thousand dollars. "It is the realization of my dream, amigos," was all the explanation he would vouchsafe in reply to their inquiries, and they naturally concluded that Fate had at last smiled upon him, and that he had won the capital prize. "Now, José, listen to me," continued the old man, "this money is to be settled upon you and your family. The amount is small," this with a grandiloquent wave of the hand, "but it will suffice for the present, until better things turn up. To-morrow you can inform the Honorable Don Ramon de la Sierra that you are tired of his insults, and beg leave to resign your position. Then when that is done, we can discuss the future." It is needless to dwell upon the joy and gratitude that thrilled the hearts of all the Ortegas at this sudden and glorious change in their fortunes; Panchita filled with compunction told her uncle the story of her novenas, and her doubt and discouragement when she found them unavailing.

"Never question the goodness of God, my child," said her uncle. "He alone knows when and how it is best that our prayers shall be answered. I do not doubt that it was your supplications that brought me here and made me win the big prize in the lottery."

There was a twinkle in the old man's eyes as he made this allusion that caused Panchita to glance up at him with sudden suspicion, but his countenance betrayed nothing. She began to think it odd that he should have won the capital prize when he did not get the ticket of his dream, and all day long she pondered over this peculiar coincidence. As a consequence

our demure little maiden was less surprised than the rest of her family when at the supper table "el Tio" confessed this kindly fraud.

"I am a rich man, my children, and have been for many years. I had resolved when Pancha here," laying a hand affectionately on the Señora's shoulder, "was a child that she should inherit my fortune, but I first wanted to assure myself that she and her husband would love and welcome an old man for himself. That is why I practiced this deception. Do you forgive me, chiquita? Had I known of your bad health and troubles, José mio, I would have come long ago, but I am a busy man because of my wealth, and have little time for visiting. Next month we shall all go to my hacienda, which in the future is yours as long as you are contented to remain there, and José, I think you will find it more congenial to assist me in the management of my estates than to waste your youth and health over those stupid account books. Now what do you say to my proposition?"

It is hardly necessary to state that such charming plans met with no opposition, and like a flock of merry, chattering birds, they all trooped off to the country where the uncle's beautiful home more than realized the Señora's rosiest day dream. There in a very Eden of tropical flowers, delicious fruits, and bright-plumaged birds, Panchita is growing into womanhood. In the sunniest corner of the stately, white-columned house she has her room opening on to a pretty plaza gay with flowers which are all her own to cultivate and arrange as her taste dictates.

We read in "make believe" stories of fairy god-mothers coming to the rescue of poor children and damsels in distress, but this generous uncle of the Señora reversed the long-accepted situation, and proved that fairy god-fathers could be quite as desirable. His home will always be their home. The Señor, already twenty years younger, assists him in the management of his large plantations, where coffee, bananas, pine-apples, and other products of the tropics are raised for exportation. There are servants in plenty, and Lola and Panchita have lovely riding horses of their own. The latter may

be seen nearly every day accompanying her uncle in his long rides over the plantation. On these occasions the old gentleman wears the picturesque "charro" costume of leather elegantly embroidered in silver, and looks every inch a *caballero*. He is so devoted to his little niece that he does not like her long out of his sight. Panchita, however, is not spoiled by his kindness and affection, but in prosperity she herself is as sweet and unselfish as when she lived in poverty on the narrow side street in the City of Mexico.

MISSION NOTES.

SUFFERINGS OF THE CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

Northern Manchuria.—When the first fierce tempest of persecution had passed over Manchuria, Father Monnier was sent to put himself in communication with the surviving Christians. He was able to obtain news from nearly all the northern mission stations and many touching details regarding the death of those who were slain. Out of eighteen principal stations only two remained. Churches, schools, orphanages, had been pillaged and burned. A great number of the faithful had perished, and those who survived, deprived of all they possessed, had to hide in the forests. The ruffian bands which continued to ravage the country far and wide had carried off the young women and girls. The non-Christian natives were forced to join the bandits in order to obtain some protection for themselves.

One of the missionaries, Father Georjon went through a long battle before he received the martyr's crown. His shoulder having been cut off by a blow of a sabre, he remained all night on his knees, the blood flowing from the terrible wound. Next day, his murderers, finding him at the point of death, cut off his head, and placed it on the front of one of the public buildings. Father Leray was shot through the breast as he stood before the altar giving absolution to the Christians gathered around him. His body was burned with the altar at which he had so often said Mass. A native priest, Father Tchang, was tortured and then beheaded, some days after the death of Father Souvignet.

Father Leveissière escaped into the thick forest, where he lived for a month, continually changing from one place to another. A Russian captain of hussars in the imperial guard went, with twenty-five cossack soldiers, a distance of seventy-five miles, and rescued him. They were attacked by the Chinese rebels. The gallant captain was shot through the left arm, and the priest received no less than five bullets. One, entering the mouth, broke the upper jaw, and came out below the temple; another went through the neck. His life was almost despaired of. The Russian officer, having brought him back to the military post, placed him in his own quarters, and, like a brother, nursed him back to health. In 1900, 1,154 pagans were baptized in the mission of Northern Manchuria.

Southern Manchuria.—Here the bishop, six European missionaries and three native priests have been slain. Over 1,400 Christians are supposed to have died. Whole Christian villages have been swept away; only in one place are any buildings left standing. One of the latest misfortunes to fall upon this mission was the drowning of Father Flandin, a young and most energetic missionary, as he was about to join a Russian column with the hope of visiting his scattered flock.

In Mongolia.—Six residences, fifty-five Christian villages, several oratories, about fifty schools and four orphanages are destroyed. Father Seghers was buried alive, and hundreds of Christians were slain at Sa-hu. In the central vicariate, twelve residences, nearly sixty Christian villages, six orphanages and seventy-two schools have been swept away. Two priests are said to have been cut in pieces and three others were burned to death. It is thought that in all some thousands have fallen here. In the southern vicariate, Bishop Hamer was tortured and burned and a priest drowned. Nearly all the Christians—some 6,000—in the eastern part of the vicariate have disappeared. The bishop's house, the seminary, seventeen residences, sixty-eight Christian villages, fifteen oratories, five orphanages and over fifty schools are all gone.

A Defence of the Allied Troops.—Father Becquevort, who accompanied the allies from the sea to Tien-tsin, and a French column thence to Hien-hien, gives quite a different account from some of the newspapers concerning the conduct of the European and American soldiers. The troops were in exact and admirable

order, and with pluck and perseverance marched in all sorts of weather and over all sorts of roads. Through the month, during which the expedition accompanied by Father Becquevort lasted, the lives of the Chinese were spared, unless in actual battle. During the night he had frequent occasions of observing that order reigned. On the march to Hien-hien, the French column was not attacked, and committed no excesses on the natives, who everywhere showed themselves friendly.

Northern Shan-se.—In this mission field of the Franciscan Fathers everything seems to have been destroyed. It is feared that all, or almost all, the missionaries have perished. Father Barnabé, provicar apostolic, gives many details of the persecution. It began with a new viceroy, who declared his intention of destroying the Christian religion, and published a decree demanding the apostasy of its followers. The executioner having been overcome by horror at the order to quarter the two bishops, Mgr. Fogolla and Mgr. Grassi, the magistrate himself beheaded them. It is said that a prodigy occurred immediately on their death. Most of the Christians who fled died of fatigue or of famine in the mountains. One native priest was burned alive and another beheaded. The churches, schools and other buildings were destroyed. Even recent converts and those preparing for baptism, who in the terror of persecution had fallen away, were afterwards slaughtered.

In Southern Shan-se.—Father Alberic Crescitelli was cruelly tortured and beheaded, then his body was cut in pieces and thrown in a river. In the following days twenty neophytes and catechumens gave up their lives for their new faith. Though this mission suffered less than others, the material losses are enormous.

Northern Shantung.—The Franciscan vicar apostolic, Mgr. De Marchi, having communicated with the viceroy, was allowed to reopen his residences, seminaries and orphanages, even with a guard of native soldiers. This viceroy had remained always friendly and protected the Christians from extermination, even in spite of the command of the empress.

Southern Shan-se.—Of this Franciscan mission, Father Timmer writes that neither age nor sex was spared, and that horrors were committed which the pen refuses to write. Not fewer than 2,000 have died. Of all the Christian settlements, scarcely six

or seven remain. In some places the defence of the Christian settlements seemed clearly miraculous. One village, in which there was an ancient sanctuary of Our Lady, was besieged for a month. The defenders were few and the Boxer host some 10,000 with cannon. The pagans asserted that they saw over the church a white female figure who turned aside the shells with her hand. None of the missionaries was killed, although some wandered and were concealed in the midst of enemies. But of the converts, only 200 remain of 1,700. In the neighboring vicariate of northern Ho-nan, there remains little more than one Christian district, which had been protected by the mandarin.

The Accusation of Bishop Favier by the Family of Lu-Sen.—The *New York Herald* published a dispatch from its Peking correspondent, stating that the family of Lu-Sen had accused Bishop Favier of taking possession of silver and other precious objects belonging to them and worth a million taels. It was said that those valuable things were in the hands of Mr. Squiers, second secretary of the American legation. Bishop Favier has given a direct denial to this statement, remarking that, as he was about to return to Peking, he would soon have an opportunity of confronting his calumniators.

OCEANIA.

Finding of the Body of Bishop Epalle.—This venerable bishop, one of the first missionaries of the Society of Mary, was killed on the 19th of December, 1845, while endeavoring to land on St. Isabel island, in the Solomon archipelago. During October of last year his remains were found. The skull showed a large cleft on the top. The cross which had been placed on the breast, two medals of the Immaculate Conception and portions of a rosary were found in the grave. A tree growing near had spread its roots completely over the bones.

The Congregation of the Sacred Heart, which celebrated the centenary of its foundation by the Abbé Coudrin at the end of last December, began to send out its missionaries to Oceania in 1826. In 1834 began the admirable conversion of the Gambier islands. In 1837, other archipelagoes of eastern Oceania were visited—Tahiti, the Easter islands, Marquesas, Cook islands, etc. The different groups are now divided into three vicariates—Tahiti, the Marquesas and the Sandwich islands.

UNITED STATES.

Indian Territory.—A little band of French Benedictines entered the Indian Territory in 1876. Here were 80,000 Indians in thirty-three tribes. A cross was erected where the monastery of the Sacred Heart now stands; schools were quickly opened. In 1889, Oklahoma was opened to the whites, and 100,000 colonists soon took possession of it. Schools and convents were multiplied. There are at present a vicar apostolic, forty-nine priests, sixty-eight churches, ten chapels, 175 stations, twelve religious brothers, 150 religious women, a seminary, a college, eight female academies, two industrial schools, twenty-one schools for whites, twelve for Indians, with 790 children. The Indian Catholic population is a little over 3,000.

The Plague in Alaska.—Father Crimont, S.J., writes from Koserefsky: "Our poor mission has suffered a heavy loss by the plague, which destroyed perhaps one-third of the population, especially in the coast district. The number of deaths here is sixty-seven thus far—the sister superior of the school, nine girls, one boy, several of the young folk, who were the hope of the Church in this country. Many orphans and widows are left without help, and all without food provisions for the winter. The epidemic struck them just at the time of the run of the fish. What fish was caught was left on the bank to spoil. We had a very rainy season."

HINDUSTAN.

The new bishop of Nagpore, Mgr. Crochet, writes that Bishop Pelvat, his predecessor, left at his death last July, a legacy of nearly 1,000 orphans, caused by the famines of 1897 and 1900. He aims at teaching them trades and agriculture, but the famine leaves him almost without resources.

AFRICA.

The Kaffirs of the Transvaal.—They number about 800,000 and are three times as numerous as the whites. Most of them are pagans; but the Protestant sects, which have been at work amongst them for sixty years, have, at their own count, 30,000 converts. It was only at the beginning of the English occupation that the Catholic missions began. The Kaffirs of the Transvaal are of the Basuto family, the Bechuanas being a branch. Towards the border of Bechuanaland particularly, conversions are

easy, the chiefs being friendly; but the Catholic missions are hampered by poverty, the Kaffirs themselves being able to give nothing.

Central Madagascar.—In one district, Ambohimahasoia, there were 1,034 adults baptized last year, and 624 infants, with thirty dying persons—in all, 1,688. There were 1,609 confirmed, 8,000 Holy Communions and 100 marriages. There are 12,800 school children.

Egypt.—The prefecture of the Delta was created in 1885. It now contains 9,000 Catholics. There are about 12,000 separated Christians and 3,000,000 Mahometans. The European priests are twenty-four, while priests of oriental rites attend seventeen churches or chapels. The missionary staff, including brothers and religious women, numbers 143 persons. The mission has a seminary, a college and several schools. The gratuitous care of the sick is a marked feature of missionary work. Between eight and nine hundred are attended daily, and about 250,000 each year.

The Catholic Penny Booklet.—Published by St. Anthony's Truth-Guild of the American League of the Cross (Rev. J. M. Hayes, S.J., director, 413 West Twelfth street, Chicago, Ill.), deserves praise and imitation. It is chiefly a collection of short and telling extracts from current Catholic literature, in explanation and defence of the faith. The idea is excellent, and will, we trust, be taken up in many places. A more ambitious publication would take the form of a *Catholic Literary Digest*.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR NEGRO CATECHISTS.

St. Joseph's Society for Negro Missions now numbers twenty-one priests, who labor in seven states—Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Louisiana, Maryland Mississippi and Virginia. They have a seminary, apostolic college, churches, schools, industrial institutes and orphanages. At present, St. Joseph's seminary has thirty-one divinity students on its roll, and its feeder, the Ephiphany Apostolic college, over sixty students. The former sent out seven priests during the scholastic year 1898–99, and the latter in June, 1899, advanced fifteen graduates to the seminary. With spread of missions a new departure has become necessary for the missionaries, arising from the need of helpers who live in the various missions and take, as far as possible, the place of the missionaries while absent. In a word, catechists, officially and publicly appointed, are now in demand.

Of the negro race, 144,536 are given as Catholics in the official report for 1898 of the venerable commission in charge of the negro and Indian fund. This is a very small percentage indeed of eight million American blacks. On the other hand, the various Protestant sects, in their official reports, claim less than four millions. "Of the eight millions in this country, a very large proportion belong to Christian churches: one million six hundred thousand are reported to be members of Baptist churches, about the same number are enrolled in the Methodist churches, and besides these there are Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and others" (*Negro in America*, by Thomas J. Morgan, D.D.) Hence, four millions may be looked upon as beyond the pale of any religious denomination. Furthermore, in the south, negro Catholics, like white Catholics, are bunched—if we may use the term.

Maryland (diocese of Baltimore) has	37,000	negro Catholics.
Louisiana (New Orleans and Natchitoches) has	83,000	" "
Kentucky (Louisville) has	6,000	" "
Alabama (Mobile) has	3,425	" "
In these four states,	129,425	" "

In other words, Louisiana has more than one-half the negro Catholics in the United States, and Maryland more than one-fourth, both together six-sevenths of them—that is to say, of every seven negro Catholics in this country four live in Louisiana and two in Maryland. Thus, there are left a trifle over 12,000 Catholic negroes in the other southern states, and 3,000 in the Bahama islands (diocese of New York), which belong to Great Britain.

Again, it is noteworthy that the states in which negroes are most numerous are the very ones having the fewest Catholics of that race, as, for example:

Virginia (diocese of Richmond) has 650,000 negroes, of whom 1,200 are Catholics;

South Carolina (Charleston) has 650,000 negroes, of whom 800 are Catholics;

Georgia (Savannah) has 900,000 negroes, of whom 1,300 are Catholics.

SHRINE NOTES.

The Jubilee Year is eminently a year for pilgrimages. Chief among the conditions for making the Jubilee properly and sharing in its spiritual advantages are the pilgrimages to our local churches. It will, therefore, be fitting that the pilgrimages to the shrine this year be more numerous and fervent than ever before.

It is too early as yet to announce our programme for the coming summer. If it be possible we hope to have the ceremony of blessing and offering the crown of thorns in gold for the Pietà. The crown is ready ; the statue is not yet made. The delay is due to the lack of funds for this purpose. The donations of last summer did not suffice to clear the debt incurred during the past few years, and we are reluctant to add to this debt, even if this ceremony, already so long deferred, must be again postponed. We may have to call on our friends very soon to aid us in a prize bazaar, or some such means of obtaining the necessary money. Meanwhile, donations for the statue, or for any purpose connected with the shrine will be most acceptable.

Visitors to Auriesville will miss the familiar face of Mr. Victor Putman, who departed this life in January. They will remember him as the former owner of the grounds on which the shrine is erected, and his cordial interest in the improvements about the shrine itself and in the pilgrimages. One oft-repeated kindness of his cannot be forgotten. Fond as he was of his garden flowers, he loved to gather them for the ladies in charge of the altar, and it was always a pleasure to witness the delight he took in making these pretty gifts.

Besides several petitions recommended to our prayers, three special thanksgivings for the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs have been reported during the month.

One is from Honesdale, Pa., " for complete relief from rheumatism and other painful diseases since making a pilgrimage to Auriesville two years and a half ago in honor of our Blessed Lady and of Isaac Jogues."

Another is from Kane, Pa., for the conversion of a husband. A third is from Philadelphia, Pa., from a young man, who, when

nearly distracted by failure after failure, heard from his brother about the little Indian Maiden Catherine, and began to pray that through her intercession he might succeed. Soon after he obtained lucrative employment in an unlooked-for way, and now attributes his success to the prayers he had offered.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

K. D., Providence, R. I.50	W., New York	\$20.00
A Friend, per A. D., Phila.	\$5.00	K. A. M., Brownsville, Cal.	1.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5.00	Miss M., New York	1.00
M. A. M., Salesbury Mills, N. Y.50	M. E. G.	5.00
Anonymous	10.00	F. L., New York	1.00
E. M. S., a gold ring, for the Crown or Chalice.			

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 4.

"SITIO."

BY JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

CRIMSON rain, in love slow pouring,
Precious Blood from every vein;
From the frail form of the Master,
Like a vase of alabaster,
White, against His Cross of pain.

Tears of Blood His kind eyes darken,
Drops of Blood His pale lips fill,
Hands and Feet with Blood all streaming
Love's excess, His folly seeming
Scorned of all on Calvary's Hill!

Floweth still that crimson torrent
Coloring all that tree accurst
Till the fifth dread word is spoken
And the awful silence broken
With the anguish cry: "I thirst!"

Not for solace or refreshment,
Not for ought His pain to ease,
But for souls, He would deliver,
From eternal Death forever,—
Burning thirst, He bears for these!

O that loving thirst unsated,
For so many, useless pain!
Chosen souls, o'er whom He's yearning—
Those who from His Love are turning—
Those for whom He dies—in vain!

To Thy Sacred Thirst, O Jesus,
We our life's work consecrated
Souls to gain for Thee desiring
With a patient zeal untiring
Till Thy Thirst be satiated!

THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.

FATHER LALEMANT SUCCEEDS BRÉBEUF.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

I.

GR^{EAT} was the joy of the Fathers when this good news was given them. They hurried to martyrdom as others do to glory. On the 28th of October, 1637, they made their will and entrusted it to friends on whom they could rely to carry it to Father Le Jeune at Quebec. In it we read these words—which are marvellous for their simplicity and beauty: “We are perhaps upon the point of shedding our blood, and of offering our lives for the services of our good Master, Jesus Christ. It is a singular favor that His goodness confers upon us in thus enabling us to endure something for love of Him. May He be forever blessed for having, among so many others better than ourselves, destined us in this country to help Him to carry His cross. May His holy will be done in all things. If He wishes us to die now, O! what happiness it is for us. If He wishes to keep us for other labors may His holy name be blessed. If you hear it reported that God has crowned our little labors, or rather our desires, bless Him for it, because it is for Him we desire to live and die. It is He who has given us this grace.”

This superb monument of courage and love was signed Jean De Brébeuf, François LeMercier, Pierre Chastelaine, Charles Garnier, Paul Raugueneau. The will contained a postscript written like the document itself by Father De Brebeuf: “I have left in the residence of St. Joseph, Father Peter Pijart and Isaac Jogues, who entertain the same feelings about these matters as ourselves.”

The Hurons, like the other savages, had the custom before quitting this life to summon their relatives and friends for a farewell banquet, and in the course of the feast the dying man addressed them, and after recounting his former exploits, he gave to those who stood around his last advice. Even one who was condemned to death scrupulously observed this cus-

tom, and invited his executioners to the banquet, where he extolled in their presence his fortitude and courage, and defied them to conquer him by their devices and their tortures. Father De Brébeuf resolved to imitate the savages by giving a farewell banquet. It was a resolution full of courage, and it indicated his energetic and chivalrous character. He wished to prove to the Huron people that an apostle did not fear death, and that neither miseries nor sufferings were able to intimidate him.

The spectacle was a novel one. The Indians came in crowds. Perhaps it was because they were curious to look upon the countenance of this European sorcerer in the presence of death, but most likely because the Hurons could never decline a banquet even if it were given by their most ferocious enemies. In the middle of the repast Father De Brébeuf arose, his countenance showing calmness, kindness and courage, and according to the custom of the country, he addressed the Indians who were gathered around, not to celebrate his own exploits or the virtues and self-sacrifice of his brothers in the Faith, but to repeat for those who were sitting around the banquet the perfections of the Great Spirit, and the rewards and chastisements of the future life. They heard him in a grim silence without a word of approbation, and without giving any sign of abandoning their project. At the end of the feast they withdrew, cold, unmoved, but amazed, nevertheless, by the gentle, yet bold, assurance of the "Black Robe."

Evidently the storm was not over, and the Fathers prepared themselves for the sacrifice by prayer. Nevertheless eight days passed by and there was not a word of death. Both the priests and savages were astounded.

What had happened? Deprived of all hope the missionaries had turned their eyes to Him Who holds in His hands the heart of men. On the 29th of November they had begun a Novena of Masses in honor of St. Joseph, patron of their Mission. It was not yet ended before the storm seemed less threatening, but without, however, disappearing completely. It continued to show itself from time to time on the horizon during the two years which followed, but though it threatened to break

in its fury upon them at any moment it did not prevent them from resuming their apostolic courses through the forests. The power of God had brought about this unexpected change. When all seemed lost, God was pleased to intervene in order to make His servants understand that He is their strength and salvation, and that to Him alone belongs to save us when all hope is abandoned.

The persecution lengthened out as far as the middle of the year 1640, but in an intermittent fashion. Counting it up from the time of the beginning of the epidemic it lasted for four years. "In all the voluminous writings of this time," says a Protestant historian, whom we have, already cited, "there is not a line that shows the least suspicion that a single one of that loyal and courageous little band of Jesuits had weakened, or that the indomitable De Brébeuf, the gentle Garnier the courageous Jogues, the enthusiastic Chaumonot, Lalemant, LeMercier, Chastelaine, Daniel, Pijart, Poncet, Raugueneau, DuPeron and LeMoyne showed anything else but a tranquil intrepidity which confounded the Indians and won their respect."

The events which we have just related were the last of the administration of Father De Brébeuf. He had been for a long time asking the General of the Society to relieve him of the burden of Superior, being, as he said himself, lacking in intelligence and prudence. Those who were under him had quite a different idea of their Superior, who was a real ox in working, as he used to say himself, making a pun upon his name, Brébeuf. Always occupied with others, self-forgetting, energetic, enterprising, and displaying invariably a judgment which was reliable, and a serenity of soul which never changed. "For twelve years," says Father Raugueneau, "I saw him as Superior, and as inferior; sometimes in temporary affairs, again in the works of the Missions dealing with the Indians and with Europeans, with unbelievers and with enemies; the object of persecution and of calumnies, and never have I seen him, I shall not say in anger, but even giving the least sign of emotion or irritation." Such a picture shows better than any discourse the greatness of the man.

Father De Brébeuf had inaugurated the Huron Mission with Fathers Daniel and Davost. When he resigned his superiorship it counted nine missionaries and two residences. The General at last yielded to his entreaties, and on the 26th of August, 1638, he gave the government of the Mission to Father Jerome Lalemant, who had just arrived from France.

Father Lalemant had been professor of philosophy and science in the college of Claremont, had been Principal of a Boarding College and Rector of Blois, but he never had any other ambition than to live and die among the savages of America. Mother Mary of the Incarnation, writing to her son, said of him: "He is the father of the poor, no matter whether they be French or Indian, a zealous worker for the Church, the holiest man I ever met since I came into the world." And lest they would consider this eulogy excessive, the holy woman added: "I am not exaggerating." In fact no historian has questioned this flattering testimony to his merits. Thus Bertrand De La Tour, in his memoirs on M. de Laval, says: "When M. De Petree was advised of the virtues and talents of Father Lalemant, and of the harvest that he had reaped in Canada, he demanded him as an assistant," and would take no refusal.

Father Lalemant, who had returned to France for some years in the interest of the Church in Canada was, when this request was made, the Superior of the royal college of La Flèche. O'Callahan, the historian, says that he was a skilful and profound theologian, but never made parade of his knowledge, and he adds: "Although he had great talents and vast learning his taste was extremely simple, and he always preferred during his sojourn in America to teach the catechism to the children and the neophytes." To his splendid qualities of intellect he united a great power of initiative and organization. If in the first years of his government he displayed too much rigidity and impetuosity, it was the result of a nature which was somewhat irascible, but time and the efforts he made enabled him to correct these two faults, and to become the model of Superiors.

A MARTYR NUN.

BY GEORGINA P. CURTIS.

THE recent trouble in China has brought to light the story of a noble and heroic nun who perished during the last great uprising in the celestial empire. Late in the seventies a young Irish nun had been sent out from the convent of the Sisters of Charity in Paris to work among the Chinese. It was the lot of this young sister to become more than ordinarily homesick. She struggled bravely against it and applied herself with all her heart and soul to her work ; but everyone who knows anything about excessive homesickness is aware that it is a disease very difficult to combat. During the daytime Sister M—— worked assiduously among the poor Chinese ministering to both adults and little children ; but at night she dreamed of home, of its fields and meadows and country life, of children's voices speaking her own language, of the churches and familiar congregations, and then she awoke to see the yellow faces and almond eyes of her Chinese children—foreign and unfamiliar, however fervent they might be.

In China the nuns have to keep very closely imprisoned in their convents and this, too, doubtlessly weighed on Sister M——'s spirits.

She prayed our Lord to take her home to her own land and let her work there ; but she told no one else of her grief and longing for she would not give up her mission unless God took her. And so time went on until one joyful day word came that her superior was called to the mother house in Paris to a council and she was chosen to accompany her as companion. Blithely the little sister prepared for the journey. She was sure the Sacred Heart had called her as she had never breathed her homesickness to anyone but Him. Already she seemed to see the little country church, the dear faces and green fields of her Irish home. How sweet it would be to greet it all and to work for our Lord amidst such surroundings, for she doubted not, so great was her faith, that the journey to Paris was only a step to the realization of her wishes.

The appointed day came and the sisters set out for Shanghai where they meant to embark. On reaching the port they found the community established there in great trouble, as their head mistress was very ill—supposed to be dying—and there was no one to replace her. The superior promised to have another one sent as soon as she reached Paris. Then like a lightning flash out of a clear sky came the thought to our little nun that perhaps it might be months before the new head mistress could reach Shanghai, and that possibly if the sick one could go home the voyage might make her recover. The whole night Sister M—— spent before the Blessed Sacrament in prayer. God alone, who saw the struggle, knew what it cost her. Clearly the conviction grew in her mind that it was her duty to offer herself as a substitute and let the sick nun go home. In the early morning, kneeling at Mass, the victory was won—the path of utter self renunciation opened straight before her and unhesitatingly she embraced it. She sought her superior and very quietly offered herself—so quietly that even the penetration and kindness of the good mother failed to discover what a sacrifice it was. Her offer was accepted and the sick nun sailed for home in her stead.

It was only a short time after this that the insurrection in China arose. For days the sisters lived in constant terror until one morning the mob broke in the orphanage and met Sister M—— standing at the head of the children determined to defend them or perish with them.

The barbarians were too maddened to have mercy, least of all to be touched by the sight of the brave little nun—a woman against so many cruel men—with the helpless children clinging to her. There was a pause as the door was torn open, then the mob swept in.

One moment of agony and Sister M—— had won her martyr's crown. The beautiful, unselfish spirit went forth to God who had so loved and chastened it. In her case perfect love cast out fear and brought her to a better and safer haven than the earthly home, however sweet, for which she so ardently longed and which she renounced with such simplicity and purity of devotion to obey the divine call.

ONE OF THE ELECT.

I. SENTENCE OF EXILE.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE Reverend Harold Gresham, of the Straitest Sect of the Evangelicals, had been many years principal of a missionary college in China before returning to settle in England as Rector of Priors Marston, in succession to his uncle, the Reverend John Sinton, lately made Bishop of Woolloomooloo, in New South Wales. As principal of a college founded by the older and more consistent members of the "school" to which, by training and conviction, he belonged, having under him men as carefully chosen as he himself had been, he had not during all the many years of his residence in the East, come in contact with either the writers or the writings of the newer "school" who still called themselves Evangelicals. On the contrary, his Calvinism, which, in him as in those who had taught him, was of the very essence of his faith, had been confirmed and strengthened by his dealings with the heathens whom he had striven so earnestly to bring to the knowledge of Christ, and this none the less, but rather the more, in that he had, at times, terrible and awful doubts about his own "calling and election."

It was an old story now, how he had sinned, as he conscientiously believed, against light and knowledge. Slight in itself, as men count slightness, the boyish fault had darkened all his after life much as the stolen apples had troubled Saint Augustine. It was a deliberate sin and, by his creed, such sin was a sure sign of reprobation. Yet, though at times tempted to despair of his own salvation, he never faltered in the discharge of the task that God had laid upon him—never doubted that God was infinitely, absolutely just. "He will have mercy on whom He will." If mercy were not for Him, but only judgment, what had he to say against it? Even should he prove a castaway it was none the less his duty to preach to others who, for aught he knew, might be vessels of election.

It had been his duty to go to China though his old father, who loved him more than all his other sons, had begged him to remain in England; had died, not long after his darling had left him—died, as hisson believed, of a broken heart. But “Parson Harry,” as his younger brothers and sisters called him, had never flinched, whatever he may have felt—more, doubtless, than his nearest kindred gave him credit for, who deemed him hard and cold. If they had only known! The doubts had been keener and more bitter at the time of his going away than ever before. In his London curacy, in his Birmingham slum parish, they had tormented him and would not down; not all the misery and squalor and wretchedness that surrounded him could draw his mind away from that perpetual, secret horror. Then came the offer of the work in China involving, as it did, not only danger and possible death but parting from all he loved best—from father, mother, kith and kin—whom he might never see again. The very fact that his aged father had implored him, with tears in his eyes, to remain in England had seemed, to Parson Harry, as the very finger of God pointing out the way he should walk in. “He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.” If he fulfilled that condition with no thought save that of simple obedience might not God, after all, have mercy on him?

Therefore, he had gone to China at a cost which none but God might guess; had done his duty and had wrestled with his doubts. He heard from his married sister, Lady Kilspondie, of his father’s death, then of his mother’s, and bent his head beneath the yoke of sorrow which God had added to the burden he already bore, and only said, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

But, when the years had passed and the call came to him to succeed his uncle at Priors Marston and carry on his work in the midst of a diocese given over to ritualistic errors, he had no doubt as to his duty. It was no choice of his; had it been before his voluntary exile he might have hesitated; as it was, his brothers had drifted—one into rationalism, another into popery; his eldest sister, Lady Kilspondie, was of the world,

worldly ; his two younger ones, "nuns" in an Anglican convent. He, alone, had remained true to the faith of his father and mother—he, the reprobate, the outcast from the mercy and grace of God.

So he had come back to England to find himself surrounded by fellow ministers who called themselves Catholic priests, who aped the ceremonies and taught the deadly errors of the apostate Church of Rome ; called on to deal, not with heathens, but with Christian men and women who yet had less conception of their higher duties than the half-instructed coolies among whom his former work had lain, so saturated, as it were, with Gospel teaching, that they had grown impervious to its effects as men exposed to winds and storm grow weather-hardened. This was the place that God had chosen for him ; it was God's work that he had come to do here ; with hope or with success he had no concern—those were in God's hands and God would see to them.

Just now, he was talking to his uncle's old friend and his own, Dr. Thomas Edwards, just such another old-fashioned consistent Calvinist as himself, about the apparent success of ritualism, the apparent failure of evangelicalism.

"Are you going to the annual conference at Islington?" the doctor asked, with a relevance that seemed, at first, somewhat remote.

"Yes," was the rector's answer, "why?"

"Because," rejoined the older man, with a certain grim emphasis that was habitual to him, "you will probably learn there some of the reasons why evangelicalism has failed. As for other reasons, if we will persist in thinking that plain services and churches closed from week's end to week's end, are of the essence of Protestantism, we are not likely to hold our own against the Romanizers."

"But surely"—Harold Gresham was beginning to remonstrate when the doctor interrupted him with "Surely music is not popish, is it?"

"No," a little doubtfully, as if Parson Harry were not quite sure into what kind of admissions he might be led before he was aware.

"Or weekday services?" continued the doctor, as one who has an irresistible case, and is determined to make the best of it.

"No," less doubtfully, this time. Parson Harry's confidence in the doctor's staunch Protestantism was returning.

"We blame the ritualists," the older man went on, "for going beyond the prayer-book. They exceed, we fall short. Let us amend our own shortcomings and then we can attend to their extravagances with a clear conscience. What do you say?"

"It is sound Gospel teaching," the rector returned, in the phraseology to which he was accustomed, which, for him and his friend, had the deepest and truest meaning.

"But what about the Islington conference?" he added, wishing, doubtless, for some enlightenment on that point also.

"Go there, and you'll see," was all the satisfaction that the doctor would vouchsafe to afford him.

January came and with January the annual conference of the evangelical party which Harold Gresham had been invited to attend; the first and, as it proved, the last at which he was destined to be present. Surprises, so to say, rained on him from the very outset, and continued to the end.

The chairman was an old friend of his uncle, his name a household word among the members of his "school of thought." The first speaker, however, was the returned Bishop of Alnwick, in New South Wales, a "high and dry" churchman of a type as antiquated as the evangelicalism to which Parson Harry, at least, belonged. Now, between "high and dry" Arminians and "Low Church" Calvinists, there is, literally, "a great gulf fixed," and that His Colonial Lordship should appear at an evangelical conference was as if Saint Ignatius should have been invited to lecture at Port Royal, or Saint Augustine to an assembly of Pelagians.

But the bishop's presence was not the only incongruity that attached to him in the estimation of one of his hearers, if not of more than one. His subject was "The Catholicity of the English Church." "Catholicity," as most of us are aware, is a word of many and various significations, often mutually exclu-

sive and "Catholicity" according to the Rev. Harold Gresham, who was logical if he was nothing else, was a word of evil odor synonymous with "popery." When, further, the evangelical audience were informed, apparently without giving offense to any one of them, that "Catholic truth is the truth held by the general church," Parson Harry was strongly tempted to rise to his feet and ask the speaker to define what he meant by "the general church" before going any further. Nor was his puzzlement in any way lessened when the right-reverend speaker proceeded to add, as concerning the English church, "we are national or we are nothing." How "national" and "general" could be, in any sense, compatible, still less interchangeable terms, was beyond the mental grasp of the rector of Priors Marston who was certainly no fool.

A reverend canon, supposed to be a leading light among the evangelicals and much in favor in aristocratic circles of a certain type followed, with an address on "The Apostolicity of the English church." "Apostolicity" is a term less liable to misinterpretation than "Catholicity," yet not altogether above suspicion. The bishop had merely been consistent, however heterodox, from an evangelical point of view, in claiming "continuity" between the pre-reformation and the post-reformation "church"; but that Canon Chester should lay claim to "apostolic succession" for the ministers of a reformed communion was going from bad to worse. Apostolic succession was the "fond thing vainly invented," on which popish priests and Ritualistic parsons rested their sacerdotal assumptions. That Protestants should hanker after such "flesh pots of Egypt" seemed, to Parson Harry, little less than open apostasy. Once admit that "apostolicity" connotes "apostolic succession" and you have no logical resting-place short of Rome.

Professor Bolton, son of the late Bishop of Birkenhead, by training and descent an evangelical of the evangelicals, was the next speaker. His theme was the Protestant character of the English church. That sounded more promising, even though there still remained the question as to how one and the same

communion could be both "Protestant" and "Catholic." If Catholic truth were, as the bishop had asserted, the truth held by the general church, then any majority, at any given time, might pose as "Catholic," and any minority, by dissenting from the teaching of the more numerous body would, thereby, stand out as "Protestants." So had the first "Protestants" stood out against the great mass of so-called Christendom in the sixteenth century. How, then, could they or their legitimate spiritual descendants, claim to be "Catholic" in any sense acknowledged as such by the great majority who still professed to represent "the general church"?

But the professor was apparently untroubled by any such "speculative difficulties," as he would doubtless have considered them. He had much to say concerning the origin of the term "Protestant"—concerning the true and the false spirit of Protestantism. When, however, he discussed the limits of ritual as lying between the "stern, simple Puritanism of an isolated hamlet and the Choral Eucharist of St. Paul's Cathedral," the rector of Priors Marston not only understood what his old friend Dr. Edwards had meant when he bade him "go to the conference and see," but also began to have serious doubts in respect of the doctor's strict orthodoxy. He, too, was in favor of musical services and probably of more ornate ritual. Here, at least, was "a prophet in Israel" condoning ritualistic "mummeries"; here again there was no logical resting-place between "the Choral Eucharist of St. Paul's Cathedral" and High Mass at St. Peter's in Rome.

What did it all mean? Was evangelicalism, which to him at least was as the very Truth of God, about to disappear from among men? A "high and dry" Arminian bishop had been listened to with manifest approval by men who should have been Calvinists when he asserted the "Catholicity" of the "national church." A leading evangelical had evoked no single expression of disapproval when he had implied that "apostolicity" involved "apostolic succession." Professor Bolton had evidently carried his auditors with him when he juggled with the term "Protestant" and entered a plea for a large liberty in

matters of ritual. Was he alone—he, the reprobate outcast from God's grace and mercy—the only faithful one among so many?

Lady Kilspindie, whatever she may have felt, expressed no surprise at receiving a letter from her parson-brother proposing that he should accompany her on her annual visit to the south of France, the Riviera and Italy. Worldly as she was, she had a great fondness for her brother, whom she understood thoroughly, little as they seemed to have in common. She had, moreover, an immense respect for his sincerity and single-hearted devotion to duty, as it presented itself to him. She had defended his going to China, and had brought her husband, by what course of feminine reasoning I do not pretend to say, round to her view of the matter. This at least was, I believe, her concluding point: "Don't you see," she said, "that he must study human nature as it is, not human nature with a coat of evangelical Christianity, and that when he finds men worse than he fancies himself, he will come to his senses?"

"I don't quite see it as you say," her husband had replied; "but I have no doubt you are perfectly right." Which, as a matter of fact, he had not, but which was also Lord Kilspindie's ingenious way of evading the responsibility of forming an opinion on any subject whatever. Why should he when Lady Kilspindie was sure to argue him out of it? To agree with her on all points—she being in any case so much more clever than himself—was the surest way to live in peace and quietness.

But he was inclined to "chaff" his clever wife when he heard that "Parson Harry" had left his Chinese theological college and was to be rector of Priors Marston. "He's no better than the rest of them, my dear," he said, with a chuckle; "he can't resist the attractions of a fat country living."

"Oh, yes, he is," answered his wife, not in the least put out by this grievous accusation brought against her favorite brother; "though Priors Marston is anything but a fat living, as I happen to know; but he has learned his lesson out there, as he will discover in due course, and now has another to learn here."

"And that is?" the earl enquired, with much apparent interest.

"That evangelicalism is dead or dying and that he must either be a rationalist like Jack or a Romanist like Arthur."

"Why not a ritualist like Joan and Margaret?" asked Lord Kilspindie.

"Because they are incapable of reasoning to a logical conclusion," was the answer.

"If there is any real 'truth' it lies either in 'free-thought,' so called, or in catholicism, as Parson Harry will find out, if he lives long enough."

"You are always right," was all the comment that this summing up of the situation evoked, and Lady Kilspindie returned to her letters while her lord studied the Transvaal war news.

But when Lady Kilspindie heard that her parson brother had been to the Islington conference, and then proceeded to read the speeches made thereat—buying a copy of the "Record" on purpose—she probably had no surprise to express when his reverence offered to join her family party in their annual winter migrations. He had only learned his lesson more quickly, perhaps, than she had expected; but if so, it was due to the fact that it had been conveyed to him in such very forcible and startling terms. That her brother must be undergoing acute mental agony she felt sure, and sorry at so feeling; but she had, with a woman's sympathetic, rapid intuition, mapped out the course of cure almost before she had fully grasped the full gravity of his complaint. Those two words, "Catholicity" and "Apostolicity," had struck her, almost as forcibly as they had struck him, though, of course, with a wholly different result or, rather, with none at all that could be called personal, none, at least, of which she was conscious. He should see, under her skillful but wholly disinterested guidance, both "Catholicity" and "Apostolicity" in their full and only logical completeness of expression.

That she should encounter any opposition on his part she had no fear at all. Worldly as he knew her to be "Parson Harry" had, to some extent at least, realized that she under-

stood and, understanding, sympathized with him in a fashion of which others seemed to be incapable. It would be a relief, or so he tried to persuade himself, to talk freely and openly to this pretty pagan, his sister, about doubts and difficulties which she could enter into though she had no experience of them. Moreover, since the leaders of his "school of thought" had set him the fashion, there could surely be no harm in his studying those forms of faith and worship which for so many of those for whom Christ died, so many who, for aught he knew, might, after all, be of the number of the elect, constituted the "Catholic doctrine and practice" of "the general church." Evangelicalism, he knew, was one phase of truth; till now, it had been for him, the only possible conception of "the truth"; but if there was to be an appeal to "the general church" then Rome must be allowed a voice; if there was to be a tolerated "diversity of ritual," her ancient, time-honored ceremonies had greater claims than those invented or adapted by nineteenth-century English ritualists.

(*To be continued.*)

MISSION NOTES.

CHINA.

Constancy of the Converts.—All the reports from China, including those of some non-Catholic ministers, bear witness to the really extraordinary constancy of the Catholic Chinese in the face of death. Those who openly and unreservedly renounced the faith seem to have been relatively few. Poor unfortunates! even they were commonly slain. Others, desiring in their hearts to remain Christian and now returning to the fold, escaped death by some outward act of compliance with the demands of the persecutors. Some denied that they were Christians; others sent in or had sent in statements written by friends. Others, again, dragged before the idols, prostrated themselves or accepted some badge of heathenism. A certain number escaped persecution by offering sums of money. Even amongst the constant and bold many were left unmolested.

The examples of martyrdom are altogether worthy of the best

days of the Church. In a village of southeastern Che-li one who acted as an officer amongst his fellow Catholics, having defended the Church from destruction, was cited before the mandarin. He knelt down before his aged mother before leaving his home ; and she, like the mother of the Maccabees, said to him, " If you die for the faith, God will take care of us ; if you deny it I shall never recognize you for my son ! " " You are of the Christian religion," said the mandarin ; " it is no longer lawful ; you must change it." " I cannot," answered the martyr. He was then beaten until he became unconscious ; and when he recovered a little he was again ordered to apostatise and he again refused ; then he was beaten into unconsciousness again. When he came to himself, and was suspended in a wooden cage, he said : " If I can no longer speak from suffering and you see me move my lips, do not imagine that I am denying my religion ; my lips shall move only in prayer." After some moments in the instrument of torture, the hero's face began to grow pallid in death. They took him down hastily, but his free spirit had already departed.

At Ts'ing-ho a Christian, who had gallantly defended himself against the " Long Knives," was taken prisoner. " You are a Christian," they said. " Undoubtedly." " If you give up your religion we shall leave you free." " I shall never give it up," he answered. " Though you cut off my head and divide my body into three or four parts, if you ask each part, you will get the same answer." With this proud profession of faith upon his lips he died.

A more remarkable example still is given by Father Clerc Renaud from the province of Kiang-se. One of the catechists was seized and, in the heat of the outbreak, beaten, while the infuriated pagans cried out that he should apostatise or die. He did not become angry but peacefully answered : " It is now sixty-four years that I serve the Master of Heaven. At any age, it is an act of cowardice to deny one's religion ; but in me this crime would be more odious still. I wish to show the Christians how they should die. You may do as you please but remember that I shall never apostatise." Two young Christian maidens followed his example and sealed their faith with their blood.

Amongst the Ruins.—Father Gaudissard writes from southeastern Che-li : " We are living a good deal like people shipwrecked. A boxer onslaught is ever possible for the country is far from being quiet ; it is only the fear of the European troops that makes

the pagans and mandarins speak of peace. Between our residence of Tchao-kia-tchwang and Hien-Hien the roads are infested by rebels. Our Chinese priests alone may venture out and visit the scattered Christians." From eastern Kiang-se, Father Clerc Renaud writes: "My churches have been pillaged, profaned, burned. My flock wander in the mountains and share with the wild beasts a hospitality of which human beings seek to deprive them. They are harassed everywhere; they are subjected to torture and urged to apostatise; but everywhere there is the same resistance, the same courage, the same unshakable faith. . . . Since the commencement of August my flock is scattered and suffers the most lamentable misery. Not one family which is not reduced to beggary. It is apostasy or death, for the pagans are forbidden to help them. . . . To make matters worse, the rebel secret societies, whose headquarters were in my district, are making fearful progress. In less than three months they have spread through the four prefectures of the vicariate. They have invaded the capital of the province where they are said to have one hundred thousand followers. They have gained a part of Fo-kien, and are propagated in Quang-Tung. So we may witness in the south of China the tragedies enacted in the north."

From northern Shen-se comes the sad news of the death of two bishops, Mgr. Pagnucci, Vicar Apostolic, who was stricken with congestion of the brain, and his coadjutor, Mgr. Coltelli, who died of typhoid fever. "This province has been afflicted by a horrible famine now for over a year. It claims many a victim. A large number trying to leave the smitten district abandon their wives and children on the roads. The number of those who die on the way, worn out by hunger, cold and fatigue, is frightful. Imagine the greatness of our sorrow in not being able to aid them! Every day a crowd of dying infants are baptized, and adults, as the last hour draws near, ask to be prepared for death. Poor unfortunates! they have known in life little else than want, labor and suffering. Unhappily, the famine will last much longer. During all the year 1900, not a shower of rain fell to freshen the air or fertilize the earth. The harvest is simply nothing. By a special protection of Providence and the good heart of the governor, Tuan-Fang, who risked his life to save others, we have been saved from the direct attacks of the rebels although we have felt the anguish of the evil day."

Father Choulet, of the *Missions Etrangères*, a missionary in Manchuria since 1880, has been made vicar apostolic in the palace of the martyred Bishop Guillon. Already in the beginning of January the missionaries were endeavoring to get back to their ruined stations. The martyred Father Emonet left a note indicating the place where he had concealed the sacred vessels with the two rings and pectoral crosses of the slain bishops. Anarchy reigned in the land and escaped rebel leaders were gathering troops in Mongolia. The bandit brutes were carrying off the women and forcing into a "chair of fire" those who refused to give up their money. They formed a plot to carry off Bishop Lalouyer from the European concession. The only restraint upon their excesses was the terror of the Cossacks.

Southern Shantung has had its share of the horrible persecution. The Christians were robbed of everything and driven from their villages. A great number of neophytes fled into the neighboring mountains and about a thousand found refuge in the principal residences. The misery was awful and many Christians were massacred. The poor people of Kia-siang, pursued by the mandarin, came to the priest in tears. All he could do was to turn to the pitying Heart of Christ. He promised to build a church to the Sacred Heart if they were delivered from the tyrant before Christmas and to say Mass every Friday in thanksgiving. In less than a month after, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, came the news of the mandarin's deposition. He had been removed on the demand of the ministers of France, Germany and the United States. And at Christmas the missionary consecrated himself, his people and his district to the protecting Heart of the Divine Master. "The promised church," writes the priest, "will not cost as much as Montmartre. The smallest offerings will be received with gratitude."

The Yellowing Harvest.—The magnificent *Society of Foreign Missions*, whose headquarters are in Paris, reports as the result of one year's work in its mission fields, 38,112 baptisms of adult Pagans, 43,205 baptisms of children of Christian parents, 34,240 confirmations and 10,178 marriages. Some of the most flourishing and important missions of the society are in China.

JAPAN.

The archbishop of Tokio gives the following details concerning his archdiocese: It occupies the middle of the large island of Nippon, with a Catholic population of 9,053, amidst sixteen

millions of pagans. Besides the archbishop there are thirty-two European missionaries, two native priests, two deacons and three seminarians, twenty-two catechists, three Marist priests and sixteen brothers, two native brothers, thirty-eight sisters of the Infant Jesus and seventeen sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. The archdiocese is divided into twenty districts, with sixty-five Christian settlements, forty churches or chapels, a college with 154 students, three boarding schools for girls with 283 students, thirteen schools with 1,428 children, four orphanages with 927 children, eight trade-schools or workshops with 140 boys, a leper hospital, two smaller hospitals and three pharmacies. Within a year there were 588 baptisms of adults, 311 of children of pagan parents, 191 of children of Christians, 258 confirmations and seventy marriages. There are three other Catholic dioceses in Japan and the total Catholic population is about 90,000.

AFRICA.

A Catholic Negro King.—In the prefecture apostolic of the Lower Niger the people of Onitsha have elected as their king Samuel Okosi Okolo, one of the principal catechists of the mission. He was chosen in preference to two others—one, the pagan son of the late king, and another who was educated in the Protestant mission. According to the native laws Okosi Okolo could not be king because he refused last year to kill his twin sons. Besides he never would consent to have idols. The Protestants did what they could for their own candidate yet the Catholic was chosen. He immediately abolished human sacrifices and made other important reforms.

Madagascar.—Near Fianarantsoa the Christian brothers have an agricultural and trade-school. Their property of about eighty acres contains some fertile valleys, in which the native boys are taught to cultivate both native and imported plants and trees, a plot of ground being given to each boy for his own use and profit. From the nurseries thirty thousand young trees and flowering shrubs have been distributed to families. About one hundred boys work in the shops under a skillful brother who directed the woodwork of the cathedral. Each boy can usually make ordinary articles of furniture and labor. The furniture of the schools of Fianarantsoa and Kianjasoa were made by the boys of this trade-school.

A New Apostolic School has been founded at Lierre, in the centre of Belgium, by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary, whose chosen field of mission labor is in Africa. Vocations are very numerous in Catholic Belgium. Father Alphonse Kunemann, of this devoted congregation, has been appointed prefect apostolic of Senegal, in the place of Bishop Buléon, lately deceased.

Guinea.—Bishop Pelles, vicar apostolic of Benin, bordering on the Gulf of Guinea, speaking at the Anti-slavery Congress of Vienna, gives an interesting account of the evangelisation of west Africa. Forty-five years ago he was the only Catholic missionary in the immense region extending between the Senegal and Gabun rivers. The many millions of poor savages dwelling here had never heard the news of the Gospel. The Holy See charged Bishop Marion de Brésillac to found a missionary society which would devote itself to the salvation of those countless multitudes. Thus it was that the Society of African Missions began at Lyons in France. Since its foundation two hundred of its missionaries have given up their lives to the fatal climate of west Africa. Lately, within four months, three out of thirty missionaries died, the oldest of the three being only twenty-seven years of age. The congregation of Our Lady of the Apostles, which has now two hundred Sisters in Africa, was founded for the care of the negresses. Vocations to those two missionary societies are numerous ; so that a great number of stations have been begun in their six prefectures apostolic—Egypt, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Niger, Dahomey and Benin. The coast of the Gulf of Guinea, in the prefecture of Benin, has been named “The Coast of Slaves.” Millions of human beings, torn from family and country, have passed through here in chains to slavery. It was only on the fall of the military power of Dahomey that slavery was stopped altogether, or at least entirely forbidden in this region. There are traces even yet near the coast ; but slaves are quite authorized to leave their masters and declare themselves free. When old and ill, the slaves are driven away and the Catholic mission has established two homes to receive and shelter them. In the interior neighboring tract of country, under European influence, slavery is deprived of many of its horrors. The stealing of children and forcible capture of slaves are firmly punished. Slaves ill treated are protected ; yet the owners may sell the members of a slave family to different

owners and the question of marriage depends on the will of the master. The children are often sold in or sent to the places where slavery is unchecked. Hence, a great object of mission work here is to save those children and receive them in orphanages. In these they are educated and taught trades. Eight such orphanages, a leper establishment and a home for old and infirm slaves are in the hands of the missionaries in this border region. Farther in, the horrors of slavery are seen everywhere. The slave woman, married or not, belongs in every sense to the master. Chains and traces of blood are the frequent marks of bondage. Crowds are exposed in the market for sale and are carried from one market to another just like cattle. In this dark inner land the Catholic mission has six orphanages, a refuge and a leper house. Here, too, it buys a great number of little slaves to educate and train them free.

There are about 1,000,000 people in the vicariate of Benin. There are ten stations and thirty-four priests, four brothers and forty sisters, twenty-one native teachers or Catechists, and two native nurses. There are two hospitals and seven dispensaries.

OCEANIA.

The New Hebrides have been made a new prefecture apostolic, with the Marist Father, Victor Douceret, as the first bishop in charge. The Marist Sisters show great skill and meet with great success in training the female children. In some places these children are first in the government examinations. In after life they are remarkable as Christian mothers.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSION SCHOOLS.

At this moment a perplexing problem confronts the prelates of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. The oldest and most highly cherished missionary enterprise in the country is threatened with destruction—we refer to the Catholic Indian schools which have ever been the chief factor in Christianizing and civilizing the North American Indian.

In the past these schools were supported with money appropriated by the United States Government, and were known as contract schools.

In 1895 there were 3,000 Indian boys and girls in our contract schools. For these 3,000 children the government appropriated \$359,215, in consideration of which the *boarding schools* were, in the language of the agreement with the com-

missioner of Indian affairs, "to care for and educate" their pupils; to supply them with "suitable and sufficient clothing, subsistence, lodging accommodations, medical attendance, school-books, stationery, school appliances and all other articles necessary to their personal comfort; and also to supply the school with mechanical tools, seeds and all other articles necessary in a properly conducted school."

The compensation accorded by the government for this service was only a meagre one in comparison with the large sums it saw fit to expend on its own schools.

This statement for 1895 illustrates the condition of our schools under government patronage from the time the contract system was inaugurated.

After 1895 the government appropriation was every year reduced by twenty per cent., and, in consequence, the number of children attending the schools gradually grew smaller, although a great many more were retained than the government allowance provided for.

This year, although no assistance will be received from the government, the full number of pupils in attendance last year—*i. e.*, 2,000—will be continued in the schools, and it shall be our aim in the future to maintain this number as the minimum attendance.

To do this an annual sum of \$140,000 (\$70 per capita per annum for board, clothing, tuition, etc.) will be required. During the past two years the Catholic Indian Bureau, aided by generous friends, has been able to assist the schools in meeting the expenses entailed by educating pupils in excess of the contract number. Since June 30, 1900, all government aid has been withdrawn and, in consequence, the schools are thrown entirely upon the charity of the faithful.

For the present fiscal year the required sum has been secured with the exception of \$25,000. As this amount will be absolutely necessary to continue the schools until the end of next June it must be collected without delay. Hence, it has been thought expedient to place this appeal in every Catholic family and to solicit a donation, requesting that it be sent on as soon as possible.

AN EXPLANATION.

In the beginning, our Indian mission schools depended upon contributions from Europe. For many years, however, the gov-

ernment contributed towards their support. After 1870 larger appropriations were made, and the contract system came into vogue. Encouraged by the Indian Department's friendly attitude the Church erected a large number of schools, and in this way invested about \$1,500,000, which vast outlay will now be of no benefit, either to the Indians or the Church, unless a reasonable portion of the support which the government has withdrawn is supplied by Catholic generosity.

It should be noted that schools were not needlessly multiplied. According to the latest report there are in this country 272,023 Indians of which number more than 100,000 are Catholics.

At one time there were 3,500 Indian children in Catholic schools, and at no time have there been accommodations for more than 4,000.

To adequately provide for the Christian education of children in the Catholic Indian population of 100,000 souls, we should be able to offer school accommodations for at least 10,000 children, and hence, instead of being compelled to diminish our annual enrollment, we should, in reality, endeavor to make provision to increase it. This, of course, will be impossible until the present crisis shall have passed.

We beg a careful reading and consideration of the subjoined reasons, which show why this work commends itself to the charity of every Catholic in the land.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.

The Indian was the first occupant and owner of American soil; he was despoiled of it by methods which, according to many of our leading representative citizens, were manifestly unjust. Hence, white people, who now possess the land, derive from it the comforts of life and live upon it in security and prosperity, should cheerfully and generously contribute, at least, to the *spiritual* welfare of the original proprietor.

THE HONOR OF THE CHURCH AT STAKE.

One of the motives that led to the discovery of America was an earnest desire to propagate the Catholic religion over every part of the world and to bring all races within the embrace of the Church. From the landing of Columbus until now intrepid missionaries have not ceased to consecrate their lives to the conversion of the Indian race, regardless of the numerous privations and dangers which attend such a career. In Florida, New York and other localities the Black Gown and his dusky converts,

emulating the Christians of the early Church, again and again gave testimony to their faith and zeal in martyrdom.

Shall this generation of Catholics be the first one in the annals of history to prove unfaithful to the apostolic spirit of the Church? Shall indifference make void the blood of martyrs? the heroic labors of a Las Casas, a Marquette, a Brébeuf, a Jogues, a De Smet, the Franciscans of the Pacific coast and the Mexican border, and of numberless saintly priests and nuns who have spent their lives in gloomy wildernesses among barbarous peoples? Shall such a course of action be justified by the curse-provoking reply of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We feel confident that when our millions of Catholics are awakened to the desperate situation which confronts them, they will realize that the honor of the Church is at stake, and respond generously to the Indians' cry for help.

A good and necessary work has been undertaken; it has been carried on for several centuries; can we afford to abandon it? Having put our hands to the plow, shall we now look back?

HELP NEEDED.

Things have come to such a pass that bishops of the far west have been obliged to leave their dioceses and appeal for help in the north and east; and zealous priests, in a struggle for the very existence of their missions, have absented themselves from their Indian charges in order to collect funds.

It was a pitiful sight to see the aged Father Cataldo, S.J., recently collecting in the city of Washington that he might help to save the magnificent schools of the Jesuit missions from utter ruin. After toiling for nearly forty years among the tribes of the northwest and sustaining untold dangers and sufferings, it would seem that he and others of his noble type might have been spared, by a generous Catholic public, the fatigue and humiliation of begging from door to door.

Protestants of every description seem to find but little difficulty in raising ample funds for missionary purposes.

"Within twenty years after the Civil War twenty-two millions of dollars were contributed by Northern Protestants for endowments of educational institutions in behalf of the negroes of the South, all these institutions being strictly religious. In 1895 the Presbyterians spent \$927,000 for American home missions, besides vast sums for foreign missions. According to a statement apparently authorized, the five leading denominations in the United

States contribute annually \$88,000,000 for the support of their respective churches and missions. And these contributions are not exacted as a compulsory tax, but are bestowed as voluntary offerings." *

At the present time the Protestants of this country are enthusiastically engaged in collecting large sums of money to be used in perverting the Catholics of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands.

Is it possible that, with the example of so much misdirected activity and unwonted prodigality before them, the great Catholic body of the United States will fail to sustain its home missions—will allow the first Americans, the Indians, who have been traditionally loyal to the Church, to be perverted from the true religion and to relapse into barbarism?

DO NOT BE OUTDONE IN GENEROSITY.

Hundreds of priests and nuns have given their lives for the spiritual welfare of the Indian. Can others not contribute a small portion of the goods with which God has so bountifully blessed them?

If every Catholic would give annually only a small contribution to the cause not only could our schools be perpetuated, but missionary efforts among the unfortunate Indians could be multiplied.

WE GLADLY RECEIVE, GLADLY LET US GIVE.

Let the Catholics of the United States bear in mind how much they owe to the generosity of Catholics in Europe, who, since 1822, through various societies, have contributed to the Church in this country the vast sum of more than \$7,000,000. Shall we be less generous to our dependent Indians than Europe has been to us?

APPEALS TO EVERYONE.

The work of converting the Indians is incumbent on the *whole Church in America*. It should not be left to the charity of a *few*, but *every individual* should feel *it a duty* to bear *his part* in this great obligation. It would be sad indeed, to think, for a moment, that the Catholics of America would fail to supply such material help to their struggling missionaries as would enable them to successfully contend against the giant efforts which enemies of the

* See Preface to the "Ambassador of Christ," by Cardinal Gibbons.

Faith are making to sow the seeds of heresy and unbelief among the Indian Catholics.

THE SCHOOLS ARE NECESSARY.

The same reasons that render parochial schools and asylums necessary for white Catholic children apply with greater force among the savage and semi-civilized Indian tribes.

For a number of years to come boarding-schools among the Indians will be an absolute necessity. Were these schools discontinued all the children would be forced into the "non-sectarian" government schools, where, in the course of a few years, they would lose every vestige of the Catholic faith. Moreover, our schools must be so equipped and conducted as to compete successfully with the schools of the government.

NEW DEPARTURE OF THE BUREAU.

For the future the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions will devote its energies to raising funds for the schools and missions. It purposes to account for every cent received and to annually place before its benefactors a full statement of receipts and expenditures.

GIVE GENEROUSLY.

We beg everyone to contribute something, and while we expect only a small offering from the poor we would urge those who are blessed with abundance to give as generously as possible.

THE BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS,

by

WM. H. KETCHAM,
Acting Director.

NOTICE.

Money should be sent by draft check or money-order (payable to Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham), or by registered letter.

Small contributions may be sent in one- and two-cent stamps.

All contributions should be forwarded to Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, Acting Director, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F Street, Washington, D. C.

You can assist materially by sending us the names and addresses of a number of your Catholic friends and acquaintances.

St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart for Negro Missions has just issued a most interesting summary of its work during 1900—work in seminary, colleges, churches, schools, institutions. In

our preceding issue we gave an outline of the magnificent work in which St. Joseph's Society is engaged and the success it has achieved. Only 144,536 colored Catholics out of 8,000,000, and of the eight millions fully four millions beyond the pale of any Christian denomination! Here is work for Catholic charity and zeal. All who are interested in the negro missions will be delighted to learn from the Summary how many communities of Sisters of St. Francis, Sisters of the Holy Family, and Sisters of the Good Shepherd, are toiling in the great cause. Many of these communities are colored. The very considerable number of publications mentioned in the Summary show to what an extent the Josephite Fathers are availing themselves of the powerful agency of the press. The practice of religion by the colored people, the number of converts and of children in school and Sunday-school are a proof of the Divine favor on the work and a substantial cause of joy and hope.

AN APPEAL FOR "THE POOREST AMONG THE POOR."

"I take the liberty to recommend to your mercy about 300 children, having come from Europe during the last three years. Since they left their home they never yet heard a priest talk in their native tongue and so have not received the least instruction. Growing up in the utmost ignorance, their lot is worse, I dare say, than that of the Indians. I appeal, therefore, to your charity. Help me in building a boarding-school where the little ones may be gathered and taught English, and thus instructed in our holy religion. Hereby they will be enabled to become Apostles at home amidst their own relatives, as no priest is yet able to talk their language. Many a soul will be saved in this way, and those who coöperate in so noble a work will greatly second the wish of our Holy Father, expressed in His encyclical on Christ our Redeemer. This school will cost at least \$5,000, and I have not a cent at my disposal. I have to depend solely on Christian charity. Any donation in money, clothing, bedding, etc., will be gratefully accepted. In sending anything please state that it is intended for the Immaculate Conception Boarding-school.

"Trusting that you will not reject the humble request of a poor missionary, I am,

"Yours truly in the Lord,

"REV. W. BRÜCK, O. M. I.

"Prince Albert, Sask. N. W. Ty., Canada."

SHRINE ANNALS.

The following letter from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Syracuse will be of interest to all who have read of the discovery of Father Le Moyne.

" *Editor Catholic Sun* :

" Your issue of last week carried a statement that the trustees of St. Agnes' Cemetery propose to erect in that cemetery two statues, one to honor the memory of Father Le Moyne, the early Jesuit missionary to the Onondaga Indians; the other to 'Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden, First Bishop of Syracuse.'

" Assuming this statement to be well founded, I have this to say: I rejoice to see the memory of Father Lemoyne thus publicly honored and perpetuated. Says the inspired writer: 'Let us praise men of reason—men rich in virtue—who have left a name behind them, to whom posterity is a holy inheritance. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church their praise.'

" Father Le Moyne's mission was to sow the mustard seed of the Gospel among a savage people—the children of the forest. He came at a time and among a people when and where a 'call' did not imply a higher salary, a more cultured congregation or luxurious comforts of our more modern missionaries. His was truly a Gospel mission, 'nothing for the way but staff only; no scrip, no bread, nor money in his purse.' His was not the gospel of gun-powder or dynamite, nor pom-poms for the destruction of the savage in order to 'benevolently assimilate' and civilize them.

" With regard to a statue to the first bishop of Syracuse, I do not approve of the project as he is still living. I would suggest that the money for that purpose be turned over to St. Vincent de Paul's Society for the care and comfort of the poor. Let the dead bury the dead and leave to the future the burden and satisfaction of erecting their monuments. This inference may seem to some odd, but I am convinced that it will not have undergone any change by the time that a monument would be in order. The appropriate and customary time and place for taffy is over a man's coffin and on his tomb. I am extremely grateful to the trustees of St. Agnes' for the partiality of their kindness and their generous disposition.

" P. A. LUDDEN, *Bishop of Syracuse*.

" January 30, 1901."

PILGRIM readers will always remember gratefully Father Walworth's interest in the work at Auriesville.

Public exercises in commemoration of the late Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, beloved pastor of St. Mary's Church and a distinguished citizen of Albany, were held last evening in Odd Fellows' hall. The exercises were attended by a large audience, among whom were many prominent citizens. Seated on the speakers' platform were Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, Episcopal Bishop of Albany; Rev. Dr. Max Schlesinger, Mayor Blessing, Commissioner Ham of the department of public safety, Commissioner Bissell of the department of public works, County Clerk McCabe, Judge O'Brien of the court of appeals, Hon. Thomas J. Van Alstyne, Thomas D. Fitzgerald, president of the common council, Comptroller Gallien, Gen. Amasa J. Parker, Horace Andrews, Alderman Barends, Rev. Father Dillon, successor to Rev. Father Walworth in St. Mary's Church.

Dr. Samuel B. Ward, chairman of the citizens' committee under the auspices of which the meeting was conducted, acted as presiding officer and introduced the speakers of the evening, who were: Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, Mr. Wheeler Melius and Rev. Walter Elliott, rector of St. Thomas' College, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Among other things Bishop Doane said:

"Father Walworth's life was many-sided. It would be unjust and unfair to speak of him either only in its highest and holiest part, which was the inspiration of it all—namely, his life as a priest—or in its most conspicuous place as a public-spirited citizen. He was a man of marked personality and most attractive character. He had given himself the cultivation of travel by a voyage round the world in 1874; his literary taste was refined and rich; he had the great love for study which made books the companions of his solitude. Horace, his favorite Latin author, gave to his very tongue's end the sharp and keen sayings which enlivened and enriched his conversation, and he was, as I wish more men were, a constant reader and a devoted lover of Sir Walter Scott. Good tests and touchstones—both these are, it seems to me, of a true love of literature and both ministering, Sir Walter Scott, especially, to enrichment of the mind. He was much given, especially in his later life, to the silence and seclu-

sion of his study. He lived by rule in the most regular and methodical way. So far as I know, his fellow-citizens saw all too little of his social side, but see him as one would, and where one could, he has left behind him, not only in my mind, but in the memory of Albany, the picture of a man, the four squares of whose completed character I should set down as these: Courage as a man, Courtesy as a gentleman, Consistency as a Christian, and Constancy as a priest."

Father Elliott spoke in part, as follows:

"Perhaps the most touching evidence of Father Walworth's affectionateness was his friendship with Edgar P. Wadhams, first bishop of Ogdensburg. This noble soul was Walworth's fellow-pilgrim on the hard road to the Catholic faith. They were worthy of each other, and they loved each other as did David and Jonathan, soul knit to soul. Walworth worshipped the upright, truthful nature of his friend, as strong as it was gentle. more flexible than his own and equally courageous; and Bishop Wadhams returned his affection with the generosity of one, who knowing men, could value their rarer and sterner virtues.

"The people of Albany well know how sincere a character was Father Walworth's. A more open character never could be found. In private life, it was a deep joy to meet such a man, who gave you a clear view to the bottom of his mind. In public conduct no less than in private he ever acted openly. Though he was continually fighting against that class of evil-doers whose tactics are the most deceitful—saloon-keepers and political tricksters—Father Walworth never laid ambushes. The meanest of traitors had from him all the rights of war; he was as honorable in his methods as he was unflinching in his courage."

"The Passion Play," in motion pictures of the sacred drama, was given at St. Francis Xavier's College Theatre, 40 West Sixteenth street, Wednesday and Thursday, March 27 and 28, 1901, at 8 P. M., in behalf of the Shrine at Auriesville. The programme was:

Introductory—Peasants Working in the Fields, The Village Dance, Washing the Clothes.

The Passion Play—Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and after Their Expulsion, Moses Found in the Bulrushes, The Manna in the Wilderness, The Angel Appearing to Mary, The

Magi, The Flight to Egypt, The Holy Family, Christ Blessing the Little Children, The Resurrection of Lazarus, The Last Supper, Christ Washing His Disciples' Feet, Judas Receiving the Thirty Pieces of Silver, Christ before Caiphas, Peter Denying Christ, Christ before Pilate, Christ before Herod, Christ Again before Pilate, Scourging and Condemnation of Christ, The Way of the Cross, The Crucifixion, Taking Christ Down from the Cross, Placing Christ in the Sepulchre, The Resurrection.

The descriptive lecture was given by N. D. Cloward assisted by Miss Yewell in vocal selections.

The expenses of this entertainment were defrayed by a friend who kindly stipulates that the entire proceeds be devoted to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y. As our readers know, as soon as we shall have the means a permanent chapel will be erected at Auriesville. The statue now venerated there is the Pieta—the Mother of Sorrows bending over her Son, the Man of Sorrows, after His Death on the Cross. A Crown of Thorns in gold, the offering of friends of the Shrine, is ready to adorn this statue in case we gather the means to have it sculptured in marble before August, the special month for the pilgrimages.

The theatre, both evenings, was crowded and the proceeds will help to supply some of the needs mentioned in the PILGRIM last month. Much more is still needed and we hope this month to suggest to our friends a way of obtaining it.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Anonymous.....	\$500.00	J. F., New York.....	\$5.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y..	5.00		

FOR THE CHALICE.

Miss W. and L. H., a gold ring each ; F. M., a ruby ; Miss L., New York, a gold brooch and a pair of gold cuff buttons ; H. D. R., New York, seven gold bracelets, two pair of gold earrings, three brooches and a pearl necklace ; Mrs. L., Philadelphia, Pa., a gold watch and a gold ring.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

FOR THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

Mrs. M., New York, per M. F....\$2.00

FOR THE MOST NEEDY MISSION.

N. K. New York.....\$1.00

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

MAY, 1901.

No. 5.

LOVE'S IMPOTENCE.

(AFTER HOFMANN'S "BETHANY.")

By F. J. McNiff, S. J.

THE holy Magdalene at Jesus' feet
Speaketh not any word, nor can she speak ;
She only looks and loves, His dear eyes meet
Hers tear-bedimmed, all tremulous and meek.

O cold lips, dull of speech! The heart speaks best
In meditative silence. Whence, Lord, whence
Is this, that love's most perfectly confessed,
The while confessing its own impotence?

"O TARDI CORDE!"

Love God, we rather may and do His will,
Than either know or utter Him ; and still
Would men the liefer basely never know,
Than humbly love Him, and possess Him so.

THE JESUIT REDUCTIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

WHEN Father Lalemant was named Superior of the Mission, the first thing he did was to make the census, not only of the villages and settlements, but also of the wigwams and fires, and even of the individuals of the entire country. In deference to his order the missionaries went on foot from village to village in the midst of the snows of the winter with their traps and their portable chapels on their backs. In the course of these explorations each village received the name of a saint, and so the whole country was placed under the protection of heaven. By the beginning of the spring of 1639 all the Huron villages had been visited, and the whole region gone over in every direction from north to south, and from east to west. On their return to Ossossane, the missionaries compared their observations and made a map of the whole Huron country.

Another important point now engaged the attention of the new Superior. Up to that time they had adopted for the evangelization of the savages the system of residence established in the largest settlements. There were two already, and there was question of establishing others when Father Lalemant deemed it advisable to abandon this plan and to work for the conversion of the Indians by means of Missions, keeping, however, a central house which would serve as a base of operations. There would thus be, he thought, more unity of direction, and of action, and they would not be obliged to change their residence every eight or ten years, after the manner of the Hurons, if they could succeed in placing the single residence which was projected, in the heart of the country, outside of the villages, on land which belonged to no one, and which would be of sufficient extent and likely to be productive. The *Relations* of Canada, and the author of the *Cours d'Histoire* assign these different motives for this change of methods.

Nevertheless, a greater idea was prompting Father Lalemant. As recorded by his personal letters, which are kept in the archives of the Society, he was thinking of creating in the interior of the Huron country something after the fashion of the *Reductions* of Paraguay. In Paraguay, the villages of the *Reductions* were generally established on the banks of a river, on some elevated place, surrounded with woods and arable lands. In the central settlement there were usually a church, a priest's house, a school and a hospital. Back of the church was the graveyard, enclosed by a wall and divided into shady walks. Would such a settlement be difficult to establish among the Hurons? Father Lalemant did not think so. He hoped that once a residence was established in an advantageous position and made easy of access, Christian families would soon come and settle around it, attracted by the charity of the missionaries; and that thus with time a *Reduction* would be formed which would be a focus of religious propaganda. He hoped, besides, that little by little other *Reductions* would be established at different points of the territory, and that a Christian republic formed of these Huron churches would thus be engrafted on the social organization of the country. Although, unfortunately, this plan of evangelization proved to be an illusion, we cannot help recognizing its grandeur and its simplicity, and perhaps, if it had been realized, the unfortunate nations of the Huron would not have been driven by war from their campfires and scattered over the country. The Fathers approved of this plan, especially as the method of residences appeared to have many drawbacks, and to be far less efficacious. Nevertheless, this new plan was more difficult and entailed greater suffering.

The residence of St. Joseph and the Conception was, therefore, abandoned, and a new residence was established in the centre of the nation on the right bank of the Wye, a little river which issues from a lake and empties into the bay of Matchedash. The situation had many advantages. It was easy to reach it from all sides; the river put them in rapid communication on one side with Lake Huron, and on the other with the villages of the interior. The land, although not very

rich, produced maize in abundance. Finally, while being within reach of the Hurons, it was sufficiently protected from the incursions of the Iroquois.

This project met with hearty approval in Europe. Cardinal Richelieu was the first to declare for it, for he saw in this foundation the beginning of an advanced post, destined to assure for France the control of the whole western country and to provide the missionaries and the traders the necessary security as a place of refuge. In order to show the importance that he attached to this establishment he contributed from his own purse towards its support and promised a considerable sum of money to establish a fort there and provide it with a body of soldiers.

Father Lalement laid out the general plan of this residence. Along the river, at a distance of ninety feet from the bank, he fortified a large enclosure in the shape of a parallelogram, 175 feet long and about ninety wide. It was protected on the side of the river and the lake by a deep ditch, and by stakes closely planted together with casements here and there for defence; and on the two other sides by a wall of masonry, on which was planted a wooden palisade and flanked by a square bastion or casement. On the four angles of the parallelogram he erected an immense cross. Within the enclosure was the dwelling of the missionaries, the chapel, the house of the Frenchmen who are engaged in the service of the Fathers and two houses of shelter for transient Indians. Outside of the fortifications was a great cabin built of bark after the fashion of the Hurons and used as a dwelling-place. There was a hospital, a cemetery and some cultivated land, all surrounded by fortifications in wood. All these constructions were very primitive. Nevertheless, they were a great source of wonder for the Indians. The chapel especially surprised them, and passed for a marvel though it was poverty itself. All these constructions were largely the work of the devoted servants, who were called *Donnés*, for the reason that they gave themselves by contract and for life to the service of the mission without receiving any remuneration. The mission profited by their work and bound itself to provide for their needs for the

rest of their days. They took the place of the Coadjutor Brothers whom it was not possible to secure in sufficiently great number for the wants of the mission. Their occupations were of every description and according to the capabilities of each. The Jesuits could not, without rashness, trust themselves to the Indians for the means of livelihood. They had, therefore, just as their neophytes, to depend upon the forests and the streams and the farm for their daily food. These labors, for which their early training did not fit them, were, besides, incompatible with the functions of their ministry. The few European coadjutors whom they had among them were as little fitted for these works as were the missionaries themselves. Hence, the reason of associating these *Donnés* who shared their dangers, their fatigues, their privations, provided for their wants and acted as companions in apostolic journeys. They cultivated the land ; they built the fortifications, and at times went out to fight ; and, when the missionaries labored here and there in the different missions, they kept guard at the residence and protected it against the roving Indians.

This institution which was of such incomparable utility was nothing new. In France, when the province of Champagne found itself in the impossibility of getting lay brothers, it had accepted the services of some domestics whose fidelity and devotedness had been well proved, by making a life contract with them. These men had also been permitted to pronounce their vows of devotion. Basing his action on this precedent, Father Lalemant proposed to introduce these *Donnés* in the Huron Mission, where it was impossible to have lay brothers, and before embarking for America, he obtained the authorization of the Provincial of Paris. It was a happy thought. The missions of New France adopted it unanimously, and after mature reflection it was decided that the domestics employed among the Hurons, who wished to devote themselves forever to the Mission could do so on the following conditions ; viz., the pronouncement of conditional vows, publicly and according to the formula used in the Society ; the renovation of these vows twice a year ; the wearing of a religious dress ; the acceptance

in the name of the whole Society, for life, and the obligation on the part of the Society to provide for these *Donnés* until they died. Six or seven domestics of great piety and of tried virtue bound themselves by these conditions and formed, in 1639, the first association of this kind in Canada.

As soon as the plan of this institution was known in Rome it provoked criticism and complaints. It had already been attempted in the East Indies but with such little success and with so many inconveniences that it had to be dissolved. Moreover, it resembled the Third Order of certain religious societies which is contrary to the rules and objects of the Society of Jesus. The Father General, Father Vitelleschi wrote, therefore, to Father Lalemant that he disapproved of the institution of the *Donnés*, in the manner, at least, in which it had been presented. "We cannot appeal," said he, in another letter, "to what occurred in the province of Champagne. That was an exception, a provision for the moment, and on account of circumstances which were irresistible." He condemned especially the vows and the religious dress which the *Donnés* were to wear. He did not admit the obligation imposed on the Society to support them for life. Finally, and in spite of the most pressing reasons urged by Father Lalemant in his memoir of 1642, he ordered in a letter of January 25, 1643, the dissolution of the *Donnés*, who were already admitted and forbade the reception of any others in the future. This letter was a very heavy blow for the Huron Missions, as well as others of New France, which were unable to get along without the services of these helpers.

Father Lalemant, who was greatly afflicted by this decision, called the members of his council, and after a long deliberation they resolved to modify the rules, and to submit the plan of a new organization to the General. The project may be resumed in these few lines: No vows, no religious dress, obligation for life on the part of the *Donnés* without salary, and acceptance of these engagements by the Superior of the Mission in Canada with the obligation of providing for their needs until the end of their days, but with the right of sending away those who should be unworthy of their vocation, and also stipulating that

there should be no distinction between the *Donnés* and the hired domestics.

On the 2d of April, 1643, Father Lalemant sent this new plan to Rome. It was found very acceptable, especially as the letter explained clearly and at length the impossibility in which the Mission was to replace the *Donnés*, either by domestic or coadjutor brothers. The General answered Father Lalemant on the 26th of December, 1644. "This institution is not contrary to our rules. Keep your *Donnés*, therefore, on these conditions, but do not receive too many of them lest the Mission find it impossible to provide for them."

As for all other good works this one, as we have seen, was not established without obstacles. It had to pass by different phases before taking shape definitely. Even the formula of promise was modeled and remodeled, but it gave the missions all the time they lasted the help of inestimable men. From it came René Goupil, William Couture and John Guerin, and many other perpetual servitors whose names shine gloriously in the annals of the Church in Canada. "Without being members of the Society of Jesus," says the Protestant Bancroft, "they were none the less chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith."

Two centuries and a half later the idea of this important institution was taken up on a larger scale, and in a new apostolic territory; viz., in the Missions of Southern Africa. In 1878, Father Depelchin attempted the organization of the Mission of the Zambesi. A former pontifical Zouave, who was then Father Moduit, S.J., offered him a guard of old soldiers of the Pope, who would follow the missionaries as *Donnés* to assist them on their journeys, in their camps and in the installations of their missions. In his idea these Zouaves could, besides, some day, train the neophytes of the Zambesi in the profession of arms, and be their educators in the arts of peace. The project was seductive and realizable but was not carried out.

However, people spoke of it; a newspaper took it up, and, that same year, a religious of Our Lady of Africa, going towards Tanganykei, wrote a letter from Kesimo in which he said: "What we need here are resolute men who are accustomed to

military life. They would have absolute control of the camp. We have, therefore, thought that we could find in France and Belgium and Holland some old pontifical Zouaves who would have sufficient devotedness and nobility of heart to consecrate themselves to an immense work like that of the missions in Central Africa." These words did not pass unnoticed. In the month of June, '79, the first group of these heroes set out for the region of the Lakes, under the command of Sergeant Van Oost, who died a year later not far from Tabora. D'Hoop, who succeeded him, was massacred along with Fathers Darnard and Aieger, and soon after Captain Joubert, who had won his title to glory in Rome and afterwards in France, set out for Zambesi with some auxiliaries—French, Dutch and Belgian—to replace those who had fallen on African soil as victims of their devotedness. The oblates who accompanied the White Fathers of Africa are nothing less than the *Donn  s* of Canada organized as soldiers.

MAY-LILIES.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

GOOD took the whiteness of untrodden snow
At dawn upon some lonely mountain height,
And floating, pearl-like, in the sunset light,
The lustre of a great, mild star aglow ;
The purity of souls that only know
A sinless rapture, a divine delight ;
And made May-lilies, opening when the night
Has fled and all the shadows haste to go,
God took the essence of a joy He willed,
Flawless and stainless in its every part,
The perfume of a perfect thought, and filled
A censer for His worship—the sweet heart
Of this sweet flower, the sweetest upon earth,
And this is how May-lilies had their birth.

ONE OF THE ELECT.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

(Concluded.)

WHEN, therefore, on the Sunday of their stay in Paris, Lady Kilspindie asked him to go with her to Mass at the Madeleine, he answered at once, and with perfect sincerity: "Certainly, with pleasure." Then, as might have been expected in one of his stern honesty of nature, unsparing of himself, whatever he were of others—and Lady Kilspindie, who knew him best, declared that he was the gentlest and kindest of living men, her own husband not excepted—he proceeded to study, carefully and dispassionately, the Ordinary and Canon of the Holy Mass, in order to enter, as far as possible, into the feelings, ideas and aspirations of those to whom it was the most blessed as well as the most awful of Divine realities.

He noted, as he could not fail to note, the numerous, apt and oft-recurring passages of Sacred Scripture, the allusions to ancient types and prophecies; noted, too, the absolute, unquestioning reliance on God's power and God's promises that pervaded the whole Liturgy, even as the sweet odor of incense pervaded the church crowded with devout, attentive worshippers. When all heads were bowed at the Elevation he felt, as a great Protestant poet has so beautifully expressed, that such a Presence was "too good to be true"; but that, if true, anything short of the adoration shown to It by those around him would be to deny to God Himself the reverence that was due to Him. But, for the time at all events, it remained "too good to be true," though he saw, more clearly than ever, that not even "the Choral Eucharist of St. Paul's Cathedral" was an adequate expression of such a Truth, if Truth, indeed, It were; nothing, in fact, less than this. Also, that if this were true, to doubt or question it was to insult The Almighty.

This was the beginning of his seeking for the rest he had failed to find in evangelicalism. That, as he saw, was dead or dying, slain in the house of its professing friends. But, if This Presence were of the essence of "Catholicity," as, indeed, the "general church," the vast majority of Christians had believed and taught for fifteen centuries, until a rebellious monk and a lascivious king had led two great nations to believe the contrary, then He, who could so condescend to mortal weakness as to veil His Divine Humanity under these symbols of Bread and Wine as to make Bread and Wine Himself, must, surely, have meant what He said when He promised: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

It was not a lesson to be learned at once nor so easily and simply as this. The old difficulties about election and predestination came surging back on the mind that had been lulled, for a moment, into calm by music, stately ritual and the sweet odor of incense. It would have been so good to rest throughout the remaining days of his pilgrimage in such a Presence as this; but who was he that should dare to hope for such an unspeakable favor? He must seek after God "if haply he might find Him"; and, "though He be not far from any one of us," surely He could not be so near as this!

During the whole of their stay at Nice and afterwards at Bordighera, "Parson Harry," as Lady Kilspindie had fully expected that he would do, went to Mass every morning, to Vespers and Benediction as often as possible. He did not say much which, to his sister, was a sure sign that he was thinking deeply, that the cure she had devised for the spiritual ailment she had diagnosed so accurately was beginning to take effect, none the less that he, himself, was, in all probability, wholly unaware of the fact. But she began, almost unconsciously, to take a keener interest in the matter than she had ever deemed herself capable of doing; to realize more vividly the nature of the experience which her brother was undergoing, to sympathize more deeply with him than she had ever done before.

This dissatisfaction, this craving for rest and peace which so evidently possessed her brother's soul—whence did they arise and what did they mean? For herself she was, as she declared, a

pagan or, at best, an indifferentist to whom all religions were equally true and equally false. But that "Parson Harry" who, as she knew, had always been in "deadly earnest," should lose his hold on that one phase of "truth" which, to him, had been as the Truth of God, and should be seeking for it in the Church of Rome, was, after all, and though she had intended that it should be so, beyond her comprehension. She knew that, once having lost faith in evangelicalism, he must, of necessity, drift into free-thought or into "Romanism"; but, in spite of her professed indifference as to which way the current of his thoughts would set, she began to hope that it would set towards Rome. In that case, as she began to recognize, the placid, easy flow of her own life might turn thitherward as well. Why, she did not even trouble to ask herself. It was simply that she was vaguely conscious that, at heart, she was like her brother and that what satisfied his spiritual cravings could alone satisfy hers once they should be aroused.

It would, at least, be a new sensation such as she had long been in search of. Her higher nature would, she felt, refuse to be drugged much longer into drowsy languor, by the inanities and follies that the world calls pleasure. "Parson Harry" had always been her hero; if she could only think and feel as he did she would be content; and now, her sympathy, her interest in the cure she had herself devised, was bringing her nearer and nearer to the accomplishment of her desire by which is meant, not merely that she was beginning to understand more clearly than ever before, the state of her brother's feelings, but that she was actually beginning to feel as, she was convinced, he felt—that is, she was becoming conscious of the same craving for rest, peace and certainty which, she could discern with a distinctness that grew plainer every day, possessed him also.

So she went to Mass, to Vespers and to Benediction as often as her brother did; and, one day, with that courage that puts our masculine heroism to shame, she spoke to him of what was in the mind of each.

"Do you think it is true?" she asked, suddenly, on their way home from Benediction on the feast of the Annunciation.

Parson Harry knew what she meant and showed it. "I don't know," he answered, sadly and reluctantly, as if afraid of quenching, in her heart at least, the "smoking flax" of an incipient faith in this sublime Reality—if such, indeed he could bring himself to believe it. "If it is true," he continued, as one who reasons with himself, rather than with his hearer, "then it is God's divinest, kindest condescension to our weakness; if not, I don't know what is true, do you?" He seemed thankful that she had found the courage which, hitherto, he had lacked—the courage to speak.

"No," she returned, thoughtfully, sadly, as he had spoken. "It seems, as Browning says, too good to be true, and yet he became man, 'for us men and for our salvation.'"

"Then you do believe that?" he said, surprised, as it would seem, at such a confession of faith from one whom he had been accustomed to think of as a thoughtless worldling. The truth is he had taken for granted her own estimate of herself, whereas she had always read him better than he had, as yet, been able to read himself, which estimate of her was still present to his mind, in spite of the fact that she had begun their actual conversation.

"Of course, I do!" she replied, almost as if hurt that he should have known her so little as to have any doubt of it; then added, earnestly and with no thought of self, "If He 'stooped so low,' as Faber says, as to become one of us why not this, too?"

"Why not?" he returned; "at least there can be no half-truth, such as our 'moderate churchmen' teach. It must be either God or bread, adoration or—nothing."

"Yes, one or other," she said, as they entered the house; and, for the time, at least, their talk on the matter came to an end.

III. "O ROMA FELIX."

Easter—the Easter of the Jubilee Year, in the Holy City! Lady Kilspindie and her brother had followed, in one basilica or another, all the solemn ceremonies of "the Great Week"; and on each had been impressed one fact, beyond all others—that "Rome" was more scriptural than any communion outside her

pale. The Palms that bore men's hearts and memories back to that glad day when Sion's King—"meek and sitting upon an ass"—had entered Jerusalem in triumph; the "dramatic" chanting of the Passion, more vivid and soul-stirring than any drama of man's devising shed a new radiance, as from the Sun of Justice, Himself, upon the two hearts which, so far, were in outer darkness yet craved for light, for rest, for peace. Day by day, they were present at Mass; at Tenebræ on Maundy Thursday, when the Eucharistic God received, from His thronging worshippers, the adoration which these two "aliens" felt, more and more clearly, was nothing but His due, if this were He in very deed, as none among the thousands present seemed to question or to doubt; as they themselves, although hardly conscious of the fact as yet, no longer doubted, but, rather, yearned and prayed to believe. Then came the washing of the feet, the manifest obedience to a distinct command given "that last night, at supper," by the Lord who was about to die for the brethren to whom He had given an example, "that ye should do as I have done to you."

To both of them the "Improperia" of Good Friday were as the voice of the Crucified pleading with His people—pleading, not least of all, with themselves. The Adoration of the Cross, so imbued had they become with Rome's true spirit, seemed but a fitting and most appropriate devotion. In truth, although they knew it not, it was the beginning of the blessed end for both.

It happened very simply, and as God surely is wont to deal with His elect. Their neighbors were passing up to the altar rails, kneeling to kiss the Crucifix and returning. Some impulse—to use a purely human expression—moved them both—so near had Rome brought them to each other—to do as others were doing. Side by side, brother and sister knelt at the altar rail and first the sister then the brother kissed the symbol of redemption. To each it was the kiss of peace. Lady Kilspindie, her eyes full of happy tears, knew and felt that not only in the Incarnation, but in the Crucifixion as well was to be read the measure of Christ's love to men and that of such measureless love His Eucharistic Presence was but the final, overflowing

bounty. To her brother there came back, as by an irresistible rush of memory, words that had haunted him since first he read them: "*Amor coegit Te Tuus*"; if love "constrained" Him to become Man, to die, to rise again, would it not "constrain" Him to give Himself to be the food of our souls; to be with us "all days" in a manner only such love as His could devise.

Yet neither spoke of what both had done, of what each had felt, of what each was even then feeling. The ceremonies of Holy Saturday possessed for them an interest not always shared by those whose birthright, so to speak, they are. But of the Easter ceremonies, who may attempt a description? There were no more doubts, now, for either, the kiss of peace had banished doubts forever, the Eucharistic God was waiting to receive His wandering children who had reached home at last,

Once more, it fell to Lady Kilspindie to give utterance to that which was in both their hearts. "When are you going to be received?" she asked, simply. How could there be any question about it now?

"As soon as you like," her brother answered, with a gentleness new in him, even to her, to whom, of all others, he had always been gentle.

"Then you have no trouble, now, about election and predestination," she continued, saying out, for the first time, what she had known, and kept to herself, so long. Perhaps she, too, had known "trouble" such as his; but, whereas, he had gone to China, to new work, in the vain quest of relief, she had sought hers, more vainly still, in worldly pleasures and excitements.

Perhaps he guessed as much, at last. Certainly, he did not resent, as once he might have done, so very plain a question.

"None," he returned, quietly, earnestly. Then added, as one who expresses his deepest, inmost conviction: "If my Lord loves me well enough to give me Himself for my soul's nourishment He loves me well enough to write my name in His book of life."

"Among the elect?" she said gently.

"Nay, as to that I know not," he returned, humbly. "I

must give diligence, as St. Paul says, to make my calling and election sure. The rest I leave to Him, who has called me—us, I would say—out of darkness into His marvellous light.”

“Yes, us,” she repeated.

That Lord Kilspindie should, in due course, have followed the example of the wife who, in his opinion, was always right, surprised no one, himself least of all. It may have been, at first, on the principle that “what was good enough for Mollie was good enough for him”; but, if so, he was not long in finding out that it was, in very deed, “good enough” for any one. Possibly, he, too, had grown weary of worldly “pleasures” and vaguely conscious of a craving for what he would have called “peace and quietness.” That was his accustomed way of speaking and meant, no doubt, much more than he would have found it easy to express.

As to the rector of Priors Marston—rector now no longer—it did not take him any great length of time or much mental analysis to trace the way by which he had come to where he now was. It had begun, of course, in his doubts about his own “election,” in the grace—as he now saw it—which had given him courage to do his duty with no thought of his own “eternal reprobation,” or, rather, in spite of that most awful conviction. That grace had led him to a foreign land where he had seen men, but lately steeped in vilest heathenism, die like saints and heroes for a faith which, false as he deemed it then, had such power over them that life was nothing by comparison, nor all that Chinese cruelty could do to them. Such men, he could not fail to realize, must be “of the elect,” since they fulfilled the supreme condition and “laid down their lives for Christ,” as they had been taught to know Him. If God’s grace could save such men as they had been could it not, as he at least strove to hope, pluck him “as a brand from the burning”?

Then he had returned to England, still feeling that he was in the Hand of a God who had the highest right to use him, to the last, even though he should have made him as “a vessel unto dishonor.” There, Doctor Edwards had spoken, not too plainly, of the failure of Evangelicalism and had bidden “go to the conference and see.”

What he had seen and heard, we know. That Doctor Edwards, on hearing what his late rector had to tell, should have set to work to study out the problem for himself, was only what his friends might have looked for had they really known him as well as they professed to do. That, dissatisfied already with the negations, the narrowness, the barren ritual of the "school" in which he had been trained, sick at heart over what he could not but regard as "apostacy" on the part of those on whom he had been accustomed to look as exponents of the creed which had, already, though, at the time, he knew it not, failed to satisfy his spiritual cravings, he should seek, as Parson Harry had sought, for rest and peace, was but a necessity of his nature. Like Parson Harry, whose experience helped him more than he was aware—until long after—he could not rest in any compromise. Evangelicalism was dead, or dying; its professors were "developing" into "Catholic Churchmen"; what else they might become, was as he saw, no immediate concern of his. His concern was with God and his own soul. And, after long struggle, after many a prayer, he found peace and rest, at last, where Parson Harry and so many others had found them.

LA FIESTA DE GUADALUPE.

EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

ONCE upon a time, as the fairy tales begin, yet not so many years ago, the writer recalls having glanced over a guide-book of Mexico, a sort of railway itinerary and advertisement, which prefaced its remarks by advising the prospective tourist *not to expect too much* when he visited that country. The candor of this suggestion, at once unique and remarkable in the history of guide-books, made a lasting impression upon me, for, as everyone is aware, it is the custom of these so-called descriptive pamphlets to lead the guileless purchaser of a ticket over their special road to imagine that he is about to enter upon a journey into a region before which

Milton's mightiest descriptions of Paradise will seem tame and insipid. Only the direct descendants of Ananias are employed in these days to write up a railroad prospectus !

Possibly it was because we did not expect too much that we found our trip through this quaint corner of our great continent so picturesque and enjoyable, and, having been disappointed in the interior of nearly all the famous Mexican Churches, we anticipated far *too little* when we visited Guadalupe. As a consequence we were quite unprepared for the magnificence of this far-famed shrine. There are various churches of this name, more or less noted, scattered throughout the country ; one at Zacatecas is almost as famous and perhaps quite as rich as this one near the capital, but here only did the apparition take place and here, in consequence, do both natives and strangers congregate. It is the one church of importance in the republic that escaped despoliation during the "reform" or Liberal accession, and the reason of its immunity from pillage may be explained by the fact that the Indians, poor, ignorant and browbeaten as they are, still remain a latent power in the country, and this shrine has been for more than four hundred years their particular property and devotion.

Its miraculous foundation ranks, we presume, after Lourdes as the best-authenticated record of the Blessed Mother's appearance, and, although belief in such things rests entirely with the individual, not being a matter of faith, this tradition seems to be now universally accepted. And why not? Surely no race has ever stood in greater need of heavenly intervention than the Mexican Indians unless it be the Indians of our own land! To the Catholics of Mexico, as elsewhere, the feasts of Easter, Christmas, the Ascension, etc., rank higher than the feast of Guadalupe which is not one of obligation ; but, because of its peculiar local significance, the latter is the greatest celebration of the religious year—outwardly, at least, for the Indians mark it as their own, and the various tribes come from all accessible parts of the country—some more than a week in advance—and take literal possession of the pretty little pueblo. The tradition which may be given in full for the benefit of those who are not already familiar with it is as follows: On the ninth of December, 1531, an Indian neophyte, Juan Diego

by name, was on his way to hear the Christian doctrine explained by the Franciscans of Santiago Tlatelulco; as he was passing the hill of Tepeyac he heard sweet music like the songs of myriad birds. He stopped to listen and saw on the hillside a beautiful lady surrounded by rainbow-hued clouds. She called Juan, and, as her presence was both gracious and commanding, he obeyed. Addressing him in a voice full of sweetness, she said: "Know, my son, that I am the Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ, and I will that a temple should be built for me on this spot where you and your race will always be able to come and seek my aid in time of trouble. Go, tell the bishop in my name what you have seen; tell him, too, that it is my command that a church shall be erected here, and for doing this, you will be repaid with many graces." The Indian sought the bishop, Father Juan de Zumarraga, a Franciscan and the first bishop of Mexico, and, after some difficulty, gained admission to his presence, but his message was not heeded.

He returned that evening to his home and, on passing the spot where he had seen the Lady in the morning, found the same vision there again. She asked how he had fared and Juan told her of the slight attention which the bishop had given his story and then begged her to choose an abler messenger. She replied that he must not be dejected but must return to the episcopal residence and deliver her message the following day. As it was Sunday Juan arose early and came in to hear Mass at the parish church after which he went to the house of the bishop and repeated his tale with great earnestness. This time the prelate paid more heed to the Indian's narration and told him if the Lady appeared again to ask her for a sign. He then dismissed the man and sent secretly two servants to watch and report what he did and whither he went. The *criados* followed Juan along the road which led then as now from the city to the foot of the hill of Tepeyac; but when the place was reached he suddenly became invisible and although the men went round and round the hill no trace of him could be found. They thereupon returned to the bishop telling him that in their opinion Juan was an ambassador of the devil instead of the Virgin! The Indian, in the meantime, was engaged once more in converse with the Lady; he gave the

bishop's message and asked for a sign, and she told him to return in the morning and she would give one that would win for him full credence of his mysterious mission. Upon reaching his home Juan found his uncle very ill ; instead, therefore, of returning the next day he spent most of his time searching for medicine men among his tribe and gathering herbs to work a cure. All day his uncle grew steadily worse so that early on the following, the twelfth of December, he started to the Franciscans for a confessor. The road to Tlaltelulco led by the hill of Tepeyac, and, fearful of meeting the vision again, he determined to seek another route. But this did not avail him for, near the spot where a spring now bubbles up, he saw the vision for the fourth time. The Lady, not at all offended with Juan for disobeying her commands, told him not to be alarmed as to his uncle's condition, as at that moment he was strong and well ; she then went on to speak of the sign that the bishop had requested and told Juan to climb to the top of the hill (where a chapel now stands) and gather there the roses he would see growing. Juan knew it was not the season for roses and that none ever grew on that barren and desolate hill; but he did as she directed and found the spot blushing with the most exquisite flowers. He filled his tilma with them and immediately repaired to the bishop. The prelate received him and, the Indian relating what had occurred, opened his tilma to exhibit the flowers. As they fell to the ground it was then seen that a representation of the vision representing the Virgin exactly as she had appeared to Juan, had been painted miraculously upon the coarse fabric. Convinced at last, the bishop dropped on his knees and spent some moments in prayer ; he then untied the tilma from the man's neck and placed it temporarily over the altar in his private chapel. He at once set to work to build a church at Tepeyac for the reception of this wonderful painting and with so much energy was the work carried on that fourteen days after its miraculous impression on the tilma the building was ready. The painting was transported thither with great pomp and ceremony and this event forms the subject of one of the mural decorations of the present basilica. There are now three churches on this hill but the handsomest by far is the one at the base, substantially the same

as that dedicated in 1622 by Archbishop de la Cerna. It has been extensively repaired and enlarged as time went on and is at present one of the most modern *iglesias* of the country. Its sanctuary, a very large one, is entirely surrounded by a massive silver rail; there are two immense chandeliers and numerous heavy candelabra of the same precious metal, and over the main altar the miraculous picture is exposed to view. This altar, by the way, is made agreeably conspicuous by the absence of the usual tawdry Mexican ornamentation. Immediately in front is a life-sized or, as I recollect, a colossal marble statue of the late archbishop who was greatly beloved by his people. It is a striking and artistic piece of sculpture and represents him in his episcopal robes kneeling before the altar on a prie-dieu. His remains are interred beneath this altar.

A most beautiful chapel, with doors and pews of carved walnut, is at the right of the sanctuary; this carving is the finest that we saw during our travels through Mexico. Four large frescoes illustrative of the history of the church adorn its walls; they are gifts of the four dioceses of Quéretaro, San Luis Potosi, Zacatecas and Durango, and one is the work of Father Carrasco. The other churches are not especially attractive, but, carved in the rough stones that line the way to the top of the hill, are crude representations of the *Via Crucis* so that the pious pilgrim can make the stations while ascending. It is in the topmost chapel that the miraculous spring bubbles forth but no virtue is credited to its waters except by the few. On our first visit to Guadalupe, which is reached by street car from the Zocalo or plaza facing the Cathedral and is a half-hour's ride, we arrived there just in time for noonday Mass. It was the second of December and already the Indians had begun to assemble. They always mingle business and pleasure with their religion, these simple-minded descendants of Montezuma, so we were quite prepared to find the street in front of the church lined with booths, tents, *enchilada* stands and merry-go-rounds, all receiving a generous patronage. It seems that each tribe or family claims a right to the church for its especial *fiesta* or day of devotion, and when we entered there were nearly sixty young girls dressed in festive regalia, chanting hymns in their own language to the accompaniment of a

wheezy violin of native manufacture. It was a novel sight but one that would make an observer wonder if there was not a *soupçon* of heathenism still dormant in these strange people. The scene on the night of the eleventh, the eve of this great *fiesta*, baffles description. The plaza in front of the basilica was crowded and the crowd, as usual, was motley and picturesque, *muy sucio*, as a matter of course, but then such gatherings must be taken as they are found. One can always keep away. Indians dropped in all night long and, when they arrived at the end of their pilgrimage, they calmly lay themselves down to sleep in the open streets or under the *portales* and remained there in a promiscuous heap until rested. Hundreds of them camped on the hills and many kindled fires which produced a weird effect blazing their red light afar into the darkness. The whole scene, indeed, was a blaze of light, for both Indians and Mexicans consider that the fun of any celebration consists in plenty of noise and plenty of bonfires! The latter burned in the plaza and the towers of the church were illuminated so that when its huge bells were set ringing they were outlined in bold relief against clouds of flame. Inside, a far different picture presented itself. The solemn chants of the priests rose and fell and crowds of the faithful knelt on the inlaid floor, wrapt in devotion, unconscious of the gazing throngs that streamed through the aisles. The miraculous painting shone brilliantly out in the glow of innumerable candles, and the priceless crown above it—the gift of many of Mexico's richest women, and only brought forth on great occasions—sparkled and glittered as its jewelled points reflected the lights about it.

The services of the following day were even more impressive; but the crowds of sightseers and worshippers that filled the sacred edifice made standing or kneeling room impossible to those who came a trifle late. Outside, the plazas and streets were alive with as cosmopolitan a congregation as one often encounters, and one could not help wondering if many an unbeliever among them who came through curiosity to scoff, did not "remain to pray," moved by the simple faith and devotion of these poor Indians to whom, it would seem, "little hath been given."

MISSION NOTES.

THE FIRST MARTYRS OF THE CENTURY.

Such was the title Pope Leo gave to the eleven children of St. Francis of Assisi whom God favored with the singular glory and grace of making the supreme sacrifice of their lives for the faith in Brazil. They were three priests, Fathers Rinaldo, Zachary and Victor; one lay brother, Brother Salvator, and seven sisters. They were all from Italy—the priests and brother from the province of Milan, the sisters from the province of Genoa. They all belonged to the Capuchin branch of the Order of St. Francis, the sisters being Tertiary Capuchins. Their glorious death, or victory, occurred at St. Joseph of Providence in Brazil, where they had begun a new mission amongst the wild natives in 1896. This mission field they were to fertilize with their blood. They began with a little church of St. Joseph around which soon clustered the straw-roofed huts of the children of the forest. There an orphanage was constructed in 1898 when the sisters came from Italy. The little settlement grew steadily. The natives were trained to agriculture as well as to the practices of Christianity, while the children received, beyond ordinary school work and singing, instruction in useful employments. According to a newspaper report about one hundred of those children have been slain with the sisters in charge.

SYRIA.

(The following account of Syria is taken chiefly from the *Etudes*.)

France, in her better days—days which she will soon see again, we trust—did not leave the Christians of the East to the mercy of the savage Turcomans. When the massacres of the Maronites of Lebanon occurred in 1860, a French army corps was sent out, and occupied the mountain slopes for two years, until peace was restored and a measure of independence granted under a Christian ruler. Since then the interest of France has not ceased. French capital and engineering have made the present quays and harbor of Beirut, the railroad thence to Damascus and from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

Syria, as well as Palestine and other countries of the near East, are just now objects of peculiar interest and desire to the

rival powers and would-be colonizers of Europe. But French influence is strongest still. This is owing, to a great extent, to the French missionary establishments, and in particular to their schools.

A great many nationalities, and in consequence a great many religions, find a home in Syria. There are about a million Musulmans who control the country and its best employments. Then come various Christian bodies with different languages and religious ceremonies; their belief, however, and their rites being, generally speaking, essentially the same, the Seven Sacraments with Holy Mass being retained by all as by ourselves. The Christian rites are the Greek, the Syrian, the Armenian, the Chaldean and the Maronite. All except the Maronites are divided by schism and heresy. There are Greek (Roman) Catholics and Greek schismatics, and so on with the others. The Maronites are the most numerous, being about 300,000. They are under a Catholic ruler and dwell chiefly in the mountains of Lebanon. The Greek Catholics or Melchites (*i. e. royal*, so named from the protection the Emperor Marcian afforded them against the heretics), about 100,000, are scattered especially through the towns. The Greek Schismatics, or *orthodox* as they call themselves, are about 200,000, and have amongst them many wealthy and influential families. The Syrian Catholics are six or seven thousand; the Syrian Schismatics the same. The Armenians in Syria are only a few thousands, whether Catholic or not. The Chaldean Catholics, like the schismatics, are very few.

The Mahometan East has little pity for moral or physical misery. Therefore, Catholic charity began to show itself first in the hospital and school. The school is of special importance because it enables the Syrian to profit by the natural fertility and the excellent seaports of his country.

Beirut is the centre of higher teaching. A university confided to the care of the Jesuits has a faculty of theology and medicine. From a Christian point of view the theological school, frequented by students of all the Oriental rites, is of extreme importance, for the Eastern clergy need the inspiration of the Western or European priesthood, as well from a point of view of sacred knowledge as of apostolic spirit. The University of Beirut confers all the usual degrees. Many of its students are sent to France for more perfect training. The Oriental rites are not set aside, and the university has given native bishops and

patriarchs to the East. In truth, this great establishment of higher studies is but the crown of a vast work undertaken by the French religious orders, which have opened seminaries for the training of the native priests in different countries of the East, their most brilliant students being sent to Beirut.

At Antoura, about eight miles from Beirut, the French Lazarist Fathers, successors of the Jesuits in that mission, have a college with 200 students. They have also a higher school at Damascus. The Jesuits have a college at Beirut, transferred from Ghazir, and a school at Saïda.

For twenty years the Christian Brothers have been doing splendid work in Syria. They have flourishing establishments at Nazareth, Haifa, Latakia, Tripoli and Beirut. The schools contain about 1,500 children. Besides these there are Catholic schools taught by natives. In the five Jesuit mission centres there are 150 boys' schools with 8,000 pupils. The Lazarists have their native schools similarly organized.

There are five religious congregations of Sisters working in Syria, all French. The Ladies of Nazareth have a house of higher education with about a hundred girls at Beirut, to which is attached a free school with 400 children. Those sisters have schools also at Nazareth, Haifa, Shefa Omar and Acre. The Sisters of Charity, besides caring for the sick, have five schools in Beirut, and two orphanages near. They have houses also at Tripoli and Damascus. The Sisters of St. Joseph have schools at Beirut, Nazareth, Saïda, Tyre and Deir-el-Komar. All the Sisters' establishments in Syria educate nearly 5,000 girls. An organization of Native Sisters, called Sisters of the Sacred Heart, aided greatly by the Congregations of the Sacred Heart in France, have fifty-seven schools with 3,509 pupils, in the neighborhood of Lebanon. Altogether, the primary Catholic schools of Syria teach 22,280 children of whom 12,780 are boys.

There is a keen religious competition with Catholics in Syria and the neighboring countries. Russia, the official religious protectress of the schismatics, has 140 schools scattered over Syria and Galilee. The American and English Protestants have in their Syrian schools nearly 12,000 children.

CHINA.

The troubles in China continue. Revolts are breaking out in different places and are threatening in others. The famine scenes, according to the last letters of the missionaries, were terri-

ble. Parents abandoned their children in the fields or by the roadside or threw them into rivers or pits. Husbands left or sold their wives. People struggled with one another for food. Very many were dying of hunger, and the dead bodies were stripped of their wretched clothing by those who passed and were devoured by wolves. Missionaries have been sent to Europe to beg. Bishop Ferrant, describing in January the condition of things in Northern Kiang-se, said that, of those who died there for the faith, some were crucified and some buried alive. Even when the general massacres had ceased Christians were still persecuted and sometimes slain. They were not allowed to reoccupy their lands. Letters received from the missionaries concerning their flocks moved him, he said, to tears. The bishop confirms other reports as to the admirable constancy of the Chinese Catholics.

Father Neveux, S.J., writes from Southwestern Che-li in the same strain. Properties were sold for almost nothing. Saddest of all, parents sold their children into a life of shame. The snows prevented the gathering even of roots and herbs. It was frightful to think what the poor people had to eat.

MADAGASCAR.

Father Beyzim and His Lepers.—Ambahivoraka is the name of the place in Central Madagascar where the Polish Jesuit, Father John Beyzim, has given himself, "body and soul," as he says, to the care of the most repulsive and abandoned of the children of Adam. The Leper settlement consists of four immense sheds, two on each side of the church, and near the church the good father's little house. There are at present 150 lepers. The church just holds them. It is extremely poor being little more than four walls. The priest vests behind the miserable little altar. The sheds, or barracks, are divided into cells without floors or windows; the light enters by the open door. A mat of rushes on the floor is the bed of the afflicted inmate or family. The clothing consists of anything that can be obtained; nothing better than an old sack is desired. The food is a little rice sent by the neighboring mission, for alms are the only means of support. The cultivation of the adjoining land has not been possible hitherto. The lepers who are able to labor do so, planting cassava, potatoes and turnips. There is no doctor, no religious women, no nurse, no medicine. Father Beyzim is the lepers' only protector and servant—their gardener, infirmarian, sacristan,

priest. His little house has two divisions, one, a sleeping-room, workshop, eating-room, reception-room; the other, his kitchen with a pot, an iron triangle for stove and a few other necessities. Nearby is the cemetery where, no doubt, he will sleep, too. He says two Masses on Sunday travelling three miles between. "My flock," he writes, "are in fearful misery; I have given myself, body and soul to them. I shall catch the leprosy and die, but our Lady will send another Polish Jesuit and everything will go on well." Only the good Master, Himself, can measure this heroism of His faithful servant.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Nyassa.—Father Molinier of the "White Fathers," or African missionaries of Cardinal Lavigerie, had to change his settlement some twenty-six miles further south, on account of the unhealthfulness of the place. The chief, Loukyemba, was very much displeased, but soon followed him with presents and begged to be allowed to establish his people around the new station. "I shall come," he said, "with all my people to be near the church and pray with you." The same day he began to clear the ground. His followers are about a thousand. A great many chiefs from places at a distance begged a similar permission. The new mission centre will grow to be very considerable. Already the church is filled every morning and night by the poor people of the African wilds. Nothing earthly attracts them. The missionaries are so ill-provided that there is but one set of vestments. The priest who visits the neighboring people cannot, therefore, say Mass amongst them.

Amongst the Boers.—Owing to the noble efforts of the Oblate missionaries, religious prejudices have been gradually disappearing. There are fifteen Oblate priests, mostly French, under the Prefect Apostolic of Johannesburg. The Brothers have a boys' school there, and the Sisters, admired by everybody, have, at the desire of the Transvaal government, charge of the city hospital. The war has done much to dissipate the anti-Catholic ideas of both Boer and Briton.

HOLLAND.

A hundred years ago there were in Holland 350 parishes with about 400 priests. To-day there are 1,014 parishes with 2,310 secular priests. Since the reëstablishment of the hierarchy in 1853, 500 new churches have been built and 150 restored and enlarged. One million francs have been thus spent. About one-third of Holland is Catholic.

THE LOWER NIGER.

Our last issue gave an account of the Catholic negro king, Samuel of Onitsha, and of the slave-trade near the gulf of Guinea. Onitsha is a mission centre, containing some 300 ransomed slaves, lepers and witches saved from death. The buildings are of clay—houses, chapels, schools, leper-house, etc. Scorpions, rats and bats hold the crevices of the walls until the serpents come and find their food there and then sleep in the same place. There is some sort of umbrella in each room and the poor sleeping-places are shaded by mats owing to the free entry of the rain. What wonder so many heroic missionaries die here !

But there is great hope of conversions. The population is extremely numerous, almost as the suburbs of a great city. There are 300 children in the schools of Onitsha and the missions near, and sixty persons have been lately converted from Protestantism. The movement towards the church is remarkable and has been admitted by the Protestant Bishop Tugwell. All the principal catechists are converts. The village of Ossamori, consisting of 6,000 souls, drove away the Protestant teachers and handed over the church to Father Pawlas. The new King Samuel, elected contrary to the wishes of the powerful Niger Company, has placed a crucifix on his throne and has given a site for a church of our Lady and a school near his residence. The day the church was blessed he went to Holy Communion before all his people.

SHRINE ANNALS.

Within a few days we hope to be in possession of the hillside north of the shrine as far as the road to Fultonville, except the half-acre belonging to Mr. Jay Irving. This purchase will enable us to make the entrance into the shrine grounds almost direct from the railway station. It will also afford a longer and gentler slope for the way of the Cross. Since the Putman House is included in this purchase, the problem of accommodations for visitors may be solved, to some extent, this summer if negotiations can be closed in time ; but of this, more in our June number.

Through the kindness of two friends, one a pilgrim to the shrine last summer, the other a client of St. Joseph, we have re-

ceived money enough to buy a statue of the saint and prepare a grotto for it near the gate of the Ravine to the south of the roadway. Another friend has offered a statue of St. Ignatius ; but, as yet, we have not been able to procure one beautiful enough in design and hardy enough in material to withstand exposure to the air. The statue of St. Joseph and child has been ordered, and with this in veneration at Auriesville we are confident that our temporal needs will be abundantly supplied.

As a means of paying the debt for the improvements made at Auriesville the past few years, of purchasing the property described above, of providing the marble statue of Our Lady of Martyrs and of preparing for the ceremony of offering the crown of gold, we have decided to have a bazaar, the prizes to be listed and offered in shares to the friends of Auriesville. In a few days we shall mail books for these shares to our many friends, stating the purpose of the bazaar, and so distributing the shares that it will be easy for all of them to obtain contributions. Among prizes already donated are an amethyst rosary on gold wire and a set of vestments.

PORTRAIT OF PÈRE MARQUETTE, DISCOVERED IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, March 5.—A discovery was made some years ago in this city the importance of which was not known until some months ago. This find has set the lovers of historical research, both in Europe and America, on the *qui vive*. A writer in the *Montreal Star* announces that it is nothing less than a supposed painting of the Rev. Father Jacques Marquette, S.J., the explorer of the Mississippi. The story of the finding of the mysterious panel reads like a page of romance.

Mr. Donald Guthrie McNab, a distinguished artist of Toronto, was engaged in this city some years ago in painting for the Chateau de Ramezay portraits of several of the early Jesuit Fathers and other personages of the early history of Canada. Portraits or oil paintings of most of these illustrious men had been found, most of them well authenticated by contemporary writings. There existed, however, within the knowledge of those interested in the subject, no portrait or painting of Father Jacques Marquette. For years search had been made throughout all the branches of the Marquette family, one of the most distinguished of Laon, France, but without avail. During the winter of 1896-97, Mr. McNab was going along a street which he calls Little St.

James street, but which from the description of the place which he wrote to the Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., archivist of St. Mary's College, is rather Little St. Antoine street. He suddenly noticed two little French-Canadian boys with a load of rubbish on a hand-cart. On top of the load was a panel picture covered with dirt and tar. The peculiar shape of the panel attracted the attention of the artist and he inquired of the boys where they had found it. They replied that all the stuff had been taken from an old house. They would not say anything more either because they were afraid of being arrested for taking the rubbish away without permission or because they knew nothing about it. They consented to part with the panel for a small amount of silver. Mr. McNab thought very little of the find at the time and later remembered only that the boys came from a westerly direction. After finishing his work at the Chateau de Ramezay Mr. McNab returned to Toronto. In the autumn of 1899, having little to do, he began, as he says himself, "to remove the dirt which was held fast with many coats of varnish, and it has taken much time and great care, owing to the cracked condition of the paint. The face is a wonderfully fine example of modeling and coloring and could be mistaken for a work of Rembrandt, were it not for the signature, 'R. Roos, 1669,' above which are two lines which I take to be as explanatory of the model, though cracks and dirt have defaced most of the words, save 'Marquette de la Confrere de Jesus,' which is quite legible. On the back of the panel, which is $13\frac{3}{4}$ by $17\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and about half an inch thick, there has been carved 'Père Marquette,' strong and deep, but this carving evidently is not by a contemporary."

The above is taken from Mr. McNab's own description of the panel in a letter written by him to Mr. R. G. Thwaites, of Cleveland, O., the chief editor of the "Jesuits' Relations and Allied Documents," which is being published by Burrows Bros., of Cleveland. Mr. Thwaites, who was indebted to the Rev. Father Jones, of this city, for a great deal of information regarding the early history of the Jesuits in this country, sent portraits of the panel to him, and Mr. McNab also communicated with Father Jones and explained the circumstances accompanying the discovery. Father Jones had for years been seeking after further information of Father Marquette, but did not believe any portrait of him was in existence. Among the documents in the archives of St. Mary's College, in this city, which are under the charge of

Father Jones, is a letter dated August 10, 1846, written by the Rev. E. Mollett, S.J., who was then stationed at Laon, France, the birthplace of Father Marquette, and addressed to the Rev. Felix Martin, S.J., relating to this very matter. Father Mollet says that there is no tradition surviving in the family of the existence of any portrait of the famous missionary explorer. In a letter to Mr. Thwaites on the subject Father Jones says :

“ Jacques Viger, first Mayor of Montreal, though an indefatigable seeker for anything of interest concerning Marquette, makes no mention, in his voluminous notes, of any likeness of the great discoverer ; nor does he hint at the existence of any in Canada or elsewhere. Had it been in the custody of any of the religious communities he certainly would have ferreted it out as he had done in the matter of portraits of other Canadian celebrities. Bibaud jeune, in his *Pantheon Canadien* (1858), p. 301, gives a list of Viger's successes in this field of research.”

Father Jones also considers the cracked condition of the painting as evidenced by the photograph which was sent to him of a *prima facie* evidence that the work is not of recent date. He goes on to say: “ The artist must have been one of no small merit, as the details of the face are so exquisitely reproduced and the features as perfect as if taken with a camera. The painting is a representation of a man of the years of Marquette who, as we know, was born on June 1, 1637. The placidity of expression and the absence of that airy arrogance which characterize the fanciful features and attitude of Trentanove's statue correspond perfectly with what we know of Marquette's gentle and unassuming nature.”

Father Jones told the story of the origin of Trentanove's statue. A photographer called in one of the Jesuit Fathers in this country who was popularly supposed to be of somewhat the same appearance as Marquette. The photographer indicated the pose which he desired the Father to adopt to have a photograph taken for some special purpose which was not explained. With a view to obliging the photographer, the Jesuit Father did as he was requested and was a most surprised man some time later to find that the photograph had served as a model for the Trentanove statue.

Father Jones attaches very little importance to the lettering on the back of the panel which is not in keeping with the writing of the time, which was evidently about the middle of the seven-

teenth century. As the portrait furnished to Father Jones contained no clear trace of the name of the artist and the date he could form no clear idea as to the concordance of the lettering with the literal or numerical characters of the period.

(*To be continued.*)

IROQUOIAN ALMANACHS.

A curiosity in its way is the *Jakentasetatha Kahnwakeha tsini Kahawis nonwa ioserate*, 1900, etc., or Iroquois Almanac for the year 1900 (Tiohtiake—Montreal, 1899, pp. 71), published by G. Forbes, curé of Caughnawaga. The main part of the pamphlet is in Indian, but pages 57-66 are in French and pages 67-70 in English. The Indian text is concerned with an account of Kateri Tekakwitha (1) the "Lily of the Mohawks" (pp. 32-50)—the famous "saint" of the Iroquois—and general notes about the Iroquois population in Canada and the United States. The rest of the pamphlet deals with the history of the Caughnawaga mission, etc.

Although Iroquois is still spoken generally at Caughnawaga, there does not exist "a single family of pure Iroquois blood"; indeed, only a couple of individuals lay claim to such descent. If we believe the statements in the Almanac, there are among the Iroquois at the present time 125 descendants of Eunice Williams, of Deerfield, Mass.; 1,350 descendants of Silas Rice, of Marlboro, Mass.; 1,100 descendants of Jacob Hill, of Albany and 400 descendants of John Stacy, another white youth captured during the Indian wars of the eighteenth century. No wonder white blood is so common among these Indians (1)—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

The Iroquoian Almanach for 1901 has been issued in the latter part of February, the imprimatur from His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal being dated February 3, 1901. The title of this issue (the third of the series), does not differ from the one quoted above, the date only being changed. It contains in its thirty-two pages the following information:

Pages 3-14, Calendar; pages 15-20, Hagiography: Relation to the pious death of two Christian Iroquois of Caughnawaga, murdered at Onontague, at the end of the seventeenth century; Etienne Kanonakowa and Francois Konwannhatenha; pages 21-26, The Holy Year, the Jubilee of 1901; page 27, Old Caughnawaga Chiefs; page 28, Statistics; page 29, Necrology of Rev. Father Antoine, ancient missionary of Caughnawaga; page 30, death of Queen Victoria and accession of King Edward VII.

A life of Catherine Tekakwitha, in French, has been published recently by the Rev. Mr. Burton, and there is another by Rev. Claude Cauchetiere, published at New York, by Jean Marie Shea. The title of this last one runs thus: *La vie de la B. Catherine Tegahouita dite a present la sainte sauvagesse*. Manate: De la presse Cramoisy de Jean Marie Shea, MDCCCLXXXVII. 8vo, 179 pp., portrait.—R. R.

For details concerning some of the above captives of the Indians consult "True Stories of the New England Captives Carried to Canada during the Old French and Indian Wars, by Miss C. Alice Baker, Cambridge, Mass., 1897. 4to, 407 pp., 13 full-page illustrations, limited edition.—R. R.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Miss K., New York, for the Statue	\$10.00	K. F., New York\$ 2.50
B. H., New York	9.00	Miss S., New York 2.00
J. L., New York	2.00	M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y. 5.00
E. B., New York, for Statue of		M. V. P., Phila., for statue of St.	
Our Lady of Martyrs	4.00	Joseph 50.00
J. I. R., Somerville, Mass., in		B. H., New York, a gold pin for	
honor of St. Joseph	50.00	the Chalice

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 6.

THE QUEEN OF LOVE.

By James Kendal, S.J.

SHEW me thy face, O mother mine,
For then my heart shall see
If there be beauty like to thine
To turn my love from thee.

Tell me thy love, O mother dear,
For then my soul shall know
What rivalry thou hast to fear
From lovers here below.

Give me the flame that burns thy heart,
For then I may essay
What earthly passion's fiery dart
Can chase that flame away.

Plunge me in His Love's ocean wide
Wherein thine own doth swim,
That so my love with thine may bide,
And lose itself in Him.

THE JESUIT REDUCTIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

FATHER CHAUMONOT.

THE *Donnés* were at first six or seven in the residence of St. Mary's but afterwards increased to the number of twenty-three. They did all the hard work ; houses were promptly built, the sod was broken and seed was sown, and after prodigious toil they were able to send cattle and fowl to Quebec. The new establishment became an important farm; the harvest, the hunt and the fisheries sufficed after a few years to support the community, the *Donnés* and the servants. All the other residences were abandoned and all the property, as well as the persons engaged in them, were transported to St. Mary's as soon as the buildings were finished. It did not take long to realize what Father Lalemant had foreseen. Many Christian families established themselves around the settlement drawn thither by the help which they expected both for body and soul.

This residence became likewise the centre of a touching and generous hospitality. On Saturday and the eves of feasts, the Catechumens and the Neophytes came in great numbers from the adjoining villages to assist in the ceremonies of Sunday and festivals. During all the time they remained the mission took care of them as it did on all other occasions, and the establishment became an asylum for all the Christian Hurons, a hospital for them when they were sick, a shelter from their Iroquois enemies and a stopping-place on their journeys when they went to visit the missionaries. Even the pagans were welcomed and fed, though they were not allowed to sleep in the houses. Each guest received three meals a day. In 1647 the number of guests ran up to three thousand and to six thousand in the following year. The meals, of course, were not sumptuous, but they were like those of the missionaries—that is to say, crushed corn boiled in water and seasoned with smoked fish. It suited the taste of the Hurons.

Two or three Jesuits remained all the year long in St. Mary's. They devoted two days a week to visiting neighboring villages and baptizing the adults and the children who were in danger of death. At the residence they usually found constant occupation

with the visitors, the sick, the domestics and the Christians who remained there three days of every week. Ten or twelve other missionaries were scattered on all sides among the Hurons, the Algonquins, the Nepissings in the Neutral Nation and that of the Petuns. Two or three times a year they met at St. Mary's to strengthen their courage in the quiet of a retreat and to discuss with one another the grave interests of the faith.

All the countries evangelized were divided into missions or districts. The number of the missions was at first five. Later on others were created in various places, and last of all that of St. Peter's among the Algonquins on the north side of Lake Huron. The missionaries generally went two and two in whatever district was assigned them. Brébeuf and Chaumonot received as their district the Neutral Nation. Brébeuf is very well known to the reader, but his companion is known only by name. Father Joseph M. Chaumonot was a singular character, simple-minded even to a degree of credulity, timid almost to fear, a man of rather limited education, of a very impressionable nature and of a character without any marked peculiarity. He became, nevertheless, under the powerful influence of divine grace and by the austere practice of the higher virtues, one of the most beautiful figures of the Church of Canada. Such is the estimate of him left by the historian of M. de Laval. He was born of a poor family, a vine trimmer of a little village of Bourgogne, and was sent, when quite a child, to Chatillon on the Seine, to his uncle, an old-fashioned priest, extremely rigid in his views, who put him to school in the neighborhood with a view of preparing him for the priesthood. One fine day when in rhetoric the scholar got tired of his books, and the fancy took him to learn music under the Oratorian Fathers. He purloined a small sum of money from his uncle, and took to flight along with another companion. His money soon gave out and the young fugitive, not daring to return home, becomes a vagabond, begs his bread from door to door, sleeps when he cannot do better, in the open air, gets from time to time a meal at some charitable convent, and sometimes alone, sometimes in company with other tramps, he travels over Savoy, Lombardy, and goes as far as Ancona and Loretto arriving finally at Ternia in Umbria. He was in a pitiable condition, in his bare feet, his clothes in rags, and his body covered with vermin and sores. The grace of God was awaiting him there. An honest man, a lawyer, took him as a servant, and, during his

leisure time, this good-for-nothing wanderer, now turned lackey, read the life of some holy solitaires. The reading made a deep impression on him and gave him the idea of a better life. He dreamed of becoming a Carmelite, a Recollect, a Capucin and what-not. Finally, after taking again to the road, and begging through the greater part of Italy, he came to Rome. There he finally emancipated himself from his bad habits, and, on May 18, 1632, at the age of twenty-one, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. He had much to do to expiate his sins but the two years of religious probation accomplished the work of his regeneration.

Free now from the yoke of his passions and elevated above all earthly affections, he obtained a glimpse of that world of strong souls where generous designs are conceived and energetic enterprises undertaken. He began to think of sacrifices, immolation and the apostolate and after having given proof, as a scholastic in the novitiate of Rome and in the college of Fermo by a life of seclusion, humility, sacrifice and prayer, that he was able to undertake and accomplish great things, he asked his superiors for the laborious mission of Canada. They gave him a light outfit of philosophy and theology and ordained him a priest. Before setting sail for New France he made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto and on the road he was suddenly cured of a great infirmity which had prevented him from walking. He came to Quebec on the first of August, 1639, and in the beginning of September we find him in the country of the Hurons. He was a man of a simple and robust faith—of that faith which moves mountains and sees the divine hand in all that occurs. His life, written by himself in obedience to the command of his superior, is the simple and unartificial revelation of an existence where the marvelous is mixed perhaps too frequently with the supernatural; but the reader will be pleased with his ingenuous faith, which seems like that of another age and of another world, and he will rise from the book as from a conversation with a true Israelite of exceptional virtue.

On his arrival among the Hurons, Father Chaumonot was first put under the direction of Father Raugueneau and Father Daniel, and with them visited the huts of the savages. It cost him a good deal, it seems. He tells us in his life: "I had so much repugnance for these visits that every time I entered their wigwams I felt as if I were going to be hanged." But he went, neverthe-

less, in spite of his dislike, always showing himself pitiless in dealing with these revolts of nature. In return for these efforts he soon began to be very familiar with Huron. In fact, he had a remarkable gift for learning a language. "At that time," said he, "I applied myself to find out and compare the rules of this language which is admittedly the hardest in all North America. There is no turn of phrase in Huron, no shade of expression and no peculiarity of language which I have not mastered. As it is, in fact, the mother tongue of many others, especially of the five Iroquois dialects, I succeeded after a month's living among the Iroquois in understanding them, although previously not knowing a word." "All the Jesuits," said a subsequent writer, "who will in future learn Huron will do so, thanks to the rules, the list of roots, the explanations and the many beautiful works which he has written in that language." The Indians themselves avowed that he spoke it better than they did, though they took particular pride in their elegance of expression. On account of this happy faculty of learning the Indian dialects, Father Chaumonot was appointed as the assistant of Father de Brébeuf, as the language of the Neutral Nation differed in many respects from that of the Hurons. They set out for the Mount of the Holy Angels in the month of November, 1640, and after five days' journey through forests covered with snow and over almost impassable roads, they arrived at the village of Kandoucho, which they called the village of All the Saints.

A STRANGE MEETING.

BY HARRY VINCENT.

JUST before daylight we dropped into the ship's boat and were rowed ashore. I had just finished my college course at St. Omer's but as they were troublous times for Catholics in England in the days succeeding the Bye and the Main, I was obliged to return surreptitiously. My companion was a newly ordained Jesuit priest, Father Thomas Simpson, who was journeying from Rome to undertake, as well as might be, his priestly duties in England. As soon as our feet touched dry sand, he threw himself down upon his knees and prayed de-

voutly for protection ; but I being younger, and considerably less pious, kept to my feet and felt for the handle of my sword.

Father Simpson watched the receding lights of the ship with anxious eyes. And well he might ; for, though we were coming back to our own, we were in as great peril as though we were landing on the inhospitable shore of some savage island.

"We must avoid dwellings," he said, at length, "lest dogs bark and arouse the inmates ; we might be taken and held as smugglers and our real identity finally shown. My plan must be to strike across country and avoid the high roads. Your appearance carries less risk and you may travel with more comfort."

After some difficulty we reached a small wood where we laid down to snatch a few hours' sleep, for our last night aboard had been a restless and anxious one. Then, after a long devotion, the good priest gave me his blessing and bade me an affectionate farewell. I watched him as he crashed his way through the cracklingtwigs of undergrowth towards the fallow fields beyond, and then I turned back to the high road, where coming on some country folk, I asked for direction to the nearest hostelry.

I conceived the idea as I arrived there, of brazening the thing out with a bluff manner, which, I fancy, ill fitted my young face. At least, I have often thought since that, it was the cause of all the difficulties I fell into, for my orders were so numerous and my manner so highhanded, that I set every tongue wagging and every neck craning. It probably caused the landlord, after he had set down my breakfast, to look round suddenly as he was leaving the room. It was just as I was making the sign of the Cross before grace. He shut the door to with a bang and clattered down the stairs. There was a momentary lull in the tap-room conversation, followed by a burst of derisive laughter. I waited developments, but nothing happened. I was allowed to go on with my meal undisturbed.

But just as I was finishing the door was opened and a gentleman tiptoed his way into the room with his finger to his lip.

"Sir," he said in a whisper, "you are known."

"For what ?" I asked.

"For a Catholic, sir," he answered, relating what the landlord had seen and told them all below. "The coast is alive with spies. There is one in every village from here to London and you are in grave peril."

"If you have my welfare at heart," I said, "I thank you."

"I have the welfare of all Catholics at heart," he replied. "I am one myself. Let me clasp the hand of a brother."

Innocently I took his hand and shook it, and bade him be seated. He said his name was Bilton and he had a friend with him and they were awaiting a chance of sailing for France. Could I advise him as to their best means of getting over? They were going to Rome to join the Jesuits.

"I fear," I replied, "I can be of little service to you in this matter. I have only just come over myself and was dropped during the night from a French bark. But she sailed away immediately again."

"What was her name?" he asked.

"The Sainte Marie," I answered.

"Did you come through St. Omer's?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I am glad," he said, "for you can tell me of my friend, Father Thomas Simpson."

"Do you know Father Simpson?" I enquired. "What like is he?"

"A young man," he replied, "but it is some years since we met."

But speaking of myself was one thing and of Father Simpson another, so, after a moment's pause, I replied:

"No, I can tell you nothing of your friend, Father Simpson."

He leaned across the table towards me,

"I hope you'll believe," he said in a whisper, "that I am no impostor."

"I have no reason for thinking you one," I answered.

"Because, if you are a priest I should be glad of the consolations of the Sacrament of Penance."

"I regret I am unable to assist you," was my answer.

"You fear spies," he said, "and mistrust me. Put some questions and sound me in the faith. That should tell you if

I speak truly or not. For if you are a priest it would be a sorry scruple to your conscience to remember you refused consolation to a penitent.

"I repeat," I said, "I can be of no help to you in this matter."

"Wait for me here a minute, please," he said, "I will go call my friend who will be greatly pleased to make your acquaintance."

During his absence I had time to think over what had occurred, but I could lay no blame to myself, for the fellow, who seemed earnest enough, had indisputable proof through my carelessness before the landlord that I was a Catholic. But his companion, when they reappeared, made me somewhat suspicious. He was a man of a different stamp altogether. He rubbed his hands with a satisfied air and smiled knowingly as though rolling a dainty morsel on the palate of his imagination. He bowed extravagantly and said he was glad to meet so reverend a gentleman.

His manner didn't please me and I should like to have resented it, but I restrained myself.

"You must fortify yourself against the journey before you," I said. "Will you not take some refreshment?"

They called for wine and, raising my goblet, I said, "A safe voyage to you, gentlemen!" and drained it.

"Splendid!" cried the late arrival, bursting into loud laughter and slapping his thigh. "Splendid! There's not your equal amongst them, and I have a large experience."

"I am at a loss to understand your meaning," I said with some surprise in my intonation.

Bilton turned to his companion and said:

"You should show more respect to a priest, Morley."

"You labor under a delusion," quoth I. "I am Catholic, as I have told you, but no priest."

"Oh! no, you're no priest!" cried Morley, laughing afresh. "We could tell that as soon as we saw you. Most of them are shabby of clothes and humble of manner," he continued between draughts of his wine, "but I never saw one yet with down on his lip and a sword at his girth. I say it's splendid."

More of them would escape if they followed your plan. I vow you're not above a curse if it answers your purpose."

I was well-nigh putting his words to the truth, but I withheld and answered as coolly as I could: "I should be glad if you would make yourself clearer."

"A truce to such dallying, say I," he cried, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang. "Tell him, Bilton; we waste valuable time and I'm for walking back to London and claiming the reward. There'll be a bag of money for us in this haul."

"The fact is," said Bilton, "we know you to be the Jesuit Priest Simpson, and we must trouble you to accompany us to London for presentation to my Lord Cecil."

I saw then that I'd been tricked and I remembered at once Father Simpson's constant advice as to the necessity at all times of the greatest caution owing to the danger of false brethren. But it occurred to me I might be able to do a little tricking myself with two poor clowns of pursuivants who mistook a mere youth for an ordained priest, at the same time, perchance, rendering poor Father Simpson a service in his terrible peril.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I see I'm caught. But is there no way out of this?"

"None, save the one we've proposed," cried Morley.

"But this is a very serious affair for me," I replied.

"You should have thought of that before you left frog-land."

"You spoke of reward. Perhaps I may do better by you."

"What can you offer?" they asked eagerly.

"How would twenty guineas answer?" I said.

"Bah! there's never one of you yet had so much to his name," cried Morley.

"You have found me an exception in other ways," I said quietly. "Perchance you may do so in this. At least I am prepared to offer you that amount for my freedom."

"We'll get your twenty guineas, never fear, and we'll take you along with us to London," said Morley, as though intimating that the subject was disposed of.

"Then I must rely, gentlemen," I said, rising, "upon my sword."

"There'll be no fighting here," replied Bilton, nervously.

"You had better come quietly," added Morley, "and let us introduce you to royalty. It may be the only chance you'll ever get."

"Enough!" I cried. "Draw, curse you, or by heaven I'll run you both through where you stand. Come on, Father Simpson will fight you both together."

"Zounds! come on then," cried Morley. "If you can fight, you'll be the first priest that was ever known to."

"I'll be the last to you two," I answered, hotly, and made at them.

The clatter and disturbance we made soon brought the whole company running up the stairs from the room below, the landlord and waiters crying, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, for shame! desist!" The others, "Let be! let be! and see some blood trickle." It's a good school for fencing across the channel and I had learned from some of the best masters. But the cleverest sword is at a loss against odds. Morley's was the more skillful and heavier hand, and him I was most anxious to pay; but you cannot watch two pairs of eyes at once, and having failed, after several attempts, to strike home, I was forced at last to fall back entirely on the defensive in the hopes of getting in a home thrust when I had succeeded in tiring one or the other out. But presently, in a rash effort to reach Morley, I left myself open to the other, and he pricked me on the forearm before I could get away. Then, amidst cries of encouragement from the onlookers, they fell savagely upon me, and I was being sore pressed when, crying, "What's this? what's this—a fight?" a stranger burst suddenly into the room, and, upturning our three points, sent my adversaries staggering against the wall.

"Give you good-day, gentlemen," he said, with a low bow. "A somewhat uneven contest, I trow."

That he was a soldier none could dispute; that he was a brave one was evident at a glance; but albeit he had dragged me out of a tight place, there was that about his showy, swag-

gering manner I did not like. He came towards me and put his arm about my shoulder.

"A mere lad, I swear," he said. "Faith, there'll be some in London must look to their laurels. Hast any hurt?"

"A mere scratch," I replied, mopping up the blood with the sleeve of my doublet.

"What brought on the quarrel?" he asked.

"These two deceived me with lies and, having discovered that I was Catholic, sought to rob me of my freedom and force me with them to London."

A long, low whistle escaped his lips.

"Catholic, say you?" he replied. "Deluded youth! know ye not we English have no right to follow the dictates of our consciences, but must consult the wishes of our Scottish king in all matters religious?" And then he laughed out most strangely, "Art servants of Lord Cecil's?" he continued, addressing Bilton and Morley.

"We are, sir," they replied.

"I thought as much," he said, shrugging his shoulders and smiling. "I might have guessed it. Hast ever heard of Sir Francis Walters?"

"We have, sir."

"Hast ever seen him?"

"No, sir."

"Well, look now. I am he. Perchance you've heard of my friendship with your master and my favor with the king?"

"Yes, sir," they answered, bowing low.

"Well, then, tell your master I relieved you of the charge of this young gentleman. He must accompany me!"

"You scarce know who he is, sir," cried Morley. "His name is Thomas Simpson, a Jesuit priest."

The stranger burst into a fit of immoderate laughter which, for a full minute, he was unable to control.

"Indeed, sir," said Bilton, with injured tone, "he has himself confessed it."

"Didst thou?" he asked me, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"They would have it so," I replied, "and I let them think

it. I could soon have proved my identity, and it would have been a fine revenge, had they succeeded in taking me with them to London."

"A pretty game, indeed," he cried. "I begin to regret me that I interfered. Look you," he continued to the pursuivants. "Let me offer you a morsel of advice in this sport of priest hunting. The Jesuits are no fools to turn out mere lads as ordained priests. Neither do they clothe their men in such costly raiment nor perfect them in the science of the sword. If you seek Father Thomas Simpson, go seek him. You have not found him yet. Trust me, 'twill go hard with you on your return to your master with this young gentleman and say he is a Jesuit priest."

"'Tis what I have thought for some minutes past, sir," answered Bilton.

"I see not, then, why he should have offered us a reward," said Morley, sullenly.

"Have done, have done," cried the stranger, angrily. "Landlord, some wine for this young gentleman and myself and clear the room of all these people, or I shall do it for you with the point of my sword. Have my horse ready immediately and saddle the best in your stable for my friend." To the pursuivants: "When you see your master, you may tell him to call on me for an explanation of this affair, and now I give you good day. Either go, or stay and fight me as well as him."

So they left us—Morely sullenly enough—to our wine, and when we had drunk it, we went downstairs, mounted and rode quickly away. My companion set a smart pace, saying he had tarried too long already. "If you go to London," he added, when a steep hill gave us a chance to catch our breath, "I will set you on your way. You can return the horse from the next inn you stop at."

"Is it really Sir Francis Walters I am indebted to?" I asked.

"No," he replied, with a smile, "but anything will do for these fools of priest hunters."

"They seem to have excellent good information," I said.

"They often get it from their masters," he replied, "but know

not how to use it. 'Tis lucky they had never seen Sir Francis. We are on opposite sides—he a protégé of Cecil, myself a Catholic. That's why I stopped to help you out; otherwise, pressing engagements would have forced me to leave you to your own resources. When I return to London in a few days, seek me out, and I think I can find congenial occupation for you. There are big things doing in our way."

Having reached the top of the hill he lapsed into silence again, and we rode hard for the next hour till he suddenly drew rein at a fork in the road.

"There lies your way," he said, "mine is straight ahead; but before we part, you must tell me who you are."

"My name," I replied, "is Geoffrey Sarsfield; my father, Sir William Sarsfield."

"And I," he said with a profound bow, "am Guy Fawkes—profession, soldier of fortune," and, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped quickly away.

OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE.

IN HONOR OF OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE, WHOSE FEAST IS
OBSERVED THE SECOND SUNDAY IN JUNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. JOHN THEODOR
LAURENT, BY JOSEPH J. KOHLRIESER, S.J.

Holy Church celebrates rightly not only the end but also the beginning of the life of Mary; not only her assumption which followed the close of her earthly career but also her birth by which she entered, after her Immaculate Conception, upon life's painful pilgrimage. Since the creation none ever pursued from the dawn to the evening of life such a constant and secure course upon the way of holiness and perfection; never has anyone drawn God's good pleasure so abundantly upon life's every path and way, and never did anyone by all his kind actions heap up in God's sight such treasures of merit as this one of Eve's daughters the most blessed. Therefore, Mother Church rightly puts both the life and journey of her children under the influ-

ence and protection of her who has led and made straight for us the way to the kingdom of heaven. In one of her most beautiful May-hymns in which she greets the mother of God as the star of the sea that points out the way to the mariner, she heaps up her petitions to Mary, but upon her last request she lays a special stress: *Iter para tutum!* "Favor our journey," or "make our way secure." Here no other way or journey can be referred to than that which leads through this vale of tears to our eternal home in heaven. It is our pilgrimage through this temporary land to a blessed eternity that we recommend to the mother of God that she may keep us from going astray and bring us to a happy and glorious destination. Scarcely thirty years ago, a priest of a country village on the western border of Germany was appointed by the Pope to go as a missionary-bishop to foreign lands, on the coasts and islands of the North and Baltic seas. The reverend bishop chose as an escutcheon for his episcopal seal the star of the sea, and as his motto these words of the *Ave Maris Stella*: "Make our way secure!" This invocation infused a well-known priest with such confidence that he voluntarily offered himself to the bishop as a companion and assistant. Though their journey was beset with many difficulties, though divine Providence forced them to follow plans contrary to those proposed and, though one of them suffered shipwreck and perished in the storm, the star of the sea nevertheless did not cease to shine for them; and with no less confidence do they still invoke their faithful beacon: "Make our way secure!" Would that such experiences would enable me to unfold to you the meaning of this most significant prayer! Let us then briefly consider the reasons why we can confidently induce Mary to make our way of life secure, and what it is that we really desire of her.

Man's real destiny upon earth, according to our holy faith, is a preparation for heaven. The home that God has there prepared for us we must merit here by our temporal service. This service is nothing else than our coöperation with the grace of God in faith, hope and charity. Here we should love God in faith, hope and charity, therein possessing and contemplating Him. Thus our life on earth differs from that in heaven as an effect from a cause, as a means from an end. This is why Holy Church calls our life here a state of journeying, and there, a state of rest. On earth we are known as travellers, in heaven as those having reached the goal.

Even Christ, Who came to rescue us after our fall, did not wish to be exempted from this rule. Although, by the union of His human and divine nature He was entitled to enjoy the beatific vision even during His sojourn on earth, yet He freely renounced this right in order by His life and sufferings to merit for us light and grace necessary on our journey and by His example to encourage us to follow His footsteps on our pilgrimage to heaven. He Who said: "In My Father's house there are many mansions," and "I go to prepare a place for you,"¹ told us also: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me."² This is why He could rightly say to His disciples before His death: "Whither I go you know, and the way you know."³ Knowing this we cannot say with doubting Thomas: "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way."⁴ For has He not told us: "I am the way, and truth and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by Me."⁵ He, Himself the truth and the life, is the end we have in view, and the way upon which we are to go. Our Saviour's life on earth was, indeed, a constant journeying. Even as a babe at the breast He had to enter, with His blessed mother and foster-father, upon the weary way of exile. His public life was an uninterrupted "going about doing good."⁶ He came down from heaven, went after His lost sheep on earth, gave for them His life, and then returned back again to His heavenly abode.

As the Son so the mother. For Mary's life was modelled upon His. The life of Mary, like the life of Jesus on earth, was nothing but a constant pilgrimage. From Nazareth, where she was born immaculate, she was taken, at the tender age of three, by her parents, to the temple of Jerusalem, and was there presented and offered up to the Lord. From the cloister of the temple where, according to tradition, under the direction of a pious matron, Mary and other maidens were engaged upon the sanctuary decorations, was she conducted by St. Joseph as his virgin bride to a humble and peaceful dwelling in Nazareth. Overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, her divine spouse, she hastened from Nazareth into the hill-country to visit her cousin Elizabeth, then at Hebron, a city of Judea. There she remained three

(1) St. John xiv. 2.

(4) Ibid. 5.

(2) St. Luke ix. 23.

(5) Ibid. 6.

(3) St. John xiv. 4.

(6) Acts x. 38.

months, praising God and doing acts of Christian charity. Then she returned again to her saintly spouse in Nazareth, to suffer with him the severest trials that ever afflicted virginal hearts devoted to God. After this trial the virgin mother and St. Joseph set out on a few days' journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and there she brought forth the Son of God. From Bethlehem, when the divine infant was forty days old, she carried Him a distance of six miles to the temple of Jerusalem, and there offered up to God the Father, His and her only begotten Son, as a sacrifice of propitiation for the sins of the world. From Jerusalem, Mary accompanied by St. Joseph fled with her son to Egypt to escape the murderous plots of Herod ; and there she dwelled for several years, as tradition has it, in middle Egypt, in the city of Memphis. From Egypt the holy family returned to their native land and abode at Nazareth where "the child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom, and the grace of God was in Him." ¹ From Nazareth, Mary and Joseph made a pilgrimage with Jesus when He was twelve years old to the temple of Jerusalem. There he was pleased to astound, by His superhuman wisdom, the teachers of the law, and to subject His parents to extreme sorrow, by separating Himself from them for three long days. Having found Jesus, Mary and St. Joseph returned with Him from Jerusalem to Nazareth, where He was subject to them and increased in wisdom and grace before God and men. After Jesus had entered on His public life, His mother still accompanied Him to a wedding in Cana of Galilee, where at her request He performed His first miracle. The ungrateful citizens of Nazareth having mistaken and rejected the salvation that was come to them, Jesus and Mary retired to Capharnaum, a city on the sea of Galilee. But only once more do we read in the gospel that the Lord was followed by His mother, while He went about Galilee. The more hidden among the multitude and the more unknown Mary was to her Son, the greater was her desire to hear his holy word and follow His divine teaching. But when Jesus, for the last time went out of Galilee to Judea to begin His passion, His mother was well known to be among His following.

She also followed Him along the blood-stained way of the cross to Calvary where dying He proclaimed her mother of all

(1) St. Luke ii. 40.

those who were redeemed by Him. From Calvary's mount Mary escorted the body of her Son to the sepulchre—the shortest but saddest of all the ways of her sorrow ! After His resurrection she went out with Him to Mount Olivet and beheld Him ascending into Heaven. From Mount Olivet she returned again with the apostles to Jerusalem and awaited with them the coming of the Paraclete. From Jerusalem, according to tradition, Mary emigrated with her foster-son, St. John, to Ephesus, in order to console and edify the infant church, and from Ephesus she returned to Jerusalem, there to die. Her holy soul having separated from her blessed body, the apostles carried her body to a grave in the garden of Gethsemane ; and being again united with her soul, she was borne by angel hands to the throne of God. Thus, we see that the whole life of Mary, in all the phases known to us, was one continuous pilgrimage on earth, until she reached her celestial destination in heaven. Nay, the life of Mary, like the life of Christ, bore more than our own the character of the way of life ; and they were more than we pilgrims and strangers on earth. They had to follow us into a foreign country because we erred and went astray. If Christ was the man whose sheep had wandered away and if He pursued and sought it until it was found, then Mary too was the woman who, having lost a drachma, lit a candle, swept and searched the house until she discovered it again. More fittingly can we say, since it is no mere parable but history itself, that Mary was the mother that sought her lost child ; that had to lose and sacrifice her only begotten Son to find us again and make us, His dearly bought brethren, her adopted children.

Now, what the apostle says of Christ the Lord : “ For in that wherein He Himself hath suffered and been tempted, He is able to succor them also that are tempted,” can also be aptly said of His mother Mary. She, herself having been a severely tried pilgrim on earth, may now too from her heavenly domain come and succor her wandering and sadly tempted children. One of the first and kindest attentions that a mother gives her child is to teach it to stand and to walk. But that which a natural mother affords her child upon the dusty way of life, that too the divine mother does for her children upon the rugged road to heaven. Wherefore, Holy Church rightly teaches us to implore

(1) Hebrews 2, 18.

our heavenly mother with the petition : " Grant us a safe journey ! Make our way secure ! " What is it we ask from her in this petition ? How will our way be secure, our journey safe through this vale of tears to our heavenly abode ? First, we must know and choose the right way, so as not to go astray. There are many ways and by-ways that lead away from the goal, but only one that leads to the goal. Christ has told us that in express terms : " Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there are that go in thereat. How narrow is the gate and straight is the way that leadeth to life : and few there are that find it ! " ¹ " Strive to enter by the narrow gate : for many, I say to you, shall seek to enter and shall not be able. " ² The teaching of Christ points out to us the way of His law and example. The following of Christ ; the denying ourselves of our own personal opinions ; the mortification of our senses, and the checking of our covetousness are the surest and safest ways to the kingdom of God. But the false principles and bad examples of the wicked world, the deceptive delusions of the evil one and our own passion-clouded mind point out to us opposite and perverse ways of pride and of the lust of the flesh and of the lust of the eyes. If we take these, we will have to cry out in the end, with fools : " Therefore, we have erred from the way of truth, and the light of justice hath not shined unto us. We wearied ourselves in the way of iniquity and destruction, and walked through the hard ways, but the way of the Lord we have not known. " ³ Mary through our prayers for grace and light wishes to warn us against these destructive errors. Mary, indeed, as the mother of the Eternal Wisdom and as the spouse of the Holy Ghost is the disposer of untold treasures of light and good counsel. These treasures are for the benefit of her ignorant and doubting children, in order to guide them always along the right path of duty, preserving and storing up for them the gifts of divine grace. Mary speaks to us through the Church in the words of Holy Writ : " I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth " ⁴ — grace to understand and follow the truth of God. " I, wisdom, dwell in counsel ; counsel and equity are mine ; prudence is mine ;

(1) Matthew vii. 13-14.

(3) Wisdom v. 6-7.

(2) St. Luke xiii. 14.

(4) Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 24, 25.

strength is mine. I walk in the way of justice, in the midst of the paths of judgment.”¹ And there all walk that believe in me and accept my counsel. This is why the Holy Church so significantly calls Mary “Mirror of Justice,” “Seat of Wisdom,” “Virgin Most Wise,” “Mother of Good Counsel,” and we cry out in confidence to her, in the hymn, “Light on blindness pour! Keep our life all spotless! Make our way secure!”

Secondly, to keep to the beaten way which we intend to take we stand in need of protection against the dangers that beset our journey and help to avert the obstacles in our path. The very same enemies that try to conceal from us the secure way endeavor also to divert us from the beaten track and to seduce us upon the highway of perdition. The alluring attractions of the world, the goading lusts of the flesh and the lusts and powers of hell cast themselves in our way, prevent us from following Christ and force us from the path of Christian renunciation, mortification and self-denial. Wherefore the prince of apostles admonishes us: “Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims to refrain yourselves from carnal desires which war against the soul.”² And “they that are Christ’s,” says St. Paul, “have crucified their flesh with vices and concupiscences.”³ Nay, this continence from carnal pleasure, this struggle against evil desires is a self-crucifixion and voluntary death. To strengthen us for the combat our Lord has left us in the holy sacrifice and in the sacraments of the Church, especially in the Holy Eucharist, the powers of eternal life. But if we are already infected with the poisonous breath of evil desires, and if our hearts, too, are prone to evil, then the springs of salvation are already nauseous to us, and we loathe the heavenly banquet like the Israelites in the desert who tired of the manna and longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Then it is that we stand in great need of an immediate interior strengthening of the will, which no one save the Holy Ghost can afford us; and then, too, some sudden exterior relief from the threatening danger can avail us, such as the good spirits and angels are wont to bestow. Both Mary can and will obtain for us; for she is the spouse of the Holy Ghost and the queen of angels. Omnipotent by her intercession with God, she can obtain for us grace sufficient and efficacious to stand and conquer

(1) Proverbs viii. 12, 14, 20.

(3) Galatians v. 24.

(2) St. Peter ii. 11.

in the battle of salvation. Her mighty protection suffices to suppress interior temptations, to strike down the enemies that attack us from without, and to keep us from sin. Mary says to us: "I am the mother of fear"—of the fear of God—namely, the greatest gift of the Holy Ghost, of a fear that teaches not to fear the friend, which checks the desire to sin and causes hatred of evil. "He that hearkeneth to me," stands by me, "shall not be confounded, and they that work by me," obey my inspirations, "shall not sin."¹ "The strength" of God "is mine," the Holy Ghost Himself is within me; "by me kings reign,"² *i.e.*, the angels, the princes of heaven are at my command against the enemies of your salvation. Therefore, Holy Church calls Mary, "Virgin Most Powerful! Help of Christians! Tower of David! Tower of Ivory!" Wherefore we may cry out to her in the hymn: "All our ills expelling! Every bliss implore! Make our way secure!"

Thirdly, in order to persevere in the secure way of our happy destiny we stand in need of some refreshment in the hour of weariness and fatigue. The traveller's saddest need and greatest danger arises from loss of strength and courage on account of the difficulties of the way and the exertion of the journey; he is apt to fall by the way and to fail to reach home. Nowhere are there such need and danger as upon the journey through life to heaven. However brief life may be, it nevertheless seems long enough to pass through many troubles and miseries, to bear its many crosses, and put up with its painful sufferings; whereat our senses often grow dull and our hearts so obdurate that we are ready to languish and despair. Who of us has not often agreed with Job, who says: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare, and his days are like the days of a hireling. As a servant longeth for the shade, as the hireling looketh for the end of his work."³ Who has not uttered the yearning cry of David: "O Lord, make me know my end, and what is the number of my days; for I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner as all my fathers were. O forgive me, that I may be refreshed before I go hence and be no more."⁴

In this sadness and fatigue we can and ought to seek strength and consolation in the promises of our Saviour, of life everlasting

(1) Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 24, 30.

(3) vii. 12.

(2) Proverbs viii. 14, 15.

(4) Psalm xxxviii. 5, 6, 13, 14.

and a reward eternal. But the dejection of our soul is frequently so great that even the very invigorating view of heaven above fails to fascinate us ; our sloth is so burthensome that we can scarcely resolve to raise up our brow and let our eyes look aloft. Yet, even when we have roused ourselves to a sense of Christian hope, we are soon frightened by the thought of death ; soon by the vast space of time that still separates us from eternity. We must complain with the apostle, " For we know, if our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven. While we are in the body we are absent from the Lord. But we are confident, and have a good will to be absent rather from the body, and be present with the Lord."¹ And who is there who would dare to promise himself a blessed eternity immediately after death ? Who is there that has not reason to fear that, beyond the grave, he has to pass through a burning desert of purification before he can enter the land of promise ? Wherever we look there is nothing but sadness—sadness within, sadness without, sadness before and over us ! Thus, some relief, some life unsought and almost undesired ought, as it were, be infused and poured into our weary souls, to console and encourage us in the difficulties and sufferings of our sojourn. That only a mother's heart, only a mother's hand can do. And Mary, our heavenly mother, offers to do us this kindness. " I am," says she, " the mother, of fair love and holy hope "—a love that dispels all lukewarmness and overcomes all fatigue. " In me is all hope of life and of virtue," hope that enliveneth, hope that encourageth. " Come over to me all ye that desire me," you who stand in need of me, " and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey, and my inheritance above honey and the honey comb."² No natural mother is so anxious to satisfy her babe as the divine mother desires to comfort and console her spiritual children with all the gifts of divine grace, which the Lord has put into her hand. This is why Holy Church rightly styles Mary: " Virgin most kind ! Consoler of the Afflicted ! Virgin most Amiable ! " and greets her as, " Our life, our sweetness and our hope." We may well in confidence address Mary in our hymn, " Show thyself a mother ! Every bliss implore ! Make our way secure ! "

(1) II Corinthians v. 1, 6, 8. (2) Ecclesiasticus xxiv.

We are not perfectly certain of a secure journey until we have run our race and reached the happy goal of life. To begin well is something ; to persevere is better ; but to end well is everything. As long as our earthly pilgrimage continues, we may still go astray, even lose our holy vocation and so miss the end for which we were created. "He who standeth, let him see to it that he fall not." Death alone decides our eternal lot. In this sense holy Writ says : "If the tree fall to the south or to the north, in which place soever it shall fall there it shall be."¹ Nothing, indeed, is commonly more true than the fact that men die as they have lived. This is just why we must constantly examine and watch over our whole life lest we wander from the way of God's commandments, lose His divine grace and allow death to surprise us in the state of mortal sin and in the hands of an angry God. Therefore, "with fear and trembling work out your salvation," says St. Paul ; for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and accomplish, according to his good will.² "This persevering in good until the end of life is, however, according to the teaching of the Church the fruit of an especial assistance of God's grace, which suffices to make him that stands to stand firm, and to reconcile and raise up again the one that has fallen." (Trid. s. 6, cap 13.)

No one according to the same teaching can promise himself with absolute certainty this special grace of God, but can only confidently expect it from the hand of God's mercy, Who, as He has begun the good work, will also see it accomplished. We must, however, encourage this hope both by a constant guard over our senses and by praying unceasingly for the great "gift of perseverance." Since we can little rely on our own weak and feeble prayers, we can, nevertheless, confidently turn ourselves toward Mary, our great and mighty intercessor. She, who with Jesus, comforted His dying foster-father, St. Joseph, and who stood by the cross of her dying Son, the Man-God crucified, is thereby become the consoling and helping mother of her dying children, and is most powerful to obtain for them the grace of a happy death. She even assures us that "Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth at my gates. He that shall find me shall find life and shall have salvation from the Lord; but he that shall sin against me shall hurt his own soul. All

(1) Ecclesiasticus ii. 3. (2) Philippians xxii. 12, 13.

that hate me love death.”¹ What is more obvious and what more cogent than to say that in the hands of Mary rests our happy end? This is why the Church calls her “Mother of Divine Grace! Refuge of Sinners! Health of the Sick! Cause of Our Joy! Morning Star! Gate of Heaven!” Wherefore the Church also teaches us to pray daily: “Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.” But the happy death, the death in the enjoyment of God’s good pleasure and grace, is the only absolute secure way that leads to the beatific vision and the possession of our supreme good. Therefore we shall cry out in our hymn to Mary, “Make our way secure till we find in Jesus joy forevermore.”

Yea, the reflection of the brilliancy of this bright star that rose above the ocean, is caused by the contemplation of Jesus, a privilege which Mary ever enjoyed. “O!” St. Bernard cries out, “wherever thou art, be it rather among the white-capped waves of the stormy deep than upon firm earth, turn not thy eye away from the ray of this star lest you be engulfed in the receding surge of the ocean. If the storms of temptation arise and impale thee upon the reef of oppression, look up to the star and cry out to Mary! . . . If the weight of thy sins crush thee; if the fear of the judgment seat has already seized thee and thou art about to fall into the infinite abyss of despair, then think of Mary! In danger, in fear, in doubt, think of Mary and invoke her intercession. Let her name never forsake thy lip; never let it vanish from thy heart. To obtain the help of her intercession you must not cease imitating her virtues. While following in her footprints you cannot err, and by invoking her you dare not despair. If she holds you, you cannot fall; if she protects you, you need not fear; if she smiles upon you, you cannot grow fatigued; if she leads you, you will arrive safely, and thus you yourself will experience the power of the name of Mary.” Mary will be to you the star of the sea, guiding you safely through the boundless ocean of time into the secure haven of eternity.

(1) Proverbs viii. 34-36.

WORTHY OF OUR CHARITY.

The following appeal is issued to the Roman Catholic people of the United States and Canada :

The city of Jacksonville, Fla., was visited on Friday, May 3, by a most disastrous fire. Unfortunately, practically everything the Catholics in Jacksonville owned was right in the path of the fire and was completely destroyed.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, erected in the year 1873, value \$20,000, was totally destroyed and nothing remains to show that a Church existed except a few scattering walls. The parochial residence, valued at \$18,000, was also totally destroyed. St. Mary's Home for Orphan Children was destroyed, and the orphans, who have been taken care of for so many years, were left homeless.

St. Joseph's Convent, which was completed only a year ago at a cost of \$45,000, was also destroyed, thus leaving without shelter or means of support the good sisters of the Order of St. Joseph.

So that to-day the Catholics of this city find themselves without a place to worship (except in two hospital tents furnished by the government), without a home for the priests, without a home for the sisters and without a home for the orphans or a school for the children. The Catholic congregation in Jacksonville is very small, being only three per cent of the entire population, and they are almost all in an impoverished condition ; hence, unless we receive help from the outside Catholic world, it will be impossible to continue the work of Catholic progress in this community.

The Jacksonville Relief Association has issued the statement given below, which tells quite plainly the actual conditions in the city.

We call upon the Catholic people in the United States and Canada to help us in this great calamity. The immediate needs of the Catholics who have been burned out are being attended to in common with others by the Jacksonville Relief Association. Money is needed, however, to be used to some extent in relieving the destitute Catholic families, but mainly to be used in rebuilding the Convent, Orphanage, Church and Residence above mentioned.

Contributions should be sent to Very Rev. Wm. J. Kenny or Bion H. Barnett, First Vice-President National Bank of Jacksonville.

Right Rev. John Moore, D.D., Bishop of St. Augustine.

Very Rev. Wm. J. Kenny, Vicar-General Diocese of St. Augustine and Pastor Church of Immaculate Conception.

PARISH COUNCIL.

Wm. Byrne,

Peter A. Dignan,

Hugh J. Dennin,

C. Robio Bisbee,

Francis P. Conroy, Secretary.

MISSION NOTES.

MISSIONARIES.

Of all the foreign missionaries of the Catholic Church, including lay-brothers of religious orders and nuns, France supplies about five-sixths. The various associations, mostly French in origin, formed amongst the faithful to collect funds for mission work, distribute annually something over \$2,500,000 to more than 300 missions.

CHINA.

Although so much ruin has been already wrought and is still threatening in China, the time of persecution is never without its signal profit for the true Church. The conversions were more than usually numerous in China, even while the Boxer horrors were raging in some of the provinces. Thus, in northern Ho-nan there were more converts from paganism in 1900 than there had been for twenty years before. In the vicariate of Nankin, in 1899-1900, there were 3,730 converts. Here all the missionaries were able to remain at the stations, and no denial of the faith is said to have occurred. Thirty-two new stations were opened. During the last three years, the number of Christian settlements in this vicariate has been increased by 179, the total number now being 996

The French Society of Foreign Missions have registered many thousands of converts in 1900, although they have lost in the massacres one bishop and nine priests, while two of their vicariates have been completely ruined, and others much injured. In the province of Hoo-pe, also, conversions were very numerous.

THE ASSUMPTIONISTS IN THE ORIENT.

The valiant priests of the Assumption, suppressed lately by the French government, carry on their apostolate in the East by primary schools, the education of native priests and by their own direct priestly ministry. They have in Thrace, Bulgaria, Asia Minor, twenty-seven religious houses; fifteen of men and twelve of the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption. There are 115 students in their two native seminaries. Their schools contain 1200 boys and 1350 girls. Besides they attend about twenty missions without residences. In all their Eastern missions they have 195 religious—eighty-two priests, 113 brothers, 124

sisters, and about forty helpers. Conversions amongst the schismatical or separated Christians of those countries are not easy. The calumnies spread by the Greeks against the Catholic Church correspond with those of the Protestant reformation. The spreading of railroads through Asia Minor opens the way for the Gospel. Established at Constantinople, the Assumptionist Fathers have been inspired by the view of these regions formerly all fervently Christian and Catholic. Success blesses their labors and those of other workers, even in the most unpromising quarters.

IN ARMENIA.

South of the Caucasus and the Black sea, the mission of Armenia is due to the direct personal zeal and action of Pope Leo. The Armenians are intelligent and enterprising; they are found everywhere, and the great Pontiff hoped that, if converted, they would become apostles. He confided to the Jesuits of Lyons the parts of Armenia not yet evangelised by Catholic missionaries. The mission contains the two great tracts of Adana and Sivas with a part of Angora, or the ancient provinces of Pontus, Cappadocia, and Cilicia, containing in all a population of 2,282,000; of these 1,134,000 are Mahometans; 500,000 native Christians; about 14,000 Protestants and 12,000 Catholics. Scattered through this population are six residences of missionaries. In one of the missions, Amassia, at the close of the first year, there were 120 children in the school. The work of education has gone on successfully, and, besides the converts, scattered Catholics have been sought out and brought to the practice of their religion.

OCEANICA.

The Gilbert Islands.—These number eighteen in a group or archipelago, each having a flourishing Catholic congregation. In all there are 10,000 Catholics in charge of eleven missionaries of the Sacred Heart (Issondun), under Mgr. Leray, vicar-apostolic.

ST. XAVIER'S MISSION,

ST. XAVIER P. O., MONT., May 3, 1901.

Rev. dear Father:

Many thanks for your kind letter with enclosed check for eighteen dollars which I duly received few days ago. I will say the Masses in honor of St. Joseph as soon as possible. I would ask you to have prayers offered for the conversion of the poor Crow

Indians. I am here among them since nine years and I see no fruit at all of my work. Our greatest hope was with the children, but the government takes them away from our school to put them in his own. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on these poor Indians. Asking remembrance in your prayers, I am,

Infimus in Christo Frater,

J. BOSCHI, S.J.

FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The diocese of Lyons, in France, which was the cradle of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, contributed towards it, last year, the sum of 468,391 francs—that is, 2,300 more than during the preceding year.

SHRINE NOTES.

As announced in the PILGRIM for May the land directly north of the Shrine has been purchased from the estate of John V. Putman. It is a parcel of about four acres, extending along the Glen road, with the exception of about half an acre belonging to Mr. Jay Irving, and down to the Fultonville road. The hotel known as the Putman House at the northwest corner of the lot is included in this purchase. The price was \$2,150, of which \$1,350 was paid in cash, the balance \$800 by assuming a mortgage already on the property which we hope to pay off during the year. We were enabled to effect this purchase partly by the charity of the benefactors of the Shrine, three of whom contributed \$1,200. We trust that other benefactors will enable us to clear the mortgage and make the necessary alterations on the premises, especially in the hotel, before offering it to a tenant. This would enable us to devote the proceeds of the Passion Play, about \$1,300, partly to paying off the debt of the Shrine and partly to the new marble statue of Our Lady of Sorrows which should be ready for the crowning ceremony next year the latest.

Already the new property has been fenced around, the trees transplanted along the new boundaries, the line of the Way of the Cross extended so as to make the descent on the hillside more gradual and the trees about the station planted so as to make a broader and more regular avenue. The Way of the Cross begins as formerly near the memorial cross at the middle

gateway, stretches about one hundred feet further down the hill, and then rises again, not by the straight and steep route under the flagpole, but by the more gentle slope near the old Indian well, past the residence of the priests and on towards the Calvary, the mound of which has been refilled and covered. This change, which could not be made before acquiring the new property, adds much to the beauty of the grounds and to the convenience of the pilgrims. If everything is favorable the hotel and other accommodations will be increased and improved in good time for the pilgrimages this year.

The crown of thorns in gold, set with precious gems, is now ready. As the new statue cannot be finished this year, the ceremony of offering it at the Shrine cannot be held until 1902. Meanwhile, we shall endeavor to devise some means by which those who are interested in the Shrine can have the pleasure of seeing this beautiful tribute of piety to our Lady.

The gold and precious stones for the new chalice are now in the hands of the goldsmith, and it will be ready for the pilgrimage this summer. The last contribution to it was a handsome gold watch, the dying bequest of a young man, Mr. T. A. Mulry, of the graduating class of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, for whom we bespeak the prayers of friends of the Shrine.

In a few days the new statue of St. Joseph will be placed in the grotto prepared for it along the roadside on the way to the Ravine. The statue is six feet high, made of zinc, and will rest on a pedestal two feet, three inches high. The niche is a framework of wire about twelve feet high and six feet wide, which will be covered with vines. The statue will be blessed on the occasion of the first pilgrimage of this season, Sunday, June 30, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes.

The story in this issue, by Harry Vincent, will interest our readers many of whom liked his last story so well that they were disappointed when it was concluded in last December's issue, the inadvertence of the printer in putting "to be continued" at the end misleading them to expect a further chapter of it.

THE SHRINE BAZAAR.

The following is a list of the prizes to be awarded on shares, at a drawing to be held before September 1, at Auriesville, N. Y., the exact date to be announced in the *PILGRIM* for August.

As our readers know the object of this bazaar is manifold: to

help clear the debt of \$2,000 for improvements on the Shrine grounds and to obtain money enough for the new marble statue or group of the Pieta, about \$2,000, and the expenses for the ceremony of crowning which will require at least \$1,000 additional.

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. A diamond ring. | 5. Lady's diamond pin. |
| 2. Lady's gold watch. | 6. A Franklin Typewriter. |
| 3. Diamond earrings. | 7. Amethyst Rosary on rolled gold. |
| 4. Pen and holder, all gold. | 8. Handsome set of Vestments(white). |

Every one of these prizes is beautiful and valuable. Tickets for shares with coupons attached will be arranged in book form, each book containing a ticket for each prize, together with eight other blank tickets, in case some should wish to buy more than one share on any special prize. Shares on each prize are twenty-five cents. Books will be mailed to friends of the Shrine who will kindly return them in case they cannot dispose of any shares. Books will be sent to others on application; but it should be understood that we do not wish this bazaar to interfere with any charitable enterprise more urgent or nearer home.

Friends of Auriesville owe a pious memento in their prayers to Abbé Verreau, as the following newspaper report will show: "By the death of the Rev. Abbé Verreau, principal of the Jacques-Cartier Normal School, Montreal, has lost a prominent educator and historian. Hospice Anthelme Jean Baptiste Verreau was born at L'Islet, Quebec, on September 6, 1828. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary and was ordained priest in 1851. He was appointed principal of the St. Therese College in 1857. He was one of the founders of the Société Historique and first president, and had held the chair of Canadian history at Laval University since 1887. In 1872 he was commissioned by the Quebec government to make investigations among European archives for documents bearing upon Canadian history, and he embodied the results of his inquiries in a report published both in French and English. He contributed many historical papers to the "Memoires de la Société Historique de Montreal" and to the records of the Royal Society of Canada. He also published two volumes of "Memoirs" relating to the invasion of Canada. His library of Canadiana was one of the most complete in existence." Among other collections of his are many important documents relating to the history of the missionaries whose memory we honor at Auriesville.

PORTRAIT OF PÈRE MARQUETTE DISCOVERED IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, March 5.—(*Continued from May number.*)—Father Marquette came to Canada in September, 1666, and the date of the panel is 1669. From this Father Jones concludes that the panel must have been either a copy of an original previously existing in France or that it was made in Canada. The latter supposition he considers altogether inadmissible.

The signature, "R. Roos, 1669," is also hard to explain. There was a large family of that name in Germany and a number of them were painters. Elihu Rich's hand-book of biography mentions the following: "John Henry (1631-1685), Theodore, his brother (1638-1698), Philip, second son of John Henry, commonly called Rosa de Tivoli, from his long residence in that city where he enjoyed a high reputation as a painter of animals and landscapes (1655-1705); John Melchior, a brother of the latter (1659-1731,) and Joseph, a grandson of Philip, painter and engraver (about 1728-1790)."

According to dates, John Henry, Theodore or Philip are considered by Father Jones as among those who might have done the work in question. He thinks it possible that Philip may have signed the work by the name of R. Roos, for Rosa, since he was called Rosa de Tivoli. This supposition can hardly be entertained, however, because Philip Roos, in 1669, would have been only fourteen years of age.

A strange coincidence exists in the fact that just as the discussion of the personality of this painter is being investigated a Jesuit Father, who is probably a descendent of the Roos family, has died in the person of Father Philip Roos, a native of Zambach, a village of Prussia, where he was born on November 22, 1835. His death occurred at Creighton University in the city of Omaha. Some days ago Father Jones received a letter from that institution asking his advice with regard to the alleged picture of Father Marquette and the identity of the painter.

It is possible that another painter by the name of Roos, whose first name began with "R," may have existed about that time, but it seems strange that no biographical work that can be found contains any mention of such a person. The style of the work is that of a painter of great ability who would be likely to attract the greatest attention. Another argument which might be brought forward against the authenticity of the painting is that at the date mentioned thereon Father Marquette had not yet dis-

tinguished himself. He was then in Canada or, rather, on the mission of the Saint-Esprit, on Lake Superior, in the neighborhood of the present city of Duluth. He died on his way back to Canada at River Marquette, later corrupted to River Marguerite, and now the town of Ludington, Mich.

Of course, the family of Marquette was in easy circumstances and were socially among the first, if they were not, indeed, the most distinguished family of Laon, and it is possible that they should have employed an artist of high repute and great ability to produce a duplicate picture as a remembrance of a distant member of the family.

There is no record of the sending of such a picture to Canada, and the official record of Father Casot's effects (Quebec, March 28, 1800), made immediately after his death, contain no record of such a painting. The archives of the religious communities of Quebec are equally silent on the subject. Father Jones and the other historical searchers who have been studying the authenticity of the panel are of opinion that it should be submitted to the critical examination of experts in the matter who could determine the authenticity of the signature, dates and inscriptions. In the meantime, searchers after historical knowledge suspend judgment.

The inscription "Marquette de la Confrérie de Jesus" is not in accord with the usual inscriptions of that date. The Jesuits were never known as a "confrérie," but during the seventeenth century were referred to commonly as "Société de Jesus." Other inscriptions are faintly visible on the front of the picture toward the upper left-hand side. Some of the members of the Ontario Historical Society, who have examined the panel, believe that they distinguish the letters "S.J.," which are the initials generally used nowadays for the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits. Father Jones is authority for the statement that in the archives of the time at which this panel is supposed to have been made these initials were not used. Another inscription appears to begin with the letters "A. M.," and after a space a sign which appears to be the tail of a letter "G." This may be the initials of the Jesuits' motto. "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam" ("To the greater glory of God"). There appears to be small chance of determining the identity of the picture on this side of the Atlantic. An attempt was made at the time of the meeting of the Librarians from the United States last summer in this city to have the por-

trait brought here for their examination. Mr. McNab refused to let the treasure out of his hands, however, unless an insurance of \$3,000 could be effected upon it. An attempt was made to effect this insurance, but only \$2,000 could be obtained and Mr. McNab refused to let it go unless insurance could be effected for the larger amount. There is no doubt that a test could be made to determine whether the inscriptions on the front of the picture are of the same date as the picture itself. Such a test would destroy anything inscribed on the picture of a later date while leaving the original painting intact.

The picture shows a man in the costume worn by the Jesuits of the time, with the biretta faintly outlined, as well as the large collar of a cloak and the rolling collar worn at that time by the Jesuit Fathers.

Father Jones forwarded a photograph of the panel to the Rev. Father Hamy, S. J., who is stationed at Boulogne sur Mer. That father became very enthusiastic about it and believes that it is really a picture of the illustrious discoverer. Writing to the Rev. Father Jones, he says: "The day after I received the photograph I met with a grandson of Mr. Dagneau de Richecourt, whose wife was a Marquette, and he (the grandson) says that the photograph bears a striking resemblance to one of his two uncles." The Rev. Father Hamy, in an article in *Etudes*, a Paris review, speaks of this picture as likely to prove authentic and indulges in the hope of tracing another picture of Marquette to its hiding-place in France. In a later letter to Father Jones, Father Hamy informs him that he has found the person whom he expected to aid him in the pursuit of this supposed picture, but that person, who was a connection of the Marquette family, could afford him no assistance. The Rev. Father Hamy has caused a life-sized painting to be prepared from the photograph sent him by Father Jones.

The question, therefore, remains unsettled, and will remain so.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y. . .	\$5.00	S. R. S., Libertytown, Md., for	
Mrs. G., in thanksgiving . . .	20.00	Statue of St. Joseph.	\$1.00
Anon50	M. C., Pilot Grove, Mo. . . .	3.55
J. McC., Phila.	5.00		

FOR THE CHALICE.

Mrs. M., a ruby. T. G. A. M., New York, a gold watch (dying bequest). K. P., Ireland, a gold watch.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

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No. 7.

THE JESUIT REDUCTIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

FAILURE AT NIAGARA.

BY THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THE Neutral Nation situated at the north of Lake Erie extends as far as the country of the Iroquois, from which it is separated by the Niagara River. The Neutrals are a handsome people, tall and strong, but very cruel. In fact, no American tribe equals them in ferocity. For example, they burn at the stake the women prisoners of war. Their customs are the same as those of the Hurons, but they are more depraved, which is saying a good deal, and more superstitious. A singular fact established by the historian is that in all the savage tribes of North America superstition increases in direct line with depravity. The country is covered with pretended madmen who are very dangerous, and who give themselves up when it suits their fancy to all the promptings of a superheated imagination. Under pretext of making themselves favorable to their *Okis* they hurry from village to village, stark naked, without even their traditional breech-clout, flinging everywhere, at the risk of setting fire to the cabins, blazing torches, overturning and destroying everything they meet. Woe to one who would oppose these immoral and dangerous performers! They would incur the wrath of the *Okis* who inspire them. There are in this country, which is about thirty leagues distant from that of the Hurons, about forty villages and at least 12,000 souls.

Hardly had the two Jesuits put foot upon the ground than they met with unforeseen prejudice and hostility. Huron deputies had spread in all the villages the most sinister reports. "If you don't kill the Jesuits," they said, "they will kill you in great numbers, just as they have made our old men and warriors and children die." They said, referring to Father de Brébeuf: "*Echon* has declared I will remain so many years among the Neutrals; I will make so many die, and then I will go elsewhere to do the same thing until I have destroyed the whole country." In order to induce the chiefs of the nation to put the two missionaries to death they had made them a present of nine French axes.

These calumnies had alarmed the whole country. Their presence convinced the chiefs of the wicked designs and guilty purpose of the European sorcerers, and the people saw in the articles which the missionaries carried—viz., Breviaries, Beads, Crucifixes, etc.—only objects of witchcraft. The chiefs and the old men called a council to deliberate on their course of action.

Father de Brébeuf, who knew by experience that audacity and bravery always made a great impression on the Indians, walked into their assembly, not merely as a simple spectator but as a stranger coming to give an account of his mission, and in order to conciliate the good will of his chiefs, he offered to the one who presided a collar of China beads which was made up of nearly two thousand grains. "We do not want your presents," exclaimed the chief, "you must quit the country." Another added, "Do you not know the danger you are in? The people want to kill you. We know that you have injured the Hurons. We do not want to be treated as they were." Father de Brébeuf tried to explain, but their yells and menaces prevented him from speaking. He withdrew very quietly, but resolved to preach the gospel if it cost his own and Father Chaumonot's life. It was of importance to prove to the Indian that the ambassador of the great *Oki* of Europe had no fear of death, and good resulted from this fearless and tranquil attitude of the two missionaries. No one dared to lift a hand against them whether because of a superstitious fear which

was inspired, or because divine Providence was watching over them.

According to their custom, and without concern as to what might happen, they began the visits to the cabins. Everywhere they were met with injuries, repulses and threats of being killed and eaten. Altogether they visited eighteen villages and stopped for a while in ten of them. As soon as they would approach a settlement they would hear cries on all sides, "Here comes the *Agouas*! Shut your doors!" Ten villages refused to receive them; in others the greater part of the cabins were closed against them. One is surprised, in fact, that they did not die of hunger and cold during the five months of winter that they passed among the Neutrals.

One evening, worn out by fatigue, shivering with cold and almost sinking from exhaustion, they found themselves outside the door of a cabin. A little while afterwards an Indian came out. Immediately, trusting to the laws of hospitality, the missionaries entered the cabin and sat down. Astounded by so much boldness the Indians looked at each other, glanced at the missionaries in silence, and then sent out a messenger to all the other huts to tell what had happened. An exasperated throng gathered around the wigwam. "Clear out and leave the country," said an old chief, "or we will boil you in a cauldron and make a feast of you." A young man cried out. "We have had enough of the black flesh of our enemies; we want something now that is white." A warrior enters like a madman and aims an arrow at Father Chaumonot who regards him straight in the eye, all the while commending himself to the Archangel, St. Michael.

Some days after, Father de Brébeuf had a frightful vision. During his night examination of conscience a furious spectre appears to him holding three javelins in his hand and uttering threats of death against the apostles. He tried to throw his first javelin, then the second, then the third, and each time some mysterious hand prevented him. Was this a warning from heaven? When the examen was over Father de Brébeuf told his vision to Father Chaumonot. They made their confession to each other, and, full of confidence with their hearts at peace,

they stretched themselves out on the ground and went to sleep. Towards midnight, the savage in whose cabin they were, arrived and woke them. He told them that the inhabitants of the village had held a council ; that three times the young braves had offered to assassinate the two strangers, but that the old men had always opposed them. Father Chaumonot realized in all this what his companion had seen in the vision. "However," he wrote "although the old men had been able to prevent the angry warriors from killing us, they could not prevent the other evil effects which the calumny of the Hurons about our being sorcerers had produced. No one wished to give us shelter, even during the night, although it was bitterly cold."

What was to be done in this state of excitement in which the whole country was. A mission was impossible. The two apostles had struggled to the end against the ill will of the Neutrals. They had exposed themselves to every danger. They had undergone all sorts of abuse ; they had endured famine and cold and had not shrunk from any fatigue ; but during these five months they had not triumphed over the obstinacy of a single adult. The professional madmen, moreover, finally dared to rummage their baggage under their very eyes and to take whatever object pleased their fancy. If only their insolence stopped there ! But, free as they were to do everything because they declared they were inspired by the *Okis*, they gave themselves up to the most revolting improprieties. "To remain any longer among these barbarians," writes Father Chaumonot, "would have been to embitter rather than to soften them." The two missionaries regained St. Mary's through the melting snows of the springtime. They had preached the word of God where, so far, no white men had penetrated ; at Onguiara, namely, a village situated near the river which is now called Niagara which flows from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario.

ONLY A CONVENT GIRL.

BY ELLEN GRACE.

NATALIE leaned her pretty head upon her hand and looked very pensive as she conned over slowly a letter she had just written. It was a letter to her father ; this was her eighteenth birthday, and she had written to remind him of this fact, and to inform him that her course of studies at the convent boarding-school would finish in just one month, and to ask what were his future plans for her.

She had now been ten years at the convent, and in all that time had known no other home. Her father was an Englishman and a Protestant ; he had married, when quite young, a beautiful Irish girl ; it was a love match, bitterly opposed by his family. The promise exacted that their children should be brought up Catholics cost him a great effort. He made it, however, heroically. His sincerity had to be put to the test very soon, for his lovely wife died in giving birth to a daughter of whom he was now the sole guardian. He felt an absolute aversion for the little one whose life had cost him so dear—had, in fact, robbed him of all his happiness. He saw little of her ; when old enough to be taken from the hands of the nursery governess he had placed her at school in a convent in France, feeling that in so doing he would best acquit himself of his obligation to bring her up a Catholic. At regular intervals he wrote to the Superior and dutifully enquired for his child ; to the child herself, when she had merged into girlhood, he occasionally wrote ; but his letters were so cold and formal ; they chilled the heart of the young girl wont to be so warm and affectionate. So time went on ; twice only in all the ten years had she seen him. Natalie had never met any of her father's relatives ; she knew he had one sister who was married and lived in Italy.

Mr. Langdon was visiting this sister when Natalie's letter reached him. He read the letter aloud, and was greatly surprised when Mrs. Rutherford said instantly : " Let her come here, George ; we shall be glad to welcome her."

"Is it possible," said Mr. Langdon, sarcastically, "that you will receive a Papist?"

"Oh, she will not long remain one here, George," she quickly replied, adding with some asperity: "You surely have satisfied your conscience as to your promise of bringing her up a Catholic. You have left her at the convent until she tells you herself the nuns have nothing more to teach her. Let her come here now to her own kith and kin and see and learn things for herself. A few talks with Clara will do much to open her eyes and to rid her of her nonsense and superstition."

Now Clara, Mrs. Rutherford's only daughter, was a college graduate and a new woman of the most pronounced type. Mrs. Rutherford had one other child, a son; that Natalie should be his wife she had already determined. This was the *arrière pensée* which underlay the cordiality of her invitation. She was a thorough woman of the world. Marriage, in her eyes, should not be a matter of sentiment. Money and social advantages were the only things to be considered. She had given up all hopes of influencing Clara in her choice of a husband or anything else, as she had long since emancipated herself from her mother's tutelage in all things. With Henry it was different. She believed she could manage him. Natalie was her choice. She was an heiress in her own right. A Papist daughter-in-law was, of course, out of the question; but she did not for a moment imagine that the girl of eighteen could long resist the influence of her thinking family.

The letter of invitation was duly despatched. To Natalie herself it was a great surprise; a shock, too, for it meant immediate departure from the convent—the convent which she loved so well, and where she had spent so many happy days. There was one consolation in it all: she was going to Italy, and what young girl of a poetic and artistic nature does not feel a thrill of delight at the thought of that ideal land? And Natalie was a born artist; her sketch-book showed much good work. Before her now lay a new one; she took it up lovingly and was almost tempted to whisper to it where it was going. Already in imagination she saw reproduced on its present blank pages many a picturesque scene. They were to

travel by way of the Rhine and Switzerland ; her father had promised to come for her himself.

Soon the convent walls were left far behind, and they were steaming out of the great "gare" bound for Cologne, where was made their first halt. The great Cathedral was visited; it filled Natalie with wonderment and delight. The next morning found them embarked on a commodious steamer to start on their sale up the beautiful Rhine. It all seemed like a delightful dream to Natalie; her ardent, enthusiastic nature was drinking in at great draughts the beauty which surrounded her. Her sketch-book was opened, not, however, for the first time. Already she had outlined on its initial page her father's features. Now, glancing over her shoulder, it was with no small satisfaction he saw excellently portrayed before him his own handsome and striking face. Beneath it Natalie had written in the original German, these lines of Schiller :

" My father has not altered.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me."

Deeply touched, Mr. Langdon asked for the book that he might add some lines. His present environment, the Rhine-land landscape stretched out before him, the guttural tones of the Teutonic sounding in his ears, revived in his own memory strains of long-forgotten German poetry ; so, taking up the poem where Natalie left off, he wrote :

" I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name, and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illumine my soon extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of care
Lo! Mother Nature
Within the peaceful, silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike."

They exactly expressed the sentiments of his own heart, and Natalie had found in him what she had hardly dared to hope for—a truly affectionate father.

Their journey was over all too soon. Natalie's glimpse of Switzerland fairly enraptured her; she could only be induced to proceed on her father's promise that they should return in the following summer and spend several months exploring the Helvetian lakes and mountains. Then came the enchanting journey over the St. Gothard Pass into Italy, *il bel paese che il mar' circonde e gli Alpi*. They went straight through to Florence. Mrs. Rutherford had written urging them to come quickly, as she had arranged to give a grand reception in Natalie's honor that week; she added that it could not be postponed, as there happened to be some very notable people in Florence just then whose presence would help to make the affair a brilliant success. Social laws were all imperative with Mrs. Rutherford, so they felt they must obey. They arrived in Florence in due time. At the station awaiting them was young Henry Rutherford; the cordial smile of welcome with which he came forward to greet them became so well his bright, open, young face, that Natalie felt at once he was made for something high and noble. As he spied what he called his little French cousin a responsive feeling of admiration seized him. It was evident from the first that they would be friends. That Natalie surely needed a friend in the circle she was about to enter we shall soon see. All passed off well at first. Mrs. Rutherford was profuse in her expressions of welcome; the reception was pronounced a great success; Natalie was charming. Even the intellectual Clara was interested in her. She was "a sort of study you know."

Natalie was young and could not fail to take some pleasure in this, her first taste of the world and society. But its glamour soon wore off; the low ideals of the worldling disgusted her; his self-sufficiency and free-thought shocked and pained her. Happily Florence afforded other resources; its churches and picture galleries were a never-ending delight and, whenever she could, Natalie stole away from formal receptions and other social functions. Her daily intercourse with those

at home was equally distasteful ; but from this she could not escape. Sneering remarks were constantly made about relics and devotion to the saints and, in short, about Catholic practices in general. In this Henry never joined. Poor Natalie ! Her position there was a difficult one indeed, and more than once she was tempted to seek refuge in flight. Just as she was planning how she could effect her purpose and accomplish the long journey back to her convent home, something happened which precipitated matters. She had had a sleepless night and, tossing to and fro, had asked herself repeatedly, if, for the sake of peace and of pleasing her father, it was right for her to bear it longer in silence. At early dawn she arose ; the Mass bells were already ringing and she was soon among the worshippers in the beautiful church of the Annunziata. It happened to be the patronal feast of the church, the Feast of the Annunciation, and a great day in Florence. The Miraculous picture of the Madonna was unveiled and the church was gorgeous in its rich hangings of scarlet and gold.

Just one year ago that day had ended a novena to our Lady, in which Natalie had joined with a classmate of hers at the convent, to obtain the cure of the latter's mother who was paralyzed. A few days later her friend had come to her with joy, to tell her that on the very day the novena ended her mother had regained the use of her limbs. Filled with these reminiscences and with a deep sense of love and gratitude to our Lady, Natalie arose from her knees. All unconsciously her devotions had been prolonged that morning and it was late when she reached home—so late that she was the last to enter the breakfast-room. All were laughing loudly ; it seems an account of some recent miracles worked by the Madonna had appeared in the morning papers and this had furnished the subject of their mirth. Natalie's entrance did not serve to allay it, the joking continued. She was too shocked to speak ; it seemed to her almost blasphemous. Her eyes filled with tears and she left the table—her breakfast untouched. Such a move on Natalie's part, her aunt well knew portended something serious. All looked at one another in consternation. Mrs. Rutherford hastily arose and followed Natalie to her room.

She asked if she were ill, thus, though divining the cause of her sudden exit, ignoring it in her inquiries.

Natalie answered in all simplicity : " Yes, dear aunt, I am ; weary, too, and sick at heart. I promised papa that I would be patient with you all ; but on the other hand I did not promise that I would submit to insult. I am a child of that Church upon which you persist in heaping ridicule and contumely. I should be an unworthy one were I to submit to it longer. I shall leave to-night for Paris, whence I can easily make my way to the convent."

Mrs. Rutherford was stunned. Was it possible that this young girl was setting herself up against her whole family and threatening to go out from them all, because, forsooth, they did not respect the Virgin Mary and the Saints? Yet, so it was. Natalie was deeply imbued with principles of faith, and her one desire now was to get away from this atmosphere of unbelief ; it seemed to her pestilential. Mrs. Rutherford, on the other hand, felt that her departure must, at all hazards, be prevented. Natalie was a prize for which she was angling and she could not let her escape now that she was almost within her grasp. She hastened to mollify her, assuring her that they would in future avoid all such subjects in her presence. Natalie felt that it would not do for her to refuse to accept her aunt's apologies ; so, though somewhat doubting their sincerity, she acquiesced. It cost her, however, a great effort, as the hope of getting back to the convent, even under such painful circumstances, had cheered her ; now all seemed dark again.

Mrs. Rutherford's subsequent soliloquy was not directed heavenwards ; she was of the earth earthy ; Natalie was an enigma to her. Now, in the sanctum of her own apartments, she indulged in a tirade against her. " To think that I should have to humble down to that little Papist ! What an impudent little hussy she is. Ah ! She is a chip of the old block—that Popish mother of hers ! How artful she was to extort promises to priests from my dear brother ! "

Clara admired Natalie's pluck, as she called it, and desired more than ever to convert her. She dared not now openly attack Catholic belief, but seized every opportunity of giving

an exposition of her own atheistic doctrines. The air of assumption and self-conceit with which she did so, so betrayed her own foolishness and vanity, that Natalie felt to argue with her just yet would be useless. With Henry it was otherwise. His agnosticism was not the result of vanity; he simply knew nothing about religion; had never been taught to think of it seriously; he had grown up in the atmosphere of infidelity so general in universities. Natalie frequently had long talks with him; she had taken a good course of Catholic philosophy and was able to give a reason for the faith which was in her. Henry listened eagerly: first, because he admired Natalie's earnestness and found her an interesting talker; secondly, because, all unconsciously to himself, her words were filling a vacuum in his soul. The friendship of the young people deepened as time went on and an affection was growing up between them. Henry interrupted their arguments one day by saying suddenly: "Natalie, you yourself are the most convincing argument of the supernatural you have yet offered me. There is, certainly, something of the angel about you—what is it?"

This was said not in the language of flattery but in a tone of deep conviction. Natalie answered in all simplicity: "He has made us a little less than the angels. Oh, Henry! Why do you lie grovelling beneath?"

Henry was deeply touched at her ardor, and answered in an equally serious tone: "How can I arise? What am I to do?"

Natalie, overjoyed, exclaimed: "Ask it of Him, Henry! Say: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' We must seek if we wish to find."

"I will," responded Henry in the strong, resolute tone which bespoke a determined will.

It was the spring and soon Natalie was on her way to Switzerland with her father, to spend the summer there, as he had promised her. She heard occasionally from Henry and felt that all was going well. On Natalie's suggestion he had gone to Father Joseph, a saintly friar, to whom Natalie had often had recourse in her own difficulties, and placed himself under instruction.

Meantime, her own days passed delightfully. Her father knew interesting and charming people everywhere, and the presence of his charming young daughter caused him to be eagerly sought after at all the fashionable resorts. The Count de C—— was a frequent visitor ; he was devoted in his attentions to Natalie ; but she appeared not to heed it. Though hardly conscious of it herself, she was no longer mistress of her own heart ; no words of love had passed between her and Henry, yet there was a something tacit which had made it unnecessary.

On her return to Florence her first thought was of Henry. He was away, his mother told her, touring through the Apenines. From Father Joseph she heard more exactly of his whereabouts. He was at a monastery making a retreat. He had proved a docile catechumen, and just one week before had been admitted to the waters of baptism. Father Joseph had watched the workings of divine grace in this soul, and felt that a crisis was now at hand. He it was who had advised Henry to make a retreat before meeting Natalie again. He felt that great sacrifices were in store for these two courageous young souls, and that they were in need of great grace. He urged Natalie, therefore, to continue her good office of intercessor, and he himself did not fail to pray earnestly for them both.

Natalie found all serene in her aunt's household. No one there suspected the crisis that was impending. " Henry, a Catholic! How will they receive the news?" This was her one thought. That a shock, too, was in store for herself, she little dreamed. The day of Henry's return, so long looked forward to, came at last. It was a day of great rejoicing. His mother who, where all else was concerned, seemed utterly destitute of heart, really loved her son; on him were pinned all her hopes. He looked magnificent as he came towards her, holding out both his hands in the warmth of his greeting. She felt that he had never before looked so handsome ; there certainly was a new light in his eyes. Natalie alone knew whence it came, though even she did not know all it portended. They set long over the dinner-table that evening. Henry had never seemed so

bright and gay. Dinner over, he lingered a little in the conservatory. He knew that Natalie often came there to gather a few flowers for her altar preparatory to her evening devotions. All came about, as he had hoped. It was the eve of the First Friday and Natalie came for her flowers as usual. He waited until she seemed to have finished, and then came forward, saying in a voice tremulous in its emotion: "Can you not wait a moment longer? Are you not anxious to hear the soul's story of the neophyte? I am not the natural man such as you found me. Were I so I should at this moment entreat you to be my wife. But you have taught me to be a supernatural man. Yes, Natalie I believe! God has given to me, all unworthy, the light of faith; but with the light has come the demand for sacrifice. I never loved you as now; but all—all must be left, even you, Natalie!"

A quick, sharp pain shot through Natalie's heart. Yes, she had prayed that his conversion might be granted at the cost of any sacrifice to herself; but that this one was going to cost her so dear she had not anticipated. To Natalie the law of the Church was the rule of life. Henry was her first cousin!

She had never deliberately entertained the thought of marrying him; but that her heart had played her false she now perceived. In the present turn of affairs she saw the hand of God. She staggered for an instant, but her better nature soon reasserted itself. She was, as it were, inundated with a great joy at the thought of the magnitude of the grace, "the hope of His calling." She seemed to hear already the words: "*Tu es Sacerdos.*" A feeling of great awe crept over her and falling on her knees she murmured: "Give me, at least, your first blessing."

Raising her gently, he said: "Natalie, these hands are not yet consecrated to bless; but, rest assured that, when they are, they will often be raised in benediction on you, for you have truly been an angel in my path. Your prayers have obtained for me what has been denied to yourself, the grace of a religious vocation. Good-bye. To-morrow I go to the monastery again, this time as a novice."

He clasped her hand and they parted.

Natalie rushed to her boudoir and sank down on her knees before her little altar where was a picture of the Heart of

Jesus pleading. She sobbed long and convulsively; the interior struggle was a severe one; but, after a night of tears, a deep peace succeeded. Her first prayer in the morning was a generous offering of herself to the will of God and a resolution to lead a life of self-sacrifice and abnegation, to devote herself wholly to her father and consult his pleasure in all things. Scarcely had she risen from her knees when a knock was heard at the door and a letter was handed to her. It was from her father, then in Paris, and read as follows:

"Dear Natalie:—The Count de C—— has just sent me a proposal for your hand couched in the most flattering terms. He is young, rich and of your own faith. Accept him if you wish to consult your own happiness and my pleasure. I will not coerce you but I give it as my express wish and desire that you accept."

Poor Natalie! her heart throbbed; her head reeled as she read over the last words—"I give it as my express wish and desire that you accept," and thought of the promise and resolution she had just made.

It was confession day, and the early afternoon found her in her place near Father Joseph's confessional. Her confession over she asked for advice and counsel as to the path of duty before her. She told of her father's letter and of the proposal it contained. The good priest's answer came with all kindness. He told her that the proposal coming just at that time did indeed seem an indication of the will of God, and advised her to accept, adding that in thus consulting her father's good pleasure, she would undoubtedly insure her own happiness in God's abundant grace and blessing.

A few fervent prayers and then a quick drive home, and she was once more at her writing-table inditing the following note to her father:

"DEAR PAPA:—Henry and I parted last night. I have given him up forever. I am willing to do as you wish as to the bestowal of my hand. The Count de C—— can call on me as soon as you desire, and, agreeable to your wishes, I shall accord him a gracious reception.

"Ever your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

"NATALIE."

As she sealed the letter, the words of an old distich came to her mind :

“I slept and dreamed that life was beauty.
I woke and found that life was duty.”

Natalie's life was henceforth duty ; but it was also beauty, inasmuch as she everywhere scattered happiness about her. She was a model wife and mother. The good Count adored her and repeatedly protested that he was most unworthy of her, and could not imagine what he had done to deserve so perfect a wife. When the time came for the First Communion of their eldest boy, her father knelt beside him at the altar rail ; it was his First Communion day, too. Natalie was truly happy ; there was compensation in this for many past sacrifices. Clara was there, too ; her theories had succumbed to the influence of Natalie's beautiful life. She had come to her and asked to be instructed as a little child, saying in all humility, “Teach me how to pray.” So well had she learned the lesson that her life had now become one constant prayer. Her one petition was her mother's conversion. She seemed, indeed, a hopeless case. Her son's action, that of first becoming a Catholic and then a Catholic priest, had hardened and embittered her. The spirit of the world still lived strongly in her. But “the Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence, and the violent bear it away.” And so it was that Heaven was stormed and its gates burst open by prayer to receive a departing soul. The eleventh hour had come and with it a precious grace. Mrs. Rutherford was dying and with her failing breath had asked to be received into the Church. Its motherly arms were opened to embrace her ; Holy Viaticum was administered by Father Rutherford, and soon the angels were welcoming a First Communicant into the Heavenly Courts.

So had Natalie found that one and God are a majority ; for, had He not scattered all the mists of the enemy and gathered all hearts to Himself, proclaiming, “*Ego Magister et Dominus*”?

MISSION NOTES.

CATHOLICITY IN CHILI.—The Correspondent of the *Paris Univers* furnishes his paper with many interesting details concerning religion and social work in Chili.

The Chilians are a people apart in South America. Inhabiting a mountainous country along the wild sea-coast, they are more energetic and military than the people of the other republics. They are far more aristocratic, too ; the leaders of the country being of old prominent families, whose blood has not been intermingled with that of the Indian. They also excel in intelligent fidelity to their religion. In consequence of their natural and religious character, there is greater public fidelity to trust, truer patriotism, less chance for the scheming revolutionist.

In striking contrast with some of the neighboring republics, the Jesuits are popular. The clergy are aristocratic and active. They preach well, and make converts, especially amongst the English residents.

One of the most remarkable features of the country is the way in which private charity takes the place of state institutions. The members of the richest and most distinguished families gratuitously relieve the state of the direction of hospitals and prisons ; while the Chilian ladies give themselves up with surprising devotedness and intelligence to other works of charity. Church and state work harmoniously together, and the result is a system of public beneficence really powerful for social good. Works of charity are established and endowed even in the small villages : every ill, physical or moral, is attended to. Often we are surprised at the apparent luxury of charitable institutions ; as, for instance, in the case of the Asylum of the Saviour at Valparaiso, a marble palace built and provided for by the ladies of the city for poor female orphan children, and entrusted to the Sisters of Charity.

Societies of Catholic young men exert a very marked social action. As one instance of what they do we may refer to the Protectorate of St. Philomena, founded ten years ago by students, and possessing at present property valued at 100,000 francs. This Protectorate is established for the care of apprentices. There are "parochial asylums" for widows and orphans, and societies to enable working people to become proprietors of their own homes.

The country is not without its social dangers. The Socialists

have been trying for ten years to spread their destructive doctrines. Nor is religion sacred from the scoffer and secret plotter.

A large proportion of the native Indians are not yet converted ; and amongst these the women are treated as beasts of burden. The Chilian Franciscans are laboring amongst them to the north ; and the German Capuchins at Valdivia, farther south. The Indian children are taught by a congregation of Canadian Sisters. Valdivia is almost a German town, and the priests are German.

Much care is taken with education in Chili. There are higher schools in the principal towns. The Spanish Fathers of the Pious Schools have a college at Concepcion. The French Congregation of Picpus has two fine Colleges at Valparaiso and Santiago. The Jesuits teach in their College of St. Ignatius. The Christian Brothers are succeeding admirably with a popular college. A French lay *lyceum*, which the Freemasons controlled in order to suppress religious instruction, has not succeeded. The state has a School of Arts and Trades ; and the Spanish religious congregation, the "Escolapios" are beginning another. The French Lazarist Fathers are succeeding at Santiago.

Germany has supplanted France and England in trade and influence, owing not a little to the Catholic German religious congregations. The German Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have schools in the principal towns. Secularism, however, is not without effort to curtail educational liberty.

CEYLON.

The English administration of the Island is favorable to the Catholic Church, and assists the missionaries and schools, for it looks upon the Catholic missions as a great agent of civilization, while they inculcate loyalty to lawfully established authority. There are five Catholic dioceses in Ceylon with about 270,390 of the faithful in a total population of 3,387,000. The European missionary priests number 116, and the native priests 35. There are 570 churches. Three native seminaries aid in furnishing apostolic laborers for the mission field, while the children are taught in 779 schools. Several religious institutes of both men and women are laboring for the salvation of souls in those five dioceses.

NEW ZEALAND.

The evangelization of New Zealand was begun by Bishop Pompallier in 1830. There are four dioceses; two attended by the

Marist Fathers and one by the Benedictines, while the fourth, Dunedin, is chiefly supplied with secular priests. Out of a total population of 600,000, there are about 98,000 Catholics. There are 133 priests, 256 churches and 97 schools. The school children number about 10,000. There are several religious orders, some of which have opened novitiates. There are, also, many industrial schools and establishments for higher education.

AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

The vast island of Australia, with its neighbor Tasmania, has a population of 2,400,000, of whom nearly one-third are Catholics. There are about 1,300 priests, including members of religious orders. At the present moment there are probably almost 1,000 Catholic schools. There are twenty-one Bishops in dioceses or vicariates-apostolic including the Benedictine abbey of New Norcia.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A striking proof of Catholic success in dealing with the natives of those islands was the extraordinary increase of the native population, in most remarkable contrast with the disappearance of the natives in the English Protestant colonies. In 1830, the natives of the Philippines were reckoned at 4,500,000; whereas in 1898 they are said to have numbered 9,530,000. The statistics of 1895 gave five dioceses with 1,311 members of religious orders, and 840 secular priests. Many of these latter were natives.

THE EGYPTIAN DELTA.

This prefecture-apostolic has been confided to the *African Mission Congregation*, founded at Lyons in France, nearly fifty years ago, by Bishop de Marion Bresillac, who himself gave his life for the missions which he had begun; for he fell a victim to the deadly climate of Sierra Leone in West Africa, within a month after his arrival. Extreme Unction was administered to him by a dying companion, and the graves of the two heroes were blessed the following year.

UPPER EGYPT.

After 24 years of work in Upper Egypt the congregation of the African Missions has now one ecclesiastical seminary, one college, ten schools, and six free dispensaries for the poor, at which enormous numbers of natives are assisted by the sisters in charge. At Tantah, one of their missions, the school children

number 700. The annual average of dying children baptized at the dispensaries is 4,500. There are forty-five priests and seventy-five sisters. The Catholic population is 9,000, while the Mahometans are 3,000,000. This land, now almost entirely Moslem, was once profoundly Christian and Catholic. Owing a good deal to English influence, European ideas are penetrating, and anti-Christian fanaticism is losing ground. Intelligent Mahometans are losing faith in the fables of the Koran. The Arabic and Coptic youth of the Nile valley are desirous of a European education, and the missionary schools and colleges aim at imparting it.

THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

The French islands—Martinique, etc., are placed under the care of the metropolitan of Bordeaux. The English—Jamaica, Trinidad, and Dominica, are under the Propaganda. The others are placed under the direction of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, as are also the republics of South America, although these have entered into concordats with the Holy See. The most important West Indian Islands are Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hayti or San Domingo—almost entirely Catholic. The black republic of Hayti, in which French is spoken, is served by priests from Brittany in France.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Bolivia has a population of about 2,000,000—nearly all Catholic, with the exception of some Indian tribes yet living in an uncivilized condition in the forests. Brazil has 14,000,000, Catholics, and about 200,000 of other beliefs. Here new dioceses have been created. Priests have been too few, and communication between different places is extremely difficult. Under the emperor, Dom Pedro, Freemasonry was supreme; the Religious Orders were banished, the bishops imprisoned, and the Church practically paralyzed. The Republic is more favorable. The Religious Orders are spreading and with their growth there is a remarkable religious re-awakening. Pope Leo has re-established the Brazilian Benedictines, and the Salesian Fathers are doing splendid work. Special attention is now paid to the education of youth. The civil marriage law is an obstacle to social reform. The priests who live amongst the people, cannot assist at a marriage unless the contracting parties have previously gone through the civil formality. As the official is often a long distance away,

many people neglect the ceremony prescribed by the civil law, and live in concubinage. In this vast territory there are about 1,000 priests for 3,000 churches or chapels. The immense diocese of Cuyaba has but twenty priests to minister to 100,000 Catholics. Nichteroy has eighty-six priests for over a million of people.

In our May number it was said that Brazil had given the first martyrs of the century—three priests, one lay-brother, and seven Sisters. All belonged to the Order of St. Francis. Three wild leaders of the Indians spread the report that the missionaries were about to sell the children of the schools into slavery. On the morning of the 15th of April, the savages surrounded the mission buildings, remaining concealed in the grass and undergrowth. As Mass was about to begin, one of them entered the church, and the leaders gave the signal of attack. About a hundred Indians rushed forward, and began the slaughter. The scenes which occurred cannot be described. From the convent buildings they went out over the cultivated fields, and massacred entire families. A wounded man escaped to tell the tale. A band of eighty men under Lieutenant Vieira Passos came upon the savages still engaged in their work of destruction. When the lieutenant's party fired on them, an immense number of others issued from the forest; and it was only by the fortunate accident of his position that the soldier was able to lead off his men. Three of these were killed, eleven wounded, and two more were missing. The bodies of 200 persons slain by the Indians were found in or near the mission houses. Many had been killed in the church during the Mass.

THE MASSACRES OF MARGUERITTE IN ALGERIA.

In his pastoral letter, Mgr. Oury, Archbishop of Algeria, describes the terrible event. On the 26th of April, three hundred natives descended armed from the mountains of Zaccar, and, like a destructive torrent, wrecked everything they found in their way. The houses were pillaged, the fields laid waste and the people slain without a chance of resistance. They were even tortured and mutilated. Three persons were commanded to renounce Christianity, but they heroically preferred to follow the martyr bands who had long before sanctified this same soil with their blood in the old Roman persecutions. Others were taken prisoners, and, being bound, were made to witness the slaughter

of their friends and acquaintances. Soon, however, the troops arrived from Milianah, and the captives were set free.

The Archbishop is convinced that this savage outbreak was caused by Moslem fanaticism rather than by the desire of plunder. An agitator named Ben Aïssa, for some time before had been urging the Moslem tribes to revolt, foretelling their success and even their entire safety from injury. Hence, it would seem, that danger is threatening still. Many friends of peace and of France are surprised at the permission accorded to teach the Koran in the native schools, the Koran which incites to hatred of Christianity, and therefore of the French rulers. The cross is frequently less favored than the crescent. The annual pilgrimages to Mecca are favored, and the result of this favoring of Mahometanism is clearly shown by the depravity of its followers. If induced by slow and peaceful appeal to embrace Christianity, their condition would soon be very different from what it is.

SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATIONS IN CHINA.

Bishop Favier has frequently spoken of the apparition of a female figure vested in white over the towers of his Cathedral in Peking during the persecution. The Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers mention similar supernatural appearances in their afflicted missions. The pagans themselves often asserted that they had seen mysterious defenders over the Christian churches and settlements. Sometimes it was said that an army robed in white was visible in the air. Again, banners, of extraordinary lustre, were seen. The witnesses were very numerous, and were convinced that all those signs were supernatural and a testimony of Divine protection. It would have been next to impossible to explain by natural causes the success and safety of the Christians in many places. In this fearfully afflicted land, the ravages of famine are now so terrible that even the flesh of the dead is eaten by the starving survivors.

THE BLACK KING OF ONITSHA.

King Samuel, seven years ago, was a Protestant with a pronounced antipathy to "Romanism." The sight of the Catholic mission establishments—leper-houses, schools, etc., converted him; and with him came the deacon Ephrem, and the evangelists, Jacob, Charles and another Samuel. His first act, after he had been chosen king, was to send to his confessor, Father Vogler,

the great royal idol, which the kings used in pronouncing their anathemas, and in designating the slaves to be killed in sacrifice. Then he set the crucifix in its stead, "in order," he said, "that pagans, Protestants and Catholics, should prostrate themselves for the sign of our Redemption." Next, he gave a site for a church and school, pending the erection of which, sixty or eighty children are taught in his house daily, the free and the slaves receiving religious instruction without any distinction. The Holy Father has sent King Samuel a splendid picture of our Lady, and Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has sent 20,000 francs to aid the mission.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

This splendid association collected in the year 1900 the sum of \$1,369,740 for the missions of the Catholic Church. There is a considerable increase over the contributions of the preceding year. Some parts of the Catholic world gave very much more than heretofore; some much less; but, owing to accidental causes—changes of affairs, illness or death of those who were unusually zealous in the work, etc.—our own country has contributed more largely than in previous years. The two dioceses which made the most generous offerings were the birthplace of the association, Lyons, \$92,347; Paris, \$77,175. France gave altogether \$813,681; Alsace-Lorraine, \$79,901; Germany, \$71,168; Switzerland, \$21,170; Austria, \$14,885; British Isles, \$43,000; the United States, \$71,229. Since it began, about eighty years ago, the association has collected nearly \$70,000,000 for the missions, of which France alone has given almost \$44,000,000.

The determination to give the new century to Christ has increased the vigorous zeal of our missionaries. Notwithstanding all the ruin in China—nay, on account of this also—the twentieth century promises to be a new and more glorious era in Catholic missions, great as these have been in the century just elapsed.

HINDUSTAN.

The central provinces of India are still harassed by famine. For months to come the crops will not be sufficiently abundant for the support of the suffering people. Father Jacquier, missionary of St. Francis de Sales, writes that for a year he has baptized on an average 100 persons a month. He ministers to 2000 Catholics, and has 430 children in his schools. The annual

communions were 1,300. In 1900 there were 710 pagan converts and ten Protestants. He has now preparing for baptism 1100 catechumens.

At the Eucharistic congress in Goa last December, there were eighteen bishops with the patriarch (Don Valente), and 600 priests, with many thousands of the faithful. During the congress the body of St. Francis Xavier was exposed to view, and as many as twenty miracles are said to have taken place.

AFRICA.

A Bishop Drowned.—The body of Mgr. Hacquard, of the Society of the "White Fathers," or Algerian missionaries, vicar-apostolic of the Sahara, was found in the Niger on the fourth of April. The details of his death have not yet been made known. He was born in Lorraine, and had been a missionary since 1884. When Cardinal Lavigerie founded, in 1891, the military religious society called the Pioneers of the Sahara, Mgr. Hacquard was appointed as their director. Knowing the languages of the natives, he had great influence with them and was successful in negotiations between them and the French government. For his aid and courage in exploring expeditions he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Having been made vicar-apostolic of the Sahara in 1898, he traversed all the territory entrusted to him, studying the best positions for new mission centres. As he was preparing to set out on an expedition towards Lake Tchad he met his death.

Equatorial Africa.—Mgr. Augouard, vicar-apostolic of Ubanghi (Upper French Congo) states that in 1900 he had eleven schools in Upper Congo, with 750 children, who are fed and clothed at the expense of the mission. Care is taken to train the children in various trades. They become carpenters, brick-makers, masons, etc. For twenty-three years the valiant bishop has been working for God in this unattractive field.

The Training of Catechists.—This work contributes much to missionary success, and in the African missions is very carefully performed. "Owing to the distance which divides us from those scattered populations," writes Father Riedlinger, from the vicariate of Cimbebasia (Portuguese West Africa), "only catechists, intelligent and well instructed, natives of the country and of free condition, preaching by word of example, can prepare the way for the Fathers. It is for this reason that we have

devoted all our efforts for two years to forming classes of these children from the best families, some of whom at least will devote themselves to this work.' These children are taught in the schools and trained to some manual labor. At present there are fifty-six in the mission of Caconda, the greater number of whom make rapid progress. For many two years are enough to be able to read in public, write from dictation, and know the common rules of arithmetic. The study of catechism has a special attraction for them. After about six months' training they come to know the whole doctrine of the catechism in their own language. It is largely due to the assistance of the work of the Holy Childhood that the youthful catechists can be trained.

FROM THE MISSIONS.

SARWADA, May 9, 1901.

THE REV. EDITOR,

Dear Rev. Father.—As you say that one of the aims of the *Messenger* is to cultivate the spirit of zeal as well as of prayer in its readers, I send you a short sketch of the Jesuit Missions among the aborigines of Chotanagpore, India, with a few details regarding our own people, the *Mundas* of the Sarwada Mission. I hope this will gain for us some fervent prayers from the lovers of the Sacred Heart. It is on devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in ourselves and our people, and prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that we all to a man chiefly rely.

The district of Chotanagpore is a table land of about 43,000 square miles in the Presidency of Bengal, and will be found on the map west of Calcutta. A seven hours' run by rail, by the shortest route, brings one close to the foot of the plateau. Thence the journey must be made in carts drawn by coolies or on horseback; biking is also possible in some parts. The highest point of the plateau is 3,600 feet above sea-level; the lowest is 800 feet and we may take 2,100 feet as the average height above sea-level. We are, therefore, much better off than the denizens of the plains of Bengal Proper; but there are malaria fevers prevalent in many parts of these hilly jungles that makes the country rather difficult to live in. We have a lion's share of it in our Sarwada Mission, and find it difficult to get catechists for the district.

There are several small tributary states, ruled by petty rajahs,

into which the light of the Gospel has not yet been able to penetrate. The people among whom we work may be divided into two very distinct aboriginal tribes *Uraons* and *Mundas*, distinct in language and in character. The former seem by their language to belong to the Dravidian branch of the human family and to have come up from the south. The *Mundas* are believed to have crossed over the Himalayas from Tibet, and come down from the north.

The *Uraon* is a more lively and enterprising character and has gradually dislodged the *Munda* and edged him into the more jungly and inhospitable border lands of the plateau. The *Munda* will not improve himself ; he will do nothing that his forefathers did not do—plough, sow and herd cattle, roam the forests with bows and arrows, axes and short-pointed sticks which he throws very deftly at hares and such small game. With the exception of a few who are considered rich, their fields do not yield them enough for the year's sustenance. They eat all kinds of living things—mice, rats and insects included. The jungle yields all kinds of roots, berries, leaves and herbs, which stay the cravings of hunger, but cannot be called either palatable or nutritious food. The *Munda* does not love work, but there is surely a good excuse in the case of many who live too far away to attend any regular work without abandoning their homes and fields. Their usual food is rice boiled in water seasoned with a little salt and some herbs or pulse when they can get it. The expression "He can eat salt with all his meals" means that a man is in comfortable circumstances. They keep fowls and goats chiefly to sell ; they will eat them only on festal occasions.

They have many cattle, small and slight in build, that browse chiefly on the leaves of jungle bushes. But the *Munda* will not drink milk, and it's hard to get any from him for love or money—milk is meant only for the calves. Nor will they eat eggs—they can get more rice for the chicken afterwards. It falls especially hard on the sick ; they lie crouched up on their bare bed of ropes (never more than five feet long) or on a mat on the ground and resign themselves to die, if they cannot eat their boiled rice. We rarely succeed in persuading them to give soup, eggs or milk to the sick. We are of course their doctors, as there are no dispensaries of any kind here in these jungles. No matter what disease a man dies of, he has been bewitched; some one has cast an evil eye on him; the culprit must be discovered. They

apply to the *Soka* or *Soothsayer*, and he, after certain ridiculous ceremonies, points out the offender who is forthwith punished by beating and fines of money and goats for sacrifice, and what is far worse he is ostracised and no one will dare to seek marriage connection with his family.

In the midst of a fairly civilized country, these *Mundas* have lived till now, blind to example, deaf to advice, hugging with stubborn determination the ignorance and brutality of their pre-historic ancestors. And they are proud, withal; they are *horoko*, the *men*; their language is *horokaji*, the *man-language*. They descend from the elder branch of the human family; Europeans and all others are descendents of the younger brothers. Christianity has done much for these poor people and will do more. Grace will conquer when human efforts have failed.

After this description it will not surprise you to hear that these people were imposed upon on all sides by other natives of India who possessed themselves of their lands and villages, and levied taxes in money and kind, forced them to labor without pay and even traded on their persons, sending them off in droves to work in the tea-gardens of Assam. These impositions were all the more easy on account of the monumental ignorance of the *Munda* and his readiness to turn against a brother *Munda* in the hope of some personal gain. When they began to wake up to the necessity of receipts, they were content to get a paper stamped with a defaced two-pice postage stamp. Any printed paper, a leaf from a book or a page of an old journal, was a legal document for them. A *Munda* once presented a page of the *Illustrated London News* in court, to substantiate his claim to a disputed plot of land.

Missionaries protected the *Munda*, and thus Christianity got a footing in the district. The difficulty of *caste*—so great a stumbling-block to the spread of Christianity in other parts of India—does not exist here. An *Uraon* is an *Uraon* and a *Munda* a *Munda* whether he be Christian or pagan; but with any other tribe or class even the Christian *Munda* will not intermarry. This is sometimes a difficulty for the Missionary in the case of stray families of other classes. The *Munda* keeps count of the relationship and affinity to an indefinite degree; their impediments to marriage are much more complicated and far-reaching than the impediments of the Church. Apart from relationship, the *Munda* is very free and easy in his notions of marriage.

If the parties find that they do not agree well together—and the most trivial reason or mere caprice will be considered adequate—they separate and remarry. Some parents make a speculation on marrying their daughters several times. According to the standing and means of the bridegroom, the parents of the bride receive a certain sum of money and a certain number of heads of cattle as the price of the bride. If the blame of separation can be thrown on the bridegroom, he has no right to reclaim the price he paid. The parents arrange all the marriages. The young people have a voice in the matter and do sometimes have their own way; but the parents have many little ways of imposing their wishes, especially on the girl. Of religion, I might say, the *Munda* has no idea. He believes hazily in a good spirit who, being good, needs no worship or propitiation. There are many evil spirits, or *Bongas*, dwelling in groves and mountain-caves, streams and pools. These require constant propitiation as they are very viscious and are the authors of all evils. In the good old days of *Munda* freedom, men also were sacrificed; now only fowls, goats, pigs and cattle. There are no temples and no priests. The *Pahan* or head of the younger branch of the family constituting a village sacrifices on one or two public occasions during the year. On all particular occasions the head of the family sacrifices for his own. Special animals, specially colored or marked, are required for the particular *Bonga* in various cases, according to the code handed down by *Munda* ancestors.

Besides these evil spirits there are several kinds of ghosts. The ghost of a woman dying in pregnancy, or child-birth, is an especially troublesome one; such women are, therefore, buried far from the village; thorns are put in her feet to make it difficult for the ghost to walk, and certain grains scattered on the way to the grave which the ghost must pick up as she advances; hence, the morning dawns before she can reach her former home, and, of course, with the first streaks of morning light the ghost must retire as in duty bound. The *Munda* has innumerable superstitions as one might naturally expect in an ignorant and uncivilized people. Especially on the occasion of a marriage, omens must be carefully observed from the time the envoy sets out for the first overtures to the dropping of the curtain. In his enjoyments, too, the *Munda* is very limited. A goat and some fowls and home-brew rice-beer constitute his feast. The latter, he seems to think, is made for the purpose of getting drunk. On

moon-light nights the young men of one village will troupe off with drums to another village where the girls turn out to dance on the green (figuratively speaking). The young men remain in a group, beating their drums with sticks, howling (or, as they say, singing), with all their might; turning, twisting and contorting their limbs in every conceivable and inconceivable way, while the damsels, with their arms entwined, form a ring round the group and alternately sing and dance. Their dance consists in a double movement, so that the ring sways in and out and advances round and round the group of frantic men. Far from flagging they grow more excited and active as the small hours of the morning creep on, and they disperse only with the broad light of day. Disputes and robbery of land and of whole villages is the order of the day here, and seems to be the chief occupation and delight of the old *Mundas* who care no more for dancing and who have lots of time on their hands. When the crops are ripening the fields are dotted with little hovels of branches and leaves, and everyone must watch his patch of ground by night and day.

Such is the *Munda*, whom the spirit of the Gospel, so gentle and so sublime, has to raise to higher levels. A superhuman task, surely, but nothing is impossible to grace, and grace may be obtained by prayer—"Ask and you shall receive." Some German Lutheran missionaries were the first in the field here; then followed the Anglicans and, towards the close of 1875, a Catholic missionary entered the arena. The whole of Bengal is entrusted to the Jesuits of the Belgian Province and the want of workers was sadly felt for many years. Now there are more than a hundred priests, besides lay brothers and scholastics in the colleges or prosecuting their studies. The work in Chotanagpore began among the *Mundas* and was very slow. Some ten years later there was a movement among the *Uraons* and rapid progress was made. We have now in these missions sixteen priests with about 55,000 Christians, chiefly *Uraons*. The First Friday is kept up in every mission station, now ten in number. If the people were close together, with easy means of communication, it would be no difficult matter to look after them; but, scattered as they are over a large hilly and jungly tract, with no roads and very difficult foot-paths in some places, and here and there a river, dangerous to cross in the rainy season, the work becomes very difficult and we feel that the number of

workers is far too limited. Of the pioneers few escaped; they worked hard and heroically—laid down their lives for the cause of Christ. To-day we are more numerous, better housed and more experienced with regard to the exigencies of the climate.

This mission of Chotanagpore is a monument of the generosity and devotedness of the Belgian people. Our schools and chapels and the missionaries' humble homes are the gift of the Belgians. They have sent out their sons to labor and have helped to raise temples (however modest and lowly), to the honor of the Living God in wild and distant lands among poor creatures who knew naught of Him and His love and blessings. Their voice resounds in our mission bells across the fields and jungles to call the people to their Father's house and to remind them morning, noon and eve of their loving and ever-watchful Mother in heaven—strange sounds and sweet to a despised and down-trodden race. God bless and prosper the noble Belgian people! And God bless those of your readers who breathe a fervent prayer to the loving Heart of Jesus for the missions of Chotanagpore, and especially for the mission among the *Mundas* in Sarwada.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

S. CARBERY, S.J.

SHRINE NOTES.

For several reasons we have been obliged to delay this issue of the PILGRIM. It was impossible before July 1 to make definite announcements about the date of opening the Shrine, accommodations, change in the railway schedule, etc. The delay enables us to report the first pilgrimage of the season which took place Sunday, June 30.

The Shrine will be opened Sunday, July 28. Although Mass will be said there occasionally during this month, and one of the fathers in charge may possibly be there before this date, it is not likely that ample accommodations for pilgrims visiting or stopping at the Shrine can be made before then. From this date, July 28, until September 8 inclusively, Mass will be said daily at the Shrine and one priest or more will be in constant attendance.

Storm and rain have been once more at work in the Ravine. One who has never seen a torrent in the creek there cannot imagine how swollen and swift it is. This time, owing to the strong embankment raised two years ago, but one part of the ravine suffered serious damage and that was the west end of the same embankment. The poplar tree to which some of the ties were fastened, though held by the raised bank of clay as well as by its own deep roots, was torn out, making way for the rush of waters over towards the hill in which the grotto is. Fortunately the break was discovered and repaired before the waters could do further damage. An enterprising kodak owner has immortalized the scene of destruction; but it is not a picture to contemplate with satisfaction, especially when one has to incur the expense, not to speak of the trouble, of the necessary repairs.

The new statue of St. Joseph was set in place last week, and blessed on Sunday, June 30, during the pilgrimage from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes. It is very beautiful, indeed, and the grotto in which it stands will surely be a favorite spot for pilgrims. About 100 feet west of the gate to the Ravine, across the streamlet running down the hillside, between an apple and pine tree, is the trellis arch twelve feet high covering the statue, five feet, nine inches in height, resting on a pedestal, three feet, six inches. The figure of the Saint is dignified and the expression of the countenance benign. The gaze is directed towards the face of the Infant Saviour represented in his arms. The grotto is well shaded and cool; a rustic stair and bridge will lead to it, and rustic chairs will surround it. It is the joint gift of one of the pilgrims who visited Auriesville last summer, and of another friend whose offering in honor of St. Joseph enabled us to complete the payment on the statue and procure the pedestal and surroundings. With St. Joseph in honor at Auriesville we are confident that the material needs of the Shrine will be well provided.

Besides the statue of St. Joseph we hope to have two others before the pilgrimage season opens—the statue of Christ in the sepulchre, and of St. Ignatius. If possible, we shall have a statue of the Sacred Heart also. The statue of St. Ignatius has been donated. It will be placed in the Ravine in a bower to the east of the grotto of our Lady. The figure of Christ in the sepulchre will be enshrined in the glade on the other side of the bridge

in the Ravine. It will be six feet in length and about it will be erected a rock structure in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre. The statue, which is made of zinc, and tomb will cost about \$100. It has not yet been paid for, but it is hoped that some of the many visitors to Auriesville may be glad to contribute this sum for a statue and shrine which will be so appropriate there.

The time table of the West Shore Railroad has been changed. The changes which most concern pilgrims to Auriesville are as follows :

The train which formerly left New York at 11:35 A. M. and arrived at Auriesville, 5:18 P. M., now leaves New York, Franklin street, 10:30 A. M.; West 42d street, 10:45; Weehawken, 11:00, and arrives at Auriesville, 4:33 P. M.

The train which formerly left Auriesville at 8:43 A. M., arriving in New York at 3:00 P. M., now leaves Auriesville at 9:54 A. M., arriving at Weehawken, 3:20 P. M.; New York, 3:30 P. M.

Card orders for reduced rates on the West Shore railroad, *i.e.* one-third off on excursion tickets from points between New York and Buffalo, good from July 20 to September 9, may be obtained at the New York office of the Shrine, 27-29 West 16th street, New York.

On Sunday June 30, 600 pilgrims from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, N. Y., came to the Shrine under the direction of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dugas, assisted by Father Ruest. They arrived at Auriesville about 9:45 where many pilgrims who had come earlier by the regular train were awaiting them. Holy Communion was given immediately and Father Ruest celebrated a *Missa Cantata*. Mgr. Dugas preached the sermon on preserving the precious gift of faith. After the Mass he led his people over the Way of the Cross. The usual programme was followed in the afternoon, the procession to the Ravine, and sermon near the grotto of our Lady, and the procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The day, though warm, was breezy, a thunder storm Saturday evening having broken the hot spell. The new Way of the Cross proved a decided improvement on the old one. Mgr. Dugas blessed the new statue of St. Joseph, the entire body of the pilgrims joining in the hymn to the Saint and in the invocation *Sancte Joseph, Protector noster, ora pro nobis !*

As usual every effort is being made to have things in readiness for the pilgrimages. Those who know the Shrine appreciate the

difficulty of directing the work there from a distance of 175 miles, and of overcoming conditions which do not entirely depend on ourselves. As our readers are aware, the hotel has come into our possession during the past year, but so late that it cannot be made ready for occupancy before the end of July. This is why we do not deem it advisable to open the pilgrimages before July 28. Needless to say we do not mean to manage the hotel, though we shall do our best to make it a comfortable habitation for many, if not all, of those who wish to spend part of the summer about Auriesville. For special information address, for the present, Mr. J. Sullivan, Auriesville, N. Y.

The bazaar for the benefit of the Shrine is now in full operation and we are confident that every friend of Auriesville will help our efforts to clear the Shrine of debt, to provide means for procuring the new statue of our Lady of Sorrows, and to prepare for the ceremony of the crowning, which, if everything be favorable, can surely be held next year. Those who have received books of shares may fill them out and return them soon as they wish, although the bazaar will not close before August 31. Those who have not received books, or who may wish to have more than one, should apply to us at once. The list of prizes is an inducement to work for this bazaar, though we are sure that our readers need no greater inducement than their own devotion to our Lady of Sorrows and the cause of those who died for the faith at Auriesville. With a slight effort on the part of each book holder, this bazaar would render it unnecessary for us to make a general appeal to the generosity of our patrons for some time to come.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 8.

THE ASSUMPTION.

BY I. A. M.

PURE and pale
Our lady's face, just kissed by death,
Who breathed on her his icy breath,
Then fled away, as tho' afraid
Of the calm beauty of the Maid,
There she lay, all pure and pale,
The spotless Lily of the Vale.

As flowers yield their fragrance rare,
Her body gave her spirit fair,
That angels wafted thro' the air,
Upon the perfumed wings of pray'r.

That Lily Flower
Hath crowned the Gardener's royal brow ;
No more it droopeth at His feet ;
Its petals delicate and sweet ;
He wanted them
To weave into His diadem.

No more the wintry world her tomb,
On earth, that shrouded her in gloom ;
She leaves the mem'ry of her bloom ;
But she hath sighed her last sweet breath ;
Transplanted from this Vale of Death,
In one short hour,
To Heaven's bower.

THE SHRINE, AURIESVILLE, 1901.

THIS is the seventeenth year of the pilgrimages to Auriesville. The site on which the Shrine stands was purchased and made ready for the first pilgrimage in 1884, and every year since it has been frequented by pilgrims. Until 1895 the Feast of the Assumption and the Sunday within its Octave were the special days of pilgrimage. Since then the number of days and of pilgrimages has been increasing, and it has been necessary for one priest or more to be in attendance all during August, and during part, if not all, of July. This year the first pilgrimage was held on the last Sunday in June, as recorded in the July *Pilgrim*, from St. Joseph's parish Cohoes; and, though several Masses have since been said at the old shrine, it was not considered necessary for a priest to remain there all month, chiefly because the hotel was not ready to accommodate those who would wish to visit or remain at the Shrine. Accordingly, July 28, the Shrine was opened for this year and a priest will be there until September 10. Next year we hope to make the pilgrimage season longer.

The question naturally suggests itself, What has been done at Auriesville the past seventeen years? What is there to show for the contributions and the labor devoted to the Shrine? When we put it altogether it seems very little, and, in truth, it is not a very great deal. In fact, nothing very great has been attempted. We have not, as yet, for instance, made any strenuous efforts to erect the permanent chapel or the house of retreats it was at first and is still proposed to erect there in good time. It is most desirable, no doubt, to have something permanent there, and to begin it very soon; but it should be remembered that the Shrine and the pilgrimages, important as they are in themselves, were not the principal object in view in erecting, improving and maintaining them. That object was the beatification of the servants of God, Father Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, who died there for the faith, and of Catharine Tegakwitha who was born there. This object has by no means been neglected, but the work done for it is not of such a nature that it can be estimated properly by any save by those who have to do it.

Although no formal steps have been taken for the Introduction of the Cause of Beatification of Father Jogues before the Holy See, from the very time of his death popular veneration made his religious

brethren and superiors careful to secure authentic accounts of his saintly life, of his captivity, suffering and death, testimonies to his heroic virtues, and evidences of his intercession after death.

Unfortunately, the state of the missions in which they toiled, the arduous labors of all concerned, the distances separating them, the difficulties of communication in the regions in which Jogues and his companions died, the dispersion of the Jesuits prior to the French Revolution, and the subsequent scattering of their most precious documents here and in France—all these and other causes prevented any formal attempt to have the cause introduced at Rome. But for the learning and labor and great expenditure of time and money of the eminent historiographer, Felix Martin, S.J., it would be hopeless to think of attempting to prepare a process for the beatification of Father Jogues or any of the heroic missionaries who died as nobly in the same cause.

About eighteen years ago, the Rev. Joseph Loyzance, S.J., then Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, since departed, began the work of preparing for the process of the beatification of Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, and Catharine Tegakwitha. After he had enlisted the interests of thousands of Catholics, the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore petitioned the Holy See to act in the case. After being instructed to proceed in the ordinary manner, he founded the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, in order to make known the lives and virtues of the servants of God in question. By the aid of the eminent topographer, Gen. John S. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., he was able to identify the site upon which Father Jogues and René Goupil died, and upon which Catharine Tegakwitha, the saintly Christian maiden, was born.

Meantime the late Dr. Gilmary Shea, whose life was, in a measure, one of devotion to Father Jogues, translated and published Father Martin's life of the saintly missionary, and, a few years later, Miss Ellen H. Walworth, of Albany, N. Y., published her entertaining Life of the Virgin Catharine. While these two excellent biographies together with the PILGRIM were making the cause known to all, Father Loyzance had purchased the site identified by General Clark, and had already erected a Shrine to our Lady, under whose invocation the Mission of the Martyrs was first established, and, as early as 1884, he had instituted the pious pilgrimages which have been growing in number and fervor ever since, so much so that it is safe to say they would continue in our Lady's honor and in memory of her servants even if their cause should never be advanced.

To elevate a saint to the honors of the Church is not the exclusive work of the Sovereign Pontiff, but, in some measure, of every member of the Church of whatever degree. Bishops must aid in it by their judgment, priests by their pleading, all who can by their testimony, the rich by their alms, and the poor by their prayers. It is fortunate, then, that every Catholic in America can contribute to this great work, because the time, and labor, and expense required would far exceed what any individual or body of men could contribute. It is well known how rigid are the examinations demanded by the Holy See before any servant of God, of how great soever a repute for sanctity, can even be proposed as worthy of beatification. Few, however, except those who are immediately employed in such work, can estimate what vast labor the entire process entails or estimate what it must cost.

To collect, authenticate, examine and copy the best documents bearing upon the case, scattered as they are in different libraries in Canada, France, Italy and the United States ; to search out, verify and present for examination the correspondence and writings of the servants of God ; to compile the various testimonies concerning them left us in books written by authors from their time down to our own ; to collect the traditions that still exist as to their virtues, heroic deaths and powers of intercession with God ; to meet the salaries of secretaries and their assistants in so many different places, the cost of translating, printing and publishing the various processes in various languages ; the expenses of travel and the necessary fees of the Postulator for his advocates and their assistants—all this is only a summary of what must be done and expended in order to bring the cause to a successful issue. Then explorations must be made, at the sites thus far identified, for relics of any sort that may confirm even indirectly the truth of our documentary testimonies.

The process of proving the heroic virtues of those who are proposed for beatification, the veneration in which they are held by the faithful, their martyrdom, as in the case of Father Jogues and René Goupil, and, if need be, their power of intercession by authenticated miracles, is not an easy nor brief one. In this case the preliminary steps are slower, because it has been decided to combine in one the processes of Fathers Brébeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier, who died in missions situated in what is still Canadian territory, since ultimately this will save the labor and expense of repeating the process.

The Rev. Arthur Jones, until lately Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal, has not been idle so far as his share of the work is

concerned. Besides arranging the documents, that pertain to the missionaries mentioned above, in order in the vaults of the College, he has made a map of the early Huron Missions and identified some of the sites where they labored and died. His successor will continue his good work. We may therefore hope soon to put in form the material we have been gathering for some years, so as to present it to the Postulator and thus introduce the Cause which so many are praying for, especially when visiting Auriesville in pilgrimage.

The principal object in view in the purchase of the land at Auriesville and in the erection of the Shrine there has not been lost sight of ; nor have we neglected the Shrine and the pilgrimages. Most of all we have been fortunate enough to become possessors of the Ravine, a site quite as important as the hill' site, as it is described so accurately as being the burial place of René Goupil and the place has been preserved from destruction and beautified in a way that will begin to appear in another year. The Holy Sepulchre, the grotto of our Lady and the statues of St. Joseph, St. Ignatius, already erected there, as well as one of the Sacred Heart which we hope to add to these, make it preëminently a place of our favorite devotions.

The Shrine grounds proper are not the fenceless sun-scorched fields they were when we purchased them. The improvements made there have been duly recorded in these pages and need not be mentioned again here. These, too, will appear to better advantage in a year or two. Last, but not least, is the purchase made only this year of all the land we need to keep the Shrine grounds strictly private, the hillside and the hotel from undesirable intruders on pilgrimage days. As we have often told our readers, there would be no sense in making permanent improvements before obtaining possession of what we now own. Accommodating as our neighbors have always been, this year for the first time can we invite guests to the hotel without apologizing for its condition and appearance.

Meanwhile divine worship has been faithfully and properly provided for ; the pilgrimages have been multiplied and are now made Sunday after Sunday instead of one day only ; the crown of thorns in gold, the pious offering of hundreds of clients of our Lady, is ready, and the statue on which this is to be placed will, we trust, be ready this time next year. Thus, devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows has been more piously practiced ; the heroic lives and sacrifices of the early missionaries are better and more widely known ;

confidence in their powers of intercession has been increased, and, we believe, richly rewarded by marvellous answers to prayers. On this last score, our files of thousands of letters bear abundant testimony which will furnish interesting reading when the complete records of the work of Auriesville will be written.

One thing has been accomplished during these years. Auriesville has become a shrine in the true and best sense of that term.

It is strange to hear the notions which some people, Catholics as well as Protestants, have about a shrine. They imagine there must necessarily be some famous relic, or curative pool, and sensational miracles occurring daily. Some view it entirely from the business point of view, and, in true modern fashion, suggest a hundred ways of "booming" it, supplying hotels, increasing traffic, etc., as if everything depended on the concourse of people coming to it, whether they came as devout pilgrims or not. Very few can appreciate what it is to have a place of prayer. Those who come here, or who study the sacred association of the site, with the reverence for well-founded traditions which is the mark of a Catholic instinct, soon view things with the proper spirit, and go away with the conviction that heaven has favored this spot naturally and supernaturally, and are not surprised to see the number and fervor of the pilgrimages increase from year to year, in spite of obstacles and of the failure, pardon the vulgarism, to "boom" Auriesville and its surroundings.

It is important to bear in mind that Auriesville is preëminently a place of hallowed memories and associations calculated to excite our piety, to quicken our devotion, and move us to profess our faith, and to pray with the confidence that will obtain even miraculous answers.

In this country we are so unacquainted with the true nature and object of a shrine, that we are apt to expect too much or to obtain too little of the benefits of which it should be the medium, simply because we overlook or ignore its real purpose. The history of Lourdes and other great shrines have led many people to think that a shrine must necessarily be a scene of frequent and striking miracles. Indeed, it is quite common to meet with people who imagine that, when God sees fit to grant a miracle in answer to the prayers made through the intercession of Father Jogues, it will surely take place at the Shrine at Auriesville. It will not do to answer that the miracle which finally determined the canonization of St. Berchmans happened not at the shrine in Diest, but in our

own country in the diocese of New Orleans. It would, it is true, be natural to look for special favors at the place where so much piety is shown; but the many remarkable favors reported as granted in other places through the intercession of Father Jogues and his companions should correct our belief that the Shrine must necessarily be a place of miracles. A place of marvels it surely has been, both in the temporal and spiritual order; but, as yet, no miracles that we know of have lately been granted through the intercession of those whom we seek to have beatified.

If we need a proof of the attractive power of spots with hallowed association, we would but have to journey to Auriesville in August, especially on the feast of our Lady's Assumption or one of the Sundays of that month. There, on the brow of the hill, overlooking the Mohawk, stands the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs, a plain wooden open pavilion capable of accommodating a thousand people, with an enclosed sanctuary in which a lifelike statue of the Queen of Martyrs looks down on her children from over the altar.

It is hard to imagine anything more devotional than the sight of the pilgrims who have come thither in honor of their Mother Mary and her servants slain for their love of the Cross of Christ. They have come from long distances; many of them are fasting in order to receive Holy Communion. They are not excursionists, out for a day in the country; they are performing a religious act, and, in spite of the crowds, there is never any disorder, noise or levity. After assisting at Mass and hearing a short sermon, they disperse over the broad enclosure, some visit the old shrine containing a statue of the Pietà, the Sorrowful Mother, holding in her lap the dead Christ; some go to the Calvary, while others betake themselves to the Ravine. Then comes the open-air luncheon. At two o'clock the beautiful devotion of the Stations of the Cross is made in common. This implies considerable self-sacrifice for there is no friendly shade as yet to protect the worshippers from the burning rays of the sun overhead.

Next a procession is formed to visit the Ravine. The Rosary is recited publicly on the way. When they reach the huge boulder near which the body of René Goupil was probably hidden, the missionary priest stands on the rock and tells the story of the heroic young Frenchman or reads the pathetic account of it by Father Jogues. Then once again the procession forms and when they arrive at the Shrine, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given

and the pilgrims start for home carrying with them devout recollections of a day spent at the sanctuary of our Lady of Martyrs.

The Way of the Cross is the most frequent if not the favorite devotion here, and has been so since Father Loyzance first erected the Calvary with its circle of fourteen crosses, each the gift of some of his many friends. Even were this devotion not an indispensable one of every Catholic shrine, it would have suggested itself to one who, like Father Loyzance, had in view when purchasing this place the commemoration of Isaac Jogues, who consoled himself during his long captivity here with the reflection that he had been born under the shadow of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Orleans, France, and was only earning by his tortures the right to be called "Citizen of the Cross." The first memorial structure raised on these grounds was the large cross donated by the late Father Hourigan, inscribed with the title given to his mission by Father Jogues, The Mission of the Most Holy Trinity, which is brought back to our minds by the sign of the cross. It is now the starting point for the Way of the Cross, which winds about the hill along an avenue planted with young trees, which will soon shade the small, if not the large groups of pilgrims on this penitential journey, though in time even the two thousand who go over this path some Sundays will be sheltered from the burning rays of the sun. To the credit of all who make the Way of the Cross here it should be said that no one seems to mind the sun, nor has anyone ever been harmed by it, and it is a common thing on pilgrimage days to witness from one thousand to three thousand men, women and children at this devotion at midday in August, and the sight is inspiring and memorable. As the round is made the view is ever changing, the valley, the river at its most beautiful turn, the village, the hills, the Shrine grounds and, not the least, the stations themselves succeeding one another, and all contributing some stimulus to recollection and piety. The new stations are the gifts of pious pilgrims, whose intentions are not forgotten, even when they are absent. Some day the figures in these stations must be life-size, and each group or station must have its pedestal or grotto.

The relic of the Holy Cross is the only relic offered for public veneration here, and it is the only one applied to those who come to be relieved of mental or bodily ailments. It is not surprising that a relic of such virtue should be the means of obtaining many

singular blessings in a place where everything disposes one better to faith and confidence. We have a relic of Catharine Tegakwitha, but since she has not been beatified, it cannot be offered for public veneration. It has been used privately, however, and with success, nor is it strange, since her life was so saintly, and since the widespread and endearing veneration for her virtues merit in some way special graces and favors through her intercession.

The Most Blessed Trinity is honored here because this mission was founded under that august title ; and the Holy Name is also honored because Father Jogues used to honor it specially here and carve it on the trees ; but, since it is a Shrine of Our Lady, pilgrims all seem to cultivate in a special manner her title under which she was first venerated in this valley, *Notre Dame de Foye*, which in those days expressed what we now mean by the title "Our Lady of Sorrows," or, as we style it here, "Our Lady Queen of Martyrs." Prayers are said before the Pietà after the Way of the Cross; the Confraternity of Our Lady of Sorrows is established here and members are regularly received ; the Seven Dolor beads are in demand and are always recited on the way to the Ravine ; the black scapular is also conferred here, and a Solemn Novena is made here yearly in preparation for the feast of the Assumption. In this Novena people join whether it be their good fortune to come to the Shrine or not, and the custom has grown of sending intentions to be placed on the altar. These intentions or petitions for prayer embrace every conceivable object spiritual or temporal, the former especially, and it is gratifying to observe that vocations and conversions figure most prominently as well among the thanksgivings for favors received as among the requests for prayers. Among these intentions we should always include the benefactors and friends of the Shrine, living or dead.

We may remark here that, since the first purchase of land at Auriesville, in 1884, not a year has passed without some improvement in or about the grounds. These improvements, together with the expense connected with the attendance on the pilgrims, especially when they come in large numbers, have all cost large sums of money, considering our limited resources, and yet, thank God, they have all been paid for by the charity of the friends and patrons of the cause of the Martyrs. *Although, in all justice, we might have called upon the pastors and other leading parties to visit*

the Shrine to help us to meet these expenses, we have never asked nor received an offering from them. What is more, we have never required admission tickets at the Shrine grounds, nor charged for entrance nor even sought to obtain a commission from the railroad and other transport companies bringing pilgrims to Auriesville. We do not mention this by way of boasting of our generosity, for we are aware that most people will attribute it to poor business methods, while others will malevolently regard the pilgrimages as a scheme for making money.

Nor do we regard it as altogether just that these expenses should fall on a few, or that such vast numbers of pilgrims should frequent the Shrine without helping to provide the means required for maintaining and improving it. Indeed, should we attempt to erect a permanent church or pilgrims' house at Auriesville, as, we trust, shall soon be done, we should necessarily have to call upon every one that knows or visits the place to help us. All we can plead in favor of our present poor business methods, with those who choose to consider them poor, is that we are striving to live by faith, and that, so far, thank God, our trust in Providence has not failed us.

July 28 to September 9 is the time for pilgrimages to the Shrine this year. Mass will be said daily, and when the number of pilgrims warrants it, there will be morning prayers in common, the Stations of the Cross, sometimes the hour of adoration or Holy Hour, evening prayers, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on days when it is permitted.

The usual Novena in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs will be begun at the Shrine on Tuesday, August 6, and close on the Feast of the Assumption, Thursday, August 15. Besides the particular intention to be recommended by each one who makes this Novena, the general interests of the Shrine and the Cause of the Martyrs should also be an object of our prayers. Special prayers for this Novena are given in the Shrine Manual, so that even those who cannot take part in the devotions at the Shrine may join in spirit with the pilgrims there for their own and for our common intention mentioned above.

The first pilgrimage announced for this month is the one from Albany, Sunday, August 11. It will leave the New York Central Station at 6:30 a. m. Passengers from New York by the night boat

will reach Albany in time for this train, and those who wish to return with the pilgrimage will arrive in Albany in time for the night boat to New York.

Thursday, August 15, the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption usual general pilgrimage will be made from localities in the vicinity of the Shrine.

Sunday, August 18, the members of St. Joseph's parish, Schenectady, will make a pilgrimage under the guidance of Rev. Father Schoppe, their pastor, and his assistant Father Heinrich. The weather permitting, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament will be on this day.

Sunday, August 25, Father Murray, of St. Mary's Church, Saugerties, N. Y., will lead his fourth annual pilgrimage, members of his own and of other parishes together with their pastors taking part in it.

Sunday, September 8, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lynch, D.D., of St. John's, Utica, will make his sixth annual pilgrimage with pilgrims from Utica and the neighborhood. This will be the closing pilgrimage this year.

After September 9, Mass will not be said at the Shrine until October 18, the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues.

The statue of St. Ignatius was blessed on St. Ignatius' Day, July 31. It stands under a bower of trees on the north side of the Ravine, about 150 feet east of the grotto of our Lady. It is made of zinc, and measures four and a half feet in height, so that on its pedestal three feet high, it rises seven and a half feet.

The statue of our Lord in the sepulchre will be placed in a grotto or crypt in the glade across the bridge facing the grotto of our Lady. It is hoped to have it ready before August 15. This statue has not yet been paid for, but we trust that some generous friend will contribute the cost of it and the crypt for it, about \$125.

Two more statues are needed, one of the Sacred Heart, to be placed on the knoll overlooking the Ravine from the south, and one of Mary Magdalene, to complete the group at the foot of the Cross on the Calvary. Each of these statues will cost about \$75.

This mention of the means to purchase statues reminds us of requests we often receive for information about making donations



to the Shrine. Chief among the objects we recommend to the generosity of its friends is the Pietà, or statue of our Lady supporting the figure of Christ taken down from the Cross. This is to be carved in marble, and on it the crown, which is already made, will be offered. To meet the expense of this statue and of a suitable support and covering, we respectfully solicit contributions from our friends. One way of contributing is by taking or disposing of shares on the prizes offered in the bazaar we are now holding for this object. The prizes are :

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. A diamond ring. | 5. Lady's diamond pin. |
| 2. Lady's gold watch. | 6. A Franklin Typewriter. |
| 3. Diamond earrings. | 7. Amethyst Rosary on rolled gold. |
| 4. Pen and holder, all gold. | 8. Handsome set of Vestments(white) |

Every one of these prizes is beautiful and valuable. Tickets for shares with coupons attached will be arranged in book form, each book containing a ticket for each prize, together with eight other blank tickets, in case some should wish to buy more than one share on any special prize. Shares on each prize are twenty-five cents. Books will be mailed to friends of the Shrine who will kindly return them in case they cannot dispose of any shares. Books will be sent to others on application ; but it should be understood that we do not wish this bazaar to interfere with any charitable enterprise more urgent or nearer home. At least 10,000 persons will visit the Shrine during the month of August. If each would take but one share we should already have \$2,500 ; if but one half this number would dispose of books, we could begin to build our permanent chapel. The drawing will take place at the Shrine, September 9.

The proceeds from the sale of articles at the Shrine store are devoted to defraying the general expenses of the Shrine. Among these articles are beads, pictures, prayer-books, medals, scapulars, etc., and the following publications issued in the interest of the Shrine:

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.—A monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the Shrine and to the Cause of the martyrs who died there. Subscribing to the PILGRIM and making this bright little magazine known to others is a sure means of promoting the best interests of the Shrine. 50 cents a year. Send for sample copy.

THE SHRINE MANUAL.—Containing prayers and devotions for every Pilgrimage Service, Mass of the Seven Dolors, Stations of

the Cross and all the Holy Exercises for Shrine, Oratory, Grotto and Ravine, with historial accounts of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catharine Tegakwitha. 154 pages, cloth, 20 cents ; by mail, 25 cents. Handsomely bound in morocco, full gilt, \$1.

SHRINE ALBUM.—Photographic views of more than 30 points of special interest. 15 cents ; by mail, 20 cents.

LIFE OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.—Translated by John Gilmary Shea. \$1.

Pilgrims should not come together in large numbers to the Shrine, especially on Sundays, without notifying and receiving the consent of their pastors and apprising us that they have this consent. This precaution is necessary for the sake of order in the parish and at the Shrine.

Pilgrims who wish to remain some time at the Shrine would do well to write about their accommodations to one of the following addresses :

Mr. Thomas Glenn, Auriesville Hotel, Auriesville, N. Y.

Mr. Fish Polhemus, Philadelphia Hotel, Auriesville, N. Y.

Mr. Jay Irving, Auriesville, N. Y.

Mr. Charles Miller, Auriesville, N. Y.

Mr. G. Blood, Glen, N. Y.

Mr. Frank Galbraith, Auriesville, N. Y.

Auriesville is a station of the West Shore railroad, forty miles west of Albany and 175 from New York ; fifty miles east of Utica and about 270 from Buffalo. It is about this distance, 270 miles from Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal.

Pilgrims leaving New York and stations along the line of the West Shore Railroad can obtain excursion tickets for one fare and one-third, *i.e.*, return tickets from New York will be sold for \$5.30, instead of the regular rate, \$7.90. A proportionate reduction will be made between Auriesville and intermediate stations east, or west as far as Buffalo. These tickets are good until September 15, inclusively, and can be purchased at the West Shore Railroad offices foot of Franklin Street, West 42d Street and in Jersey City, and at all the stations of this road, *by presenting a card order signed by us*. These cards may be obtained by applying at our office, 27-29 West 16th Street, New York City. Still lower rates will be made at any time for parties of twenty-five or more.

HOW TO REACH AURIESVILLE.

For the benefit of those who desire to visit the Shrine, we sub-join a schedule of convenient trains by the West Shore R. R.

FROM NEW YORK.

Franklin Street	10.30 A. M. †	9.20 P. M. *
West Forty-Second Street	10.45 "	9.30 "
Weehawken	11.00 "	9.45 "
Arrive Auriesville	4.33 P. M.	3.45 A. M. (E)

*Daily. 9.45 from Penna. Depot, Jersey City, connects with this train.

†Daily, except Sunday. (E) Stops to leave New York and New England passengers.

FROM ALBANY.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station	7.45 A. M. *	2.15 P. M.
Auriesville	9.18 "	4.33 "

*Daily. The night boat to Albany connects with this train.

FROM POINTS WEST.

Buffalo	7.00 A. M. *
Rochester	9.10 "
Syracuse	11.40 "
Utica	8.00 A. M. †	1.46 P. M.
Fultonville	9.47 "	4.25 "
Arrive Auriesville	9.54 "	4.39 "

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

Returning to New York a train leaves Auriesville at 9.54 A. M., and arrives in New York at 3.30 P. M. Another train leaves Auriesville at 4.39 P. M., arriving in Albany at 6.10 P. M., in time to connect with the night boat to New York.

Going West, the train leaving Auriesville at 9.18 A. M., arrives in Utica (East) at 11.45 A. M.; Syracuse, 1.50 P. M.; Rochester, 4.18 P. M.; Buffalo, 6.30 P. M. The train leaving Auriesville at 4.33 P. M. arrives in Utica (East) 6.26 P. M.; Syracuse, 7.55 P. M.; Rochester, 10.07 P. M. and Buffalo at 12 night.

The New York Central Railroad, the most frequented line of travel, runs parallel with the West Shore, but on the opposite side of the river (the historic Mohawk). Two stations on the New York Central are convenient to Auriesville, Fonda and Tribes Hill, the former three miles west, and the latter one and one-half miles east. Public conveyances are procurable at a slight charge from either to the Shrine.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. C., Somerville, Mass	\$31.00	E. F., New York City.....	\$5.00
J. F. B., National Military Home, Ind.	1.00	J. P., Riverdale, N. Y.	4.00
Anonymous	5.00	M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	10.00
Anonymous	5.00	Anonymous, Baltimore, Md. ..	10.00
T. W. B., Dayton, O.	1.00	Anon., for Land and Hotel ...	500.00
B., National Military Home, Ind. 1.00		M. M. B., for the Statue of St. Ignatius.....	42.00

FOR THE CHALICE.

F. L., New York, a gold watch.

E. A. D., New Dorp, N. Y., a gold ring.

FATHER CHARLES GARNIER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

WHILE Fathers de Brébeuf and Chaumonot were travelling through the villages and settlements around Niagara two other Jesuits were exploring the mountains which are called to-day the Blue Ridge, in the southeastern portion of the country of the Hurons. These mountains which extend along the Fresh Water Sea, as it was then called, were inhabited by the Petun Nation. These Indians cultivated the petun or tobacco, and, although they never went down to Quebec with the Hurons, they lived, nevertheless, under the same laws, and differed very little in their habits and customs. Having no commercial relations with Europeans they saw with dislike the entrance of strangers among them. Moreover, they were difficult to approach for they lived in the midst of the woods and rocks, in deep valleys whence they never issued except to go to war against the Iroquois with the Hurons, their allies.

The most favorable time to reach them was the winter. Fathers Charles Garnier and Peter Piejar attempted it towards the month of November, 1840, when the snow was hard and the rivers frozen. Father Piejar, one of the old missionaries of the Hurons among whom he worked during five years, was gifted rather with good common sense than with talent and

possessed more holiness than deep knowledge. Ready for every sacrifice he preferred the most painful tasks; he was not made to command but he knew how to obey, and under skilful direction he became a powerful auxiliary in evangelizing the savages. In this Mission of the Apostles, as it was called, Providence placed him under the orders of a rare Superior, Father Charles Garnier.

Father Garnier was called the lamb of the Huron missions as Father de Brébeuf was their lion. The description is exact, but the lamb was as strong and as heroic as the lion.

Born at Paris on the 25th of May, 1606, of a family remarkable for the distinguished members it gave to the legal profession, he made his studies in the Jesuit college of Clermont where he ranked as one of the most successful students. He was a model of labor and devotion to duty; full of enthusiasm, he was always eager for everything that demanded a great deal of generosity, and was drawn from his earliest years to the apostolate among the savages of Canada. He prepared himself for them by fasting, prayer and the mortifications almost of an anchorite. The money which was given him for his enjoyment of the holidays fell into the hands of the poor or was contributed to the purse for prisoners. He thus began early to study the lessons of detachment and self-denial. Even in those days, with exquisite care he exercised an apostolate among his fellow students. Just as now the booksellers displayed their wares along the Pont-Neuf; but the books were not always expurgated and it was a favorite occupation for the boy to buy and destroy what was bad, lest his comrades, urged by the spirit of curiosity, might stumble upon them and read them.

He was of an extremely nervous and delicate constitution; but in his slender body there was the soul of a hero. Later on, when among the Hurons, they would often laugh at this thin and emaciated priest who was little else than skin and bone, whose face showed scarcely any signs of beard, who was always sickly and always with his youthful appearance unimpaired, but, nevertheless, full of courage, full of enthusiasm, exquisite in his manners, and at the service of everyone wherever he went.

This religious of good birth and exquisite culture, who was a Jesuit at eighteen and a missionary at thirty, was a subject of admiration for his brethren, because, after renouncing all worldly hopes, he lived only for heaven. In 1646, he wrote to his brother, who was a discalced Carmelite, "Life is hard among the Huron missions and I sometimes think of the delights of France; but I say to myself immediately, you must think only of the delights of Paradise where we shall find all in God, and then it is easy to take pleasure in privations and in seeking what has no worldly attraction." For him all was alike, rest, consolation, suffering and fatigue. For him everything was in God, and out of God there was nothing. "The love of Jesus Christ and the salvation of souls was his only ambition. To love Jesus Christ and make Him loved are words that recur unceasingly in his letters and, in fact, indicated the two passions of his life."

His days were so absorbed in this pursuit of perfection and in the work of the sacred ministry that he had not time to write to his friends in France. When they complained of it he says: "I wish my days were longer in order to do more for God. The sufferings of this life are of little account if they only bring me nearer the divine Master; if they only draw me further from evil, and renew constantly my desires to do better."

We have described the daily life of the other missionaries. The life of Father Garnier was passed in the same privations and the same austerity. When the missions were in their state of formation, the surroundings were very difficult, and it was nothing less than the life of a savage. The missionary ate what the Indians gave him or what he could find in the cabins where he lodged. Sometimes he had to content himself for weeks and for months with a little bread baked under the ashes. At night he slept where he could and as he could—sometimes in the open air, on the bare ground; sometimes in a hole dug in the snow; sometimes in the wigwam on a mat or strips of bark that served him for a bed. One could not be exacting among the Indians. Nevertheless, as if this miserable life was not sufficient to satisfy his soul, he was thirsting for more suffering. Father Garnier carried on his body a band of iron

bristling with sharp points and scourged himself often with an iron discipline. The two last years of his life he ate only roots and acorns. His Superior thought it proper to advise him to spare his strength. "I am taking too much care of myself," he answered. "It is true I am hungry sometimes ; but I have not died of it, and, thanks be to God, my body and soul retain all their vigor." Perhaps some will find these rigors excessive ; but they do not understand the motive or the usefulness of them. Perhaps they will see only the follies or the holy exaggerations of a too enthusiastic soul. There were some who thought so then, but they did not know this perfect disciple of a crucified God. He wanted to be treated no better than his Master. He had denied himself of his own accord to follow in His footsteps, to share in His fatigues, in order to help Christ to save souls by the way of the cross. He knew that it was by praying and suffering that he could purchase the grace of conversion for sinners and unbelievers.

Father L. Garreau, who was during four years his companion, wrote of him : "He seems to have been born for the conversion of savages. His fervor increased each day ; to baptize a dying man he would think nothing of travelling thirty or forty miles under a burning sun or passing nights all alone and without shelter in the forest in the middle of winter. With an emaciated and sickly body he was ever on the road seeking for an Indian to instruct or a child to regenerate in the waters of baptism. He carried in his arms and cared for with his own hands the most degraded creatures, covered with vermin and often devoured with ulcers. There was something in his look and in his countenance so sweet that even the Indians were struck by it and often profoundly touched. Sometimes they saw near him a young man of ravishing beauty who helped him in his ministry of charity. He was the angel of God to whom he loved to pray, and who was the companion of his journey and of his labors."

The Protestant Parkman is in admiration of this missionary, whose life in the midst of the Indians recalls that of Claver among the negroes. "He endured," said he, "all his life perils enough to startle the bravest, with the ardor of a valiant heart

which sustained by its spirit of sacrifice his worn and extenuated frame. He showed himself equal to every difficulty. His companions thought him a saint, and if he had lived two centuries earlier they would have tried to canonize him. His whole life was that of an ideal apostle."

URBAIN DE HERCÉ, LAST BISHOP OF DOLE.

HEROIC VICTIM OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THERE'S a very heroic figure looming up in the Church of France at the close of the last century. It is that of the Bishop of Dole in Brittany—a man hitherto unknown at least in our country. Dole is a place of very little importance, geographically or otherwise, and outside of France is scarcely thought of. At some future time, perhaps, the life and death of its last bishop may lift it out of its insignificance. Its first pastor was St. Samson, an English monk who came over when its people were barbarians and idolaters and shed his blood to teach them the way to heaven. This was far back in the sixth century and the date of his death was July 28. Twelve centuries later, on the very same day, its last bishop dyed with his blood the ruins of the little diocese which after him was to disappear from the map of the Church.

That bishop was Urbain de Hercé. He was born at Mayenne on the 6th of February, 1726. On all his family belongings there is a stamp of nobility, but better than earthly distinction is the splendid catholicity for which his family was conspicuous. Conspicuous, perhaps, is not the word; for it is quite possible that this household was only a type of many that were to be found in the happy days that immediately preceded the French Revolution. Our sociologists might discover in the yet unwritten history of that period many illustrations of the way people lived in those Catholic times.

In the family of this future bishop there were no less than nineteen children. The mother was the guardian angel of the

household and never entrusted one of her numerous offspring to the care of servants, though possibly in those days, when faith was active and earnest, the devotion and virtue of the family retainers, especially in Brittany, might have been relied upon. But she would not give up to others what was her duty and her delight. The very care of dressing them, numerous as they were, was hers; at her knees their prayers were said—her own religious duties having been fulfilled long before—and each morning saw her with them all around her kneeling at the altar for Holy Mass.

It is not surprising that so many of her children brought glory to their country and honor to their home.

One of the sons, an officer of artillery, was killed at St. Domingo in 1760; another, a naval lieutenant, died in battle off the coast of Coromandel in 1758, and a third, likewise a lieutenant in the navy, was made Chevalier of St. Louis.

Of course, the Church claimed some of them. There was the saintly vicar general of Dole martyred with his brother the bishop; another, after having been ensign in the navy, became a monk and died in the odor of sanctity; a third became vicar-general of Nantes; and a fourth vicar-general of the diocese of Luçon. Of the daughters two became Hospitaler nuns at the age of sixteen, and one of them died of a malady contracted in nursing the sick. Greatest of all was Urbain, who, after many years as vicar-general of Nantes, became bishop and who stood as the central and inspiring figure in a group of martyrs who gave their blood for the Church of Jesus Christ.

What a happy father and mother to have inspired their children with such lofty ideas of life!

Urbain made his collegiate studies at Mayenne and here is found a connecting-link in the life of this hero of the Church with our own country. Cheverus, the first bishop of Boston, was a student in the same college. Probably they did not know each other then, for Cheverus was younger and, in fact, was tonsured later by de Hercé; but they met afterwards in prison in the dark days of the Revolution. What is singular and a little surprising is that the holy bishop actually prevented Cheverus, whom he had made his vicar-general, from

gaining the martyr's crown which he himself went forward to win. It was the exact reverse of what occurred between Pope Xystus and his deacon St. Lawrence. St. Lawrence prevailed. Cheverus did not. How it all happened we shall see later.

His theological studies were made in Paris, chiefly at the Sorbonne, and when he came back to Mayenne laden with honors he was made vicar-general of the diocese of Nantes near his native place. The old bishop there, who was a stalwart enemy of Jansenism and knew his young kinsman's ability as a theologian, demanded his assistance. Hence it happened that for thirteen years Urbain de Hercé sustained the fight which the age and infirmity of the bishop were no longer equal to. At the end of those thirteen years, Nantes was conspicuous for its religious tranquillity. Jansenism was completely uprooted and the people reflected the piety and fervor of the saintly vicar.

About the year 1766 the ability of de Hercé attracted the attention of the governor of Brittany, as well as of the Provincial Assembly where he was sent as the bishop's representative. In the following year the diocese of Dole received him as its bishop.

Dole, though small, had privileges of its own which dated from a remote antiquity. It was poor indeed and restricted in territory, but its bishop was seigneur and count of that country. He took the first place in the civil and almost an archiepiscopal prominence in ecclesiastical assemblies. Besides that, the diocese could look back to a long line of illustrious prelates who had done great things in it for the interests of learning and religion. During twenty-three years the last bishop this little diocese was ever to know was not untrue to these traditions. All of his revenues were given for God, and inconspicuous as the place was it may be of interest to know that from the little college which he had founded in the city there came forth no less a man than Chateaubriand and one of the most famous jurisconsults of France, Charles Bonaventure Toullier, who, but for the bishop, would have followed a seafaring life.

He was most solicitous for the spread of primary education and no parish was without its schools, many of them free and with money invested for their maintenance.

His work of predilection was that of the missions. They were always made to follow his episcopal visitations in the various parishes of the diocese. He himself took part in them to give them splendor and dignity, and to ensure their permanence he funded large sums of money for their support. His deep theological learning led him to take an active and personal interest in the formation of the priesthood, while his holy life was a constant appeal to his priests to surround their office with the exalted virtue which the work of the sanctuary demands. Never did he consecrate a priest without passing the entire night before in prayer.

His influence was as great in the general assemblies of the clergy as at home. Besides his intellectual powers, it is said that his memory was amazing and it is told of him that he knew by heart the whole of Holy Scripture, the Council of Trent, Tronson's Formation of the Clergy, the Ecclesiastical History of Fleury, the Theology of Tournely and all the Odes of Horace. Making allowance for some exaggeration in this matter, many of the examples given in which this faculty was called into play indicate a power that was quite remarkable.

At last the dark days of the Revolution came. The Constituent Assembly abolished several of the dioceses of Brittany and named a political ecclesiastic to the new see which was established on the ruins. De Hercé payed no attention to the intruder. The episcopal palace was taken away from him and he continued his work in the seminary. A ringing appeal to his clergy kept them all steady at their posts with five unhappy exceptions. Then the seminary was barred and the cathedral shut, and a short time after the bishop with many others were in the prison of the Cordeliers. Taking the oath was, of course, out of the question for such a man and banishment from his native country was decreed. It is here we meet Cheverus. An affection grew up between him and the bishop during the imprisonment and Cheverus was made a vicar-general for the unhappy flock that had lost its shepherd, if ever he was able to exercise his powers in their behalf. With the bishop he went to the Isle of Jersey, to Bath and to London. But they did not propose to remain in England.

In 1794, Pius VI made De Hercé the Ordinary of all the royalist armies and the old bishop now looked forward to certain death. He would remain in France come what might and go from village to village to keep alive the faith of his afflicted people. He was not to go alone. Numberless applications were made by his priests to go with him. Among the first was the young Cheverus, but his request was met by a firm refusal. "No, my son," said the bishop, "I am old and can risk the few years I have upon earth ; but you are young and I would deem myself guilty if I deprived the Church of the long and useful services you can render." "But," pleaded the young priest like another St. Lawrence, "you are my father, and my place as a son is at your side." The old man sternly insisted, and so Cheverus turned sadly away and our own country soon after had the blessing of his virtues and his labors.

On the 16th of June, 1795, the bishop set sail with the troops from Southampton. His brother was with him and forty other priests, and nine days after the convoy anchored in the bay of Quiberon close to the shore. On the 28th a solemn Mass was celebrated on the beach for the soul of Louis XVII whose death had been just announced.

The banners of the fleur-de-lis were blessed and distributed to the regiments. In less than a month afterwards the royal forces were shattered and the cause was lost. Escape was yet easy. He was on the shore at Port Haliguen and the English fleet was in the offing. A soldier was ready to carry him to the barge, but, "no," he said, "I will never abandon my flock and the good priests who are with me." A few days after he was dragged from the altar where he was celebrating Mass and with fifteen others, twelve of them priests, his brother among them, was brought before a military tribunal. That was the 27th of July, the next day was the beloved 28th. In his cathedral, at half-past ten of that day, during all the long years of his episcopate, he had ascended the altar for the sacrifice in honor of the first martyred bishop of the diocese. Now it was his own sacrifice, and, at the very same hour, on July 28th, the sixteen victims of the holocaust were ranged along a low wall

on one of the principal promenades of Vannes, just as a century later other victims for the same cause stood against the wall on the Rue Haxo or in the prison yard of La Roquette. The bishop gave them absolution and, at that solemn moment when he was about to recite the prayers of the Church, asked to have his hat removed, for his hands were manacled. A soldier advanced to comply with the request, but the Count de Sombreuil jostled him aside. "You are not worthy to touch him," he exclaimed, and with his teeth—for his hands too, were chained—removed the hat from the head of the bishop. They were kneeling now, their eyes bandaged, all but the Count, who refused to kneel and as a soldier would not permit them to cover his eyes. "Kneel down, my son," said the bishop, "it is the attitude of prayer." "I kneel," answered the soldier, "and I bend one knee for my God and the other for my king." The word is given, the rattle of musketry is heard and all but de Sombreuil fall in their blood. Another discharge and the warm life current of the youth of twenty-five mingled with that of the old hero of seventy.

That massacre was enough, it would seem, but the assassins were savages and the bodies were stripped naked of their garments and left to welter in the pool of blood into which they had fallen. Their clothes were sold to the ragmen of the town. There the bodies lay—a shocking spectacle on the public street—and the dogs were permitted to lap up the blood. There was more than enough to satisfy them. At last the people protested, and the corpses were finally not lifted, but dragged along the public thoroughfare, leaving a long track of blood upon the stones from the place of execution to the common pit into which they were thrown, behind a church some distance off. So died the last bishop of Dole.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.

“OH! but you *must* read it, my dear; everybody is doing so. Why, it has not been out a week, and it is already selling in its hundredth thousand!” The speaker was vivid and animated, and very much in earnest. “It” might have been a matter of life and death.

But “my dear” looked rebellious; in fact, in the elegant language of the callow youth known as her brother, “my dear” looked ready “to buck”—even at a stone wall, for like unto that obstruction seemed to her aroused perception, the arbitrary, modern decree that in order to be “in the swim” (literary, or, rather, heaven save the mark!—would-be-literary), one must read every new novel fortunate enough to be expensively enough advertised. The decree was like unto that which ordains that one *must* have an operation for appendicitis, or a spill from one’s automobile in order to receive the hall-mark of “fashion.”

Now, “my dear” was of the calibre (rare it is true), who, having made acquaintance with a certain, high philosophic thought, during a particularly strenuous period of youth, took, and like one Maggie Tulliver, ever after laid to heart with unction the same. “My dear” had been sighing for the world and the fullness thereof, for the breadth and depth and glory of life—life in all its passionate intensity. And yet—the voice came from out the centuries—“What canst thou see elsewhere that thou dost not see here? Behold the heavens and the earth, and all the elements, for out of these are all things made.” It was, of course, a big thought, a going right to the heart of elementals, and “my dear,” being a sensible young person with a quiet appreciation of humor, never obtruded it upon her friends. And, indeed, in the main “my dear” herself had gone with the crowd, just like the rest of the sheep.

She had joined the breathless feminine chase (for it is mainly feminine alas!) after every new novel. Hot from the press she had swallowed them whole, one after another. She

had even had an audacious idea that she could, with the help of pen, ink and paper, get up at least a composite novel herself. When she started in to try, however, she found that she couldn't, and that was one of the reasons why "my dear" was "bucking" this morning. She had found her thinking apparatus a hopeless jumble, her imagination—chaos. She had just "vowed a vow" that she would not read a new novel for a year. Miss Up-to-date regarded her in blank amazement.

"But everybody is reading it, *everybody*," she repeated, and she lovingly patted the bizarre-covered volume close to her bosom.

"My dear" regarded the "heavens"; they were blue with tender cloudlets floating across their sunlit spaces; "my dear" saw the "earth"; it was green, and there were flowers, and cool shadows lay upon the lawn; in the near distance flowed the river—water, and that, too, "my dear" beheld as it sparkled and danced in the summer sun. "My dear" thought she might, perhaps, live on the "heavens, and the earth, and the elements," at least for a while. She would give up *every* book. This determination was imparted to Miss Up-to-date. That intense-mannered maiden fairly gasped.

"Even 'Omar,' dear old 'Omar'?" she expostulated in stricken tones.

Miss Up-to-date's adored and adoring one kept a vest pocket volume of the *Rubàiyât*, one quatrain from which Miss Up-to-date averred was engraved upon both their hearts.

"A book of poems underneath the Bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Thou
Singing beside me in the Wilderness,
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Miss Up-to-date could not conceive of existence without "Omar"; it was preposterous. But "my dear" was bucking even at "Omar."

"The modern novel, and 'Omar'! where will it end?" whispered Miss Up-to-date. "She'll be taking to balloon sleeves and hoop skirts next"—this confidingly to the volume under her arm.

"My dear" said, "Perhaps so," and then she regarded the heavens. Miss Up-to-date opened "The Rule of Discord," and began to read. At the end of the third chapter, reached with the help of copious illustrations, Miss Up-to-date drew a deep breath, and joined in beholding the heavens.

"It's—it's so deliciously analytical," she sighed; "I have to stop and just *dote* upon it." And she stifled a yawn behind her pretty hand, and furtively glanced at the last page of the last chapter.

"What's it about?" queried "my dear" drowsily. Beholding the heavens through the leafy trees on a summer's day, induces repose.

"It's about—it's about—well so far it's just about corn, gathering it in, you know, and—and the symbols, and all that."

"My dear" opened her eyes and regarded the speaker. "Analytical, you said?" she repeated.

"Yes, just deliciously analytical character-drawing, don't you know; about corn first; and then there's religion later on, I believe," and Miss Up-to-date rapidly turned leaf after leaf in her quest.

"And love?"—"My dear" was sitting up in her hammock now, and attentively regarding her informant; she had ceased to behold the heavens.

"I—I can't find the love," confessed Miss Up-to-date plaintively and the leaves were flitting by now like the evolutions of a mill-wheel.

"Just look, page 299, and it's all about—Absalom. She hasn't ever begun to arrive!"

"My dear" rose from her hammock; there were five more evolutions of the analytical leaves, and then Miss Up-to-date, with a gasp of delight—"Ah, here she is at last: 'When Angelita gazed upon the cornfields that morning'"——Miss Up-to-date paused and looked into the face of "my dear," which was now bending close above her. "Isn't it lovely and psychic," she said vaguely.

"He is undoubtedly an exquisite word-painter," acquiesced "my dear"; "but 304 pages of corn and religion without a hint

of love, doesn't constitute a novel in my mind. And then religion! *such* religion!" "My dear" turned aside with an impetuous expression of disgust.

"You have read it?" questioned Miss Up-to-date, in surprise.

"Yes, last week, on the steamer coming over; I read it under its English title, 'The Descending Plan.' When you spoke I did not recognize the change of name."

"Don't you think it is beautiful, and so—devout?" queried Miss Up-to-date, lingeringly.

"Beautiful!" echoed "my dear," scornfully. "What, *what* is 'beautiful' in that irreverent rubbish?"

"Rubbish! Rubbish!" Miss Up-to-date raised her hands in horror. "My dear, he is a literary artist—an artist!"

"Yes—artist! artist! artist!" "My dear" was stirred to her depths now. "It is the cant, the catch-word, the by-word of the day. Any irreverence, any irreligion, any skepticism, any tearing down of the old faiths can pass to-day, can win approval, even the approval of those of the household of the faith, because, forsooth, it is *artistic*, because the doubter's hand behind it is that of an 'artist'! What is he trying to do, that 'artist' behind this!—this!—"

"My dear" had torn the volume from out the grasp of Miss Up-to-date, and now threw it from her, spurning it with her foot.

"Why, he is endeavoring with all the strength of his artistic suggestiveness to destroy the belief in a personal God, to throw doubt upon the authenticity of the Scriptures, to ridicule, oh! so gently, but with all the art which only ridicule possesses, the whole mystery of the Incarnation, to substitute in its place, what?—the blank, blank uncertainty of the latter-day Scientists, the teaching, forsooth, of 'that science from which the race henceforth must get its idea of God.' And yet Christians, Catholics buy it, and read it, and rave over it and volume after volume of its ilk. Have *we* no feelings to be outraged, no beliefs to be respected?"

"I didn't see all that," murmured Miss Up-to-date, meekly, awed indeed by the storm she had raised.

"Thank the Lord!" was "my dear's" fervent ejaculation. "And yet that is only another proof that the first bloom has been rubbed off the rose. If you hadn't been reading such books by the bushel, you would have seen it long ago."

Miss Up-to-date pouted. "It's such a sweet design on the cover," she drawled. "I wish you hadn't quite kicked it into the damp grass. But"—she yawned and began to search in her pocket for "Omar"—"after all, it *was* a dose."

MISSION NOTES.

AFRICA.

PERSECUTION IN ABYSSINIA.—Last December, we mentioned, in our Mission Notes, the Seminary of Alitiena, with its sixty native students. The Seminary has been closed and the Lazarist Fathers expelled from all their mission stations in northern Abyssinia. Hagos, the chief of the province, a lawless persecutor, seeing that the missionaries resisted his insatiable cupidity, turned upon them savagely. Having driven them successively from three different places, where their converts had to be left without spiritual assistance, he took possession of the school and residence of Naïga, gave the church to the heretics, threw down the little bell-tower, and carried off the bell. Not long after the ancient church of Alitiena, given by the Irob tribe to Monsignor de Jacobis, sixty years ago, was similarly violated and given to the heretics. Here the missionary Fathers had long celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, and around the sacred walls they had buried the dead. More violent measures were adopted to terrify the Catholic converts, and make them fall away from the faith. Those who remained constant were driven into exile. Some fled to the desert; others took refuge in the Italian colony, where they were hospitably received. Those misfortunes happened when the students of the Seminary were giving great promise of future usefulness. The Fathers have been obliged to go to Alexandria, and are now taking steps to establish their mission at Adis-abeba, where there will be hope of greater security. The number of apostates was small.

AMONGST THE COPTS.—In these separated Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians the Holy Father, Pope Leo, is keenly

interested, and not without strong hope of seeing them return to the unity of the Catholic fold. He has sent to them a patriarch, bishops, and distinguished missionaries. The Patriarch, Monsignor Macaire and the Coptic bishops of Hermopolis and Thebes proposed in 1896 to build a joint seminary for the more rapid training of a native clergy, the Seminary of Cairo still affording the slower and more perfect formation. The new seminary has been erected at Tahta, where the Bishop of Thebes resides. Tahta has some 17,000 souls. It is perhaps 300 miles south of Cairo, and one hour's journey from the left bank of the Nile. Father Jullien, S.J., who lately visited this place, gives interesting news of it in the *Missions Catholiques*. The Coptic Catholics form about one-twentieth of the population, and have a certain social prestige. It is said that more than half the Coptic Catholic priests are from Tahta and the neighboring villages. The Seminary is going on very successfully, having about forty students. The Catholics of the city deserve the esteem in which they are held. Amongst them have been and are still shining examples of virtue. Family life is admirable. Absolute obedience is paid to the father : even a married son will not be absent in the evening from the family circle. The richest of the men consider it an honor to carry the banners in processions, to read the epistle at High Mass, and hold the crucifix while the priest makes the round of the Stations of the Cross. The poor women have yet to suffer from the extreme customs of Eastern countries. When going almost furtively to church, they are enveloped from head to foot in a large and shapeless mantle of black silk, the face being uncovered only just enough to see the way. In the church they are hidden away in closed galleries, behind heavy screens of lattice-work. When receiving Holy Communion, they must come, like cloistered nuns, through a covered passage, and present themselves at a little gate behind the altar. In social life they are secluded almost as amongst the Mussulmans : only the imperative order of a physician will bring permission to breathe a little purer air in the gardens of their houses. Even then, they must go out in the evening or early morning, and accompanied by servants, who see that all others are excluded. When the husband receives his friends, the wife does not appear, unless perhaps to offer coffee like a servant. The Coptic women know only what their mothers tell them, and what they hear in sermons at church.

Syrian Sisters have opened a school and novitiate at Tahta, and have entrusted to them the daughters of the Catholic families. The

good Sisters are introducing, to the joy of the people, a little more Christian liberty for the Coptic girls and women. The Christian Brothers have had a boys' school for the past ten years.

The Catholics of Tahta are much attached to devotions taught them by their first missionary, a Franciscan Father. They love, especially, the Stations of the Cross. With much admiration they tell of the good missionary's setting out on Mondays, with his breviary and a little bread and cheese, to spend several days each week amongst the people, converting some and winning the esteem of all. Fifty years ago, Father Bonaventure converted 200 men of a neighboring village, and established there a model mission. To this day it remains as a proverb that if a faithful servant be needed he must be sought in this village. At the wish of Pope Leo, the Franciscan Fathers gave their convent as the residence of the new Bishop, and their church to be his Cathedral. They have still several missions in Upper Egypt.

The laboring class in Egypt, as our readers know, are called *fellahs*. There are about 2000 Catholic *fellahs* around Tahta, within a radius of ten or twelve miles. They are generally very poor, often not owning the hut in which they live. Subsisting on their daily earnings, they are not by any means idle. At dawn they are on the way to the fields, and almost the whole family shares in the labor. They work on all day, with an hour's rest at noon; and return home at sundown. Their life is generally one of unbroken peace and almost constant labor. The only time they remain at home is during the annual forty or sixty days of inundation of the Nile, during which time instruments of labor are repaired, the little hut improved, cords of palm fibre woven, and occasionally a little festivity indulged in, for then it is that marriages are celebrated. While very industrious, the *fellahs* work with intelligence, and never allow the slightest thing to go to waste. The small quantity of food taken to support life and its extreme simplicity makes one marvel. Wages are so low, that with all his economy and steady labor the *fellah's* lot is one of great poverty. It is really surprising how peacefully and contentedly the Catholic peasants toil on forever without dreaming of greater ease or enjoyment. The European missionaries and the Coptic priests see to their spiritual interests. Within the last five years, eight churches and as many schools have been built for them. Many are at a distance, and have to be visited. This is a painful ministry, tried by want and fever. In remote places the Catholics gather round the missionary,

and remain far into the night, hearing his instructions and asking him questions.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The Zambesi Mission Record says that the prospect of peace seems yet distant. There are many soldiers in the field, and the separate bands of Boer soldiers are not likely to be captured. There are a great many Catholics amongst the English troops in South Africa. Towards the close of the Easter time, two Jesuits of the Zambesi mission went to hear the confessions of the men in garri-son at Bulawayo. There was stationed here a battalion of Scottish Borderers, about one-third of whom with the Colonel were Catholics. The Colonel served Mass on Sunday.

"The past rainy season," writes the *Record*, "has been phenomenal. Between the beginning of November and the 11th of April, no less than 52.64 inches of rain have fallen; and 114 out of 162 days have been rainy ones."

Upper Cimbebasie. Father Lecomte writes of the Baptism of an old king, one hundred years of age, amidst the acclamations of his people, who form a powerful tribe. His name is Mouene Lilounga. Born long before the gospel was ever preached in his country, he declared himself in its favor from its first announcement. In 1888 he saved the life of Father Lecomte, menaced by Prince Kihouako. Ten years ago, having lost his sight, he entrusted the government of the tribe to his son, he himself remaining, however, the most important person amongst his people. He had been long convinced of the truth, but the custom of concubinage, which he followed, stood in the way. At last death having removed all obstacles, he requested to be baptized. His desire was fulfilled on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. There is great hope that the example of the old king may lead many of his followers to embrace the faith. Nearly one thousand adult catechumens and baptized children gather at ten centres to learn the Catechism in the mission center of Catoco. The great difficulty, however, in the way of conversions is in the depraved condition of the morals of these poor pagans.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

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SOME GLIMPSES OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

A LONG with Father Jogues, Father Garnier had already penetrated into the Petun mountains. Trusting in the Providence that feeds the birds of the air, they left St. Mary's in November, 1639, with a little boiled Indian corn for provender, and were soon lost in the sombre forests that were then on the borders of the Huron country. A blinding snow storm met them on the first day of their journey, and they reached the first settlement of their new mission only after several days of weary toil. It was eight o'clock in the evening. No one expected them; no one knew them. Shivering and famished, they entered boldly into the first hut and advanced to the fire around which were huddled a group of men, women and children. It required the audacity of an apostle to face a savage at such an hour when he did not want any trading with Europeans and above all did not want them in his wigwams. However, observing the laws of hospitality the master of the house kept his countenance and gave them sagamite and a place to stretch themselves on the ground.

On the morrow the whole village was apprised of their presence. Every one came, examined them curiously and pestered them with questions. Without losing time the missionaries began to visit the cabins, spoke of the great Spirit and baptized the sick babies. But soon the Huron messengers arrived and hurried from village to village, telling everyone that the two Europeans were powerful sorcerers who wanted to destroy the tribe of the Tionnontates; and that if they were not driven out all sorts of disasters, the like of which was never

seen before, were going to happen to them. The Petuns took fright and imagined all sorts of spells cast on their mountains, and no end of suffering inflicted on their warriors and children. Soon they all went crazy with terror. The chief who had given the Fathers shelter turned them out, for he feared their magic and dreaded lest the people now fully aroused might murder his two guests in the cabin. Fathers Garnier and Jogues were not at all disturbed in the general hubbub. They went from house to house ; from village to village trying to brave the storm and to dispel the prejudice and hate by a gentle demeanor and unalterable sweetness. But, hunted everywhere like wild beasts, they finally, after five months of useless effort, made up their mind to withdraw. They escaped at night, pursued by a band of warriors ; but the darkness protected them. However, the expedition had not been fruitless. They had baptized some adults and four hundred and fifty children. In both cases the neophytes were on the point of death.

Eight months afterwards the fearless Father Garnier appeared on the ground again, this time along with Father Pijart. Apparently there was little hope but they had determined to make another attempt if they had to die for it. When they arrived they asked for a general assembly to explain the purpose of their coming. They spoke the language with ease. The assembly was called, they offered presents to the chiefs and then spoke. They were listened to without interruption and when they had finished a chief addressed them. " We do not want your presents ; leave the country as fast as you can if you are wise." This answer showed well enough the feelings of the tribe, and was a menace. The fathers consulted and prayed and, in spite of hatred and threats, resolved to remain and preach. One night they were seized, flung to the earth and a loud cry rang in their ears, " You are dead men ! " They waited for the blow of a tomahawk or the thrust of a knife ; but an invisible hand protected them and the would-be murderers fled. Five or six months passed in continual fluctuations of hope and fear, peace and war ; but they were five barren months and the future seemed to give but feeble assurances of success in their work of salvation.

This mission as well as that of the Holy Angels in the Neutral Nation, was abandoned for a time. On the 10th of June, 1642, Father Lalemant wrote to Father Filleau, the Provincial of France : " After having considered how great the difficulty was in propagating the gospel in these districts, as well as the calumnies which the neighboring savages are spreading against us and our work, we have judged proper to rally our forces for the present and not to extend our efforts to the distant tribes until those next us are won over at least partially. Experience has taught us that it is the best and most advantageous way to convert these people who doubtless will yield easily after those among whom we are become good Christians. They will preach more effectively than we by the example which they will be able to give."

Father Lalemant was a prophet unawares. Six years rolled by and Father Garnier was able to go again to the Petun mountains. This time his apostolate was rewarded with such abundant blessings that the district was soon divided into two separate missions, under the invocation of St. John and St. Matthias respectively, each with a chapel and residence.

Father Jogues did not go back with Father Garnier because another more important and difficult work was entrusted to him. Ever since the establishment of the Fathers at St. Mary's, they were often visited by roaming bands who came from the east and the north of Lake Huron, and the shores and islands of the Ottawa. They usually arrived in winter and were mostly Nepissings and Algonquins. They were hunting and fishing, and in their wanderings came across the missionaries. They all spoke Algonquin.

Two Jesuits, Claude Pijart and Charles Raymbault, knew that language. By good luck they happened to arrive at St. Mary's in the autumn of 1640. Still in the vigor of age, they reached Quebec at the same time, and went up into the Huron country together. Their characters were mutually supplementary and they made an excellent couple. Father Raymbault was an old Procurator, a man of no great talent, but of excellent common sense, practical and self-possessed, while Father Pijart, a former teacher of poetry and philosophy, was an idealist full

of enthusiasm and initiative. Bright, cultured and prudent, he needed only a little experience to make him what he became later—a man to hold the reins of government. Both hated the dangers and trouble of a nomadic life, yet they determined to set out on the trail of the savage; and, without taking into account what it entailed in the way of suffering, they joined the Indians and followed them wherever they set up their wigwams, winter or summer.

Their mission was placed under the special protection of the Holy Ghost. It was very much harder and more exhausting than among the more sedentary Hurons, Petuns and Neutrals. For they had to follow the Indian in the burning heat of summer and the icy colds of winter, paddling their own canoe, carrying their packs and their canoes on their shoulders in the portages, sleeping on the earth or on the rocks, enduring the pangs of hunger, the smoke and the filth of the huts, living always in presence of death, and ready without reserve for agonies and torture compared with which the shedding of their blood was a trifle.

Pijart and Raymbault entered with light hearts on this hard life. They began their apostolate with one mission, that of the Holy Ghost; two years later they established a second, St. Elizabeth's, near Lake Simcoe; and later other Fathers founded St. Peter's. The first of these missions took in the Nepissings; the two others the Island Algonquins and the Little Nation. The three succeeded so well that Father Raguénau was able to write from Quebec the first of September, 1650, to Father de Ligendes, Provincial of Paris: "The Fathers who took the Algonquin Mission led a wandering life with those tribes and passed their days on the lakes or amid frightful mountains. But God everywhere made Himself known, for is He not the God of the land and the sea? Many of these nomadic tribes have already caught the divine fire; the good results showed themselves a year ago; the people came in numbers and received baptism; even their chiefs, who would never listen to instruction hitherto, have yielded."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

To say that Auriesville looks more beautiful than ever may sound like repetition, because we have been saying it year after year at this time ; and, in fact, there is no other way of describing the ever-growing beauty of the place itself or of the scenery in view from the Shrine. One can imagine this growth during the season just passing from the fact that, as late as the last week in August, the trees are still putting forth new leaves in a climate which has frost nipped them as early as the first week in September, and the verdure on the hillsides is ready for a second mowing. The air is very temperate and the rains come evenly but abundantly. Some of the young trees have actually doubled the diameter of their trunks in one year and not one of them has failed or lost foliage.

We have, as usual, been blessed with good weather on Sundays. We say *as usual* because it seldom rains here on a pilgrimage Sunday ; and so far we have not had a warm Sunday, so that the open air devotions could all be held without the slightest discomfort. About once a week, usually on Thursday or Friday, there is a storm or heavy fall of rain and the clouds lift on Saturday, late enough, sometimes, to make us pray anxiously for a clear morning. So far the prayer has not failed and we trust that it will be heard for the two Sundays of pilgrimage yet remaining, September 1 and 8.

It is remarkably quiet here during the week. Nearly all the pilgrims who come to spend some days at the Shrine have been here this year, and almost every day small parties come to visit it by the West Shore trains from east and west. The usual morning Masses, the Way of the Cross and the night prayers make up the day's round of devotions, and there is nothing to disturb the spirit of recollection and prayer which grows upon one during a visit here. This year even the common topic of buying land and building hotels and cottages seems to be forgotten, so much so that one naturally asks, Can it be that the old hotel in its present improved condition satisfies all present needs? Is it a lull before the storm of speculation of which some persons have been dreaming? Does it mean now that there has been less talk there will be more action?

It seems to us to mean that Auriesville as a summer resort is quite a secondary consideration to Auriesville as a shrine and place of pilgrimage. Those who come here with the proper pilgrims' motive, while not losing the advantages of the site for health and relaxation, will find room somewhere and suffer inconvenience rather than miss the great spiritual benefits they find here. At present the hotel accommodates most of them; but very soon other accommodations will be needed, and no doubt they will be provided in good time. Meanwhile the hotel, now known as Auriesville Hotel, will make an excellent stopping place for all who come here during the year, and its proprietor will see that they are properly informed about the points of interest on the Shrine grounds and in the Ravine.

Another impression produced by the pilgrims this year is that they begin to appreciate Auriesville as the Shrine that it really is—a Shrine of prayer, erected in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs and sacred to the memory of the servants of God who lived and died and suffered on this chosen spot. One hears less of the senseless inquiries about miracles, and seldom does any one ask about what relic is in veneration here; but it is consoling to observe how those who spend some time here invariably remark that the place disposes them to pray, and how all who come to honor Our Lady's sorrows are impressed with the meaning of this devotion. The interest in the life of Father Jogues and of his companions keeps growing, and gradually people seem to become better acquainted with the story, though some still do cling to the superstition that he buried the body of René Goupil under the large stone in the Ravine, and confound the date and scene of his torture, in 1642, on the platform outside the palisade, with the date and place of his death, 1646, entering one of the Mohawk cabins.

As announced in the August PILGRIM the Shrine was opened for pilgrimages and regular daily services, Sunday, July 28. On the last Sunday in June there was a pilgrimage from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, and Masses were said at the Shrine on certain days in July. The daily services consist of one or more Masses each morning—the last at 7:30 o'clock, unless a sufficient number of pilgrims, coming from some distant point, should ask us to delay the hour; the Way of the Cross, when the number of pilgrims warrants it, shortly after the arrival of the West Shore train from the west; night prayers, the service of the Holy Hour, or the

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament on days when it is permitted. The night prayers consist of the Beads, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Complin and the *De Profundis*, during which the bell is tolled. The Way of the Cross is the usual one of St. Liguori, the priest going from Station to Station, with an acolyte carrying the relic of the Holy Cross, with which a blessing is given at the Calvary. A short prayer is then read at the Pietà in the Shrine. Devotions at the grotto in the Ravine, or before the figure of Christ in the tomb, of St. Joseph and St. Ignatius, are made privately. The Blessed Sacrament is reserved in the open chapel, and this is naturally the chief place of prayer.

On Wednesday, July 31, the new statue of St. Ignatius was blessed. It is the gift of a friend of the Shrine, who would in this way honor the founder of the Order, whose members were the pioneers of Catholicity in this part of the world. It stands in the most beautiful spot in the Ravine, and reminds one of the original purpose of the purchases of the site of the Shrine, the erection of a house of prayer, where the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius might be made by clergy and laity. This year's pilgrimages have renewed interest in this project, and we recommend it to the prayers of our readers. The hotel, now the property of the Shrine, was also blessed this year before it was leased to its present proprietor. The blessing of the sepulchre for the figure of Christ in the tomb took place Sunday, August 18.

The novena in preparation for the Feast of the Assumption was made as usual this year according to the programme given in the Shrine Manual.

THE PILGRIMAGES.

With very few exceptions all the important parishes along the valley have come here in pilgrimage this year and even those that did not come in organized pilgrimage had representatives here in number, some of them every Sunday. About five years ago we found it necessary to extend the pilgrimage season, so that all the parishes would not come on the one day, but that each might have its own. This year so many new parishes wanted to come in pilgrimage, that on three Sundays there were two or more of them here together; on the last Sunday, September 8, at least five will be here and small parties form double that number. As things are now arranged here there need be no

confusion or disorder; provided a pastor organizes his people carefully and informs us duly of the time of arrival of trains, number of communicants, of priests to say Mass and time of departure, there can be no delay once the pilgrims reach the railroad station. One of the Fathers receives the pilgrims and directs them to follow the processional cross to the open chapel whither they walk, singing the Litanies or reciting the Beads. Mass is said immediately and when a second section of the train arrives another Mass is begun at the chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs. One pilgrimage follows another and each has its Mass separately and, if need be, each makes the Way of the Cross by itself, but all attend the sermon and devotions in the Ravine together.

ALBANY PILGRIMAGE.

A well-organized pilgrimage is always expected from Albany, and when it came on Sunday, August 12, it fully sustained its reputation for piety and orderliness acquired in former years. Joined by pilgrims from Hudson and Schenectady, the total number was about 400. Their special train reached Auriesville at 8.30 A. M., but so many wished to go to confession that Mass was not begun till 9.45, shortly after the arrival of the West Shore R.R. train from the East, bringing some one hundred and fifty more pilgrims from the neighboring towns. At the Mass 450 received Holy Communion. The Way of the Cross was made at 11.30 A. M., the Procession to the Ravine at 2.30 P. M., followed after a half hour's intermission by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the blessing of pious objects. Father Campbell preached the sermon from the rustic pulpit in the Ravine. He pointed out how the same spirit of fortitude and the same deep, personal love for Our Lord filled the breasts of Father Jogues and René Goupil as they did that of the youthful St. Lawrence in whose honor the priest at the altar was vested that morning in red. "This large assemblage before me," he continued, "coming to this sacred spot at the sacrifice of convenience, many fasting in order to receive Holy Communion, others braving fatigue and making light of their weight of years, was splendid evidence of sound practical Catholicity, an object lesson to be held up to the world at a time when as we are informed by a secular journal, the Protestant Churches are well nigh empty during the summer months."

The singing during the different exercises was by a band of the Albany pilgrims. The train for home left at 5 o'clock. A special feature of this pilgrimage was the large number of Hudsonians who were not deterred by early rising and inconvenience from undertaking the long journey to the Shrine.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

August 15, Feast of the Assumption, the anniversary of Father Jogues first day of torture at Ossernenon was, as usual, a day of pilgrimage at Auriesville, about 300 persons arriving in time for the late Mass, in order to take part in such devotions as the weather would permit. The rain, which began late in the forenoon, prevented them from making the Way of the Cross in common, and instead of the sermon usually given in the Ravine, an instruction was given by Father Wynne in the open chapel on the subject of the Shrine, the pilgrimages and the cause of the martyrs, after which there was Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the usual blessing of pious articles. In the evening the novena was closed.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISHES, TROY AND SCHENECTADY.

August 18, the Sunday within the octave of Assumption, the parishes of St. Joseph, Troy, and St. Joseph, Schenectady, came in pilgrimage, the former numbering 1220, under the direction of Father O'Connor, arriving in two divisions, the first at 8:15 A. M. in time for Father W. Brosnan's Mass in the open chapel, the second about 9 A. M. for Father Campbell's Mass at the chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs.

The pilgrimage from St. Joseph's, Schenectady, numbered 689, under the direction of Fathers Schoppe and Henrich, and just before the gospel of the solemn Mass sung by Father Henrich about 300 people arrived, mostly from Amsterdam, in the local train which was nearly an hour late. Father Schoppe preached in German at this Mass, and a number received Holy Communion.

About 10:30, Father O'Connor led the Troy pilgrims over the Way of the Cross, the choir, select as usual, singing the *Stabat Mater*. They were followed about an hour later by the pilgrims from Schenectady, with the prayers and *Stabat Mater* in German under the direction of Father Schoppe.

As the Troy pilgrims were booked to return at 3:00, the procession to the Ravine was formed about 1:30, the two bodies of

pilgrims keeping separate and the 500 others who had come by train or by private coaches, joining with them near the pulpit below the grotto to sing the Litanies and hear the sermon preached by Father Campbell. There were fully 2,500 people there. After the sermon Father Schoppe blessed the figure of Christ reposing in the sepulchre.

After the departure of the pilgrims from Troy, the pilgrims from Schenectady, together with those who had come from other places near by joined in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, soon after which they left for home about 4:30 P. M. after a day of piety and pleasant relaxation.

As usual the Troy pilgrimage was noted for the number of those who received Holy Communion, nearly 800, and for the devotion with which they frequented the chapel all day. The pilgrims from St. Joseph's, Schenectady, were remarkable for the fervor with which they followed the devotions almost uninterruptedly from their arrival until their departure.

Sunday, August 25, over 1,250 of the parishioners of St. Mary's (Polish) made their first pilgrimage to the Shrine, under the direction of their pastor, Rev. Joseph Dereszewski. Arriving at the station about 10 A. M. the many societies of the parish formed ranks for procession to the open chapel, where Father Dereszewski sang Mass for them. Their beautiful regalias and banners and the plaintive tones of their Litanies as they marched up the hill were very impressive. Many of them, fully one-half, were men, and they seemed quite accustomed and well drilled to such open air devotions. Father Dereszewski sang the Mass and preached an eloquent sermon, moving his hearers to tears.

Whilst they were at Mass, about 10:30, Father Murray of St. Mary's, Saugerties, for the fourth time arrived with the pilgrims from the cities along the Hudson between Kingston and Saugerties, to the number of 135, accompanied by Father Harrington. Along with the usual visitors by the local train they heard Father Murray's Mass in the chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows.

As the pilgrims had come comparatively late, and were not to leave early, the Way of the Cross was not begun before 2 P. M., Father Harrington leading the English speaking pilgrims, and Father Dereszewski his own about half an hour later.

From the Calvary both bodies of pilgrims marched to the Ravine, singing hymns and litanies in honor of the Blessed Virgin,

and after praying before the grotto of Our Lady, all gathered round the pulpit to hear the sermons of Father Wynne and Father Dereszewski. After a visit to the sepulchre all returned to the Shrine for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The quiet devotion of these two days of pilgrimages will not soon be forgotten at Auriesville. All day long the Calvary was frequented by devout clients of Our Lord on the Cross, and in the Ravine they flocked to the Sepulchre to kiss devoutly the reminders of the Sacred Wounds. The weather was perfect, and priests and people were delighted with the fervor and edification of the day's devotion.

Sunday, September 1, the Polish parish of St. Stanislas, Amsterdam, will make its first pilgrimage under the direction of the pastor, Father Gorski. It will not be as large as some we have had the past month, but deep interest is attached to it on account of the kindly relations which have always existed between the people of Amsterdam and the Shrine. The Sunday following, pilgrims will come from all the parishes west of Auriesville as far as Syracuse and from Johnstown and Gloversville to the north. The pastors are taking a lively interest in it, particularly Mgr. Lynch, of St. Johns, Utica, Father Quinn, of Ilion, Father White, of Little Falls, Father Driscoll, of Fonda, and Father Dolan, of Johnstown. It is announced as a Grand Union Pilgrimage, and already four trains with fifty coaches have been engaged to carry the pilgrims. It will be, in reality, a union of Catholics of the Mohawk Valley, for many pilgrims will come from Albany, Schenectady and Amsterdam to take part in it. The night boat to Albany reaches that city in time to connect with the West Shore train to Auriesville and train returning arrives in Albany in time for the night boat to New York, so that pilgrims could easily go from New York to witness this pilgrimage which promises to be one of the most memorable Catholic events in the history of Mohawk Valley. The sermon on this occasion will be preached by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.

IMPROVEMENTS.

To accommodate the priests and altar boys who come to take part in the pilgrimages, it has been found necessary to enlarge the sacristy; two rooms to the west of it have been arranged to meet the pilgrims who need special attention; the confessionals have been enlarged and a new oak rail erected in front of the

benches so as to facilitate the approach of the pilgrims to the altar rail. A communion rail has been placed about the chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs. The Ravine has been cleared of its undergrowth and paths have been made about the statues of St. Joseph, St. Ignatius and the figure of Christ in the Sepulchre. The pulpit has been removed back to the bank underneath the grotto and it is proposed to remove the fence from about the large stone that stood under it, since people are gradually becoming convinced that it does not mark the burial spot of René Goupil. The hotel has been moved back about fifty feet and its interior rearranged so as to accommodate guests with private rooms; with a spacious porch and new paint it looks quite attractive, and the removal of the old sheds that stood back of it leaves all its beauty visible. In the spring, trees will be planted about it and flower-beds will brighten its lawns. It does not afford room for all who visit Auriesville and wish to stop there awhile; but it shows what can be done with little effort to make all comfortable. The boom has been started and signs announcing farms, hotels and stores for sale appear everywhere. The wonder is that all this has not been thought of before. No doubt the pilgrimages of this year have raised the hopes of the investors.

The following letter will be of interest to our readers. It was written by the donor of the first contribution for the statue of St. Joseph. Besides the amount offered for this purpose \$100 more has been received, and we have no doubt that the amount specified will soon be contributed. It will be quite sufficient to cover the expense of a statue cast to order according to any design we choose, and a proper base and pedestal.

WORCESTER, MASS., Aug. 13, 1901.

REV. J. J. WYNNE, S.J., Apostleship of Prayer, 27 and 29 West Sixteenth street, New York, N. Y.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

I enclose you a prayer that I think would be very good for the postulants before the statue of St. Joseph at the Auriesville Shrine.

I have been to see the statue and was very much pleased with everything that you have done, and would suggest that a curved stone in the shape of a horse shoe be placed on the ground in front of the statue, said stone to be about eight or nine inches thick above the ground; possibly it might be well to have the stone made twelve inches thick and sink about three inches in the ground. This stone for the postulants to kneel upon.

I would also like to say that I would like to contribute to the statue

of the Sacred Heart that you are going to place on the knoll in the middle of the glen. I would like that this statue be the largest and most magnificent of all, and I would like to contribute seventy-five dollars toward its erection, and would be very much pleased that said amount would be only one-fifth of its actual cost.

I do hope that the place that you have selected for it is the one that I think it is. I mean the knoll with trees in the very centre of the glen as you go down the hill on the side of the stream nearest the approach, and have it facing midway between the approach and the Grotto of the Blessed Virgin, as if waving to the Grotto first before accepting adoration from the pilgrims.

Would be pleased to hear from you.

Very Cordially,

The prayer is as follows :

PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH.

I conjure you, O glorious Saint Joseph, by the fatherly heart that God has given you for Jesus, and by the filial heart which Jesus has had for you, to surround the suppliants before this your statue with your salutary protection.

Deign, O great Saint, to interest yourself in their happiness here below, and to take a special care of the sanctification of their souls. By your intercession, render heaven favorable to them, that under your holy protection their hearts may become the objects of the compassion of Jesus, and of the favors of Mary. In all circumstances present and future be their guide, their father, and their support. O most dear and holy Joseph, by your powerful intercession help them every day to sanctify their actions, to bear patiently with their trials, and to triumph over the enemy of our salvation. Finally obtain for them the happiness of glorifying God with you for all eternity. Amen.

Another devoted friend of Auriesville has promised a Statue of St. Michael the Archangel, in case she obtains her intention.

THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

This is preëminently the statue venerated at Auriesville. Beautiful and attractive as all the others are, this has precedence because the first statue of Our Lady venerated in this valley was known under this title and the Shrine is dedicated to her under the same. It is also the statue which appeals to every finest sentiment, and now that we propose to have it carved in marble and to erect a proper canopy or chapel about it, our friends will surely respond generously to our appeal for funds for this purpose. They have been responding generously the past two months and more to help us clear the debts incurred for improvements at the Shrine, and to prepare for the ceremony which will

be held on the occasion of blessing this statue and the rich, votive offering of a crown of thorns in gold the joint gift of hundreds of Our Lady's clients—so generously that we are confident they will enable us to erect a Shrine worthy of the object to which it is to be dedicated.

The Bazaar we have been holding for this object during the summer is about to close. It may be too late to ask that shares be bought for the prizes offered. As our readers will recall, they are :

1. A diamond ring.
2. Lady's gold watch.
3. Diamond earrings.
4. Pen and holder, all gold.
5. Lady's diamond pin.
6. A Franklin Typewriter.
7. Amethyst Rosary on rolled gold.
3. Handsome set of Vestments (white)

It is not, however, too late to send contributions for the new statue. Indeed, they will be acceptable any time during the year. Those who have received books of shares for the prizes should return them by September 9, whether they have filled them or not, whether it be convenient to send the money now or not. It is only fair to admit to the drawing such numbers as have been paid for, or at least reported as taken and to be paid for soon.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Mrs. H., Irwin, Pa.....	\$4.68	C. McG., for statue of St. Ig-	
S. C., Chicago, Ill.....	1.00	natus.....	\$75.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y...	5.00	M. McN.....	2.00
E. E. C., New York.....	5.00	Mrs. L.....	5.00
J. G.....	2.00	Anon.....	1.00
Anon., in thanksgiving.....	5.00		
Mr. G., a gold stud with diamond, for the Chalice.			

HOW TO REACH AURIESVILLE.

For the benefit of those who desire to visit the Shrine, we sub-join a schedule of convenient trains by the West Shore R. R.

FROM NEW YORK.

Franklin Street	10.30 A. M. †	9.20 P. M. *
West Forty-Second Street	10.45 "	9.30 "
Weehawken	11.00 "	9.45 "
Arrive Auriesville	4.33 P. M.	3.45 A. M. (E)

*Daily. 9.45 from Penna. Depot, Jersey City, connects with this train.

†Daily, except Sunday. (E) Stops to leave New York and New England passengers.

FROM ALBANY.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station	7.45 A. M. *	2.15 P. M.
Auriesville	9.18 "	4.33 "

*Daily. The night boat to Albany connects with this train.

FROM POINTS WEST.

Buffalo		7.00 A. M. *
Rochester		9.10 "
Syracuse		11.40 "
Utica	8.00 A. M. †	1.46 P. M.
Fultonville	9.47 "	4.25 "
Arrive Auriesville	9.54 "	4.39 "

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

Returning to New York a train leaves Auriesville at 9.54 A. M., and arrives in New York at 3.30 P. M. Another train leaves Auriesville at 4.39 P. M., arriving in Albany at 6.10 P. M., in time to connect with the night boat to New York.

Going West, the train leaving Auriesville at 9.18 A. M., arrives in Utica (East) at 11.45 A. M.; Syracuse, 1.50 P. M.; Rochester, 4.18 P. M.; Buffalo, 6.30 P. M. The train leaving Auriesville at 4.33 P. M. arrives in Utica (East) 6.26 P. M.; Syracuse, 7.55 P. M.; Rochester, 10.07 P. M. and Buffalo at 12 night.

The New York Central Railroad, the most frequented line of travel, runs parallel with the West Shore, but on the opposite side of the river (the historic Mohawk). Two stations on the New York Central are convenient to Auriesville, Fonda and Tribes Hill, the former three miles west, and the latter one and one-half miles east. Public conveyances are procurable at a slight charge from either to the Shrine.

A FORGOTTEN PAGE OF MODERN PERSECUTION.

A MARTYR is defined by the Church as one who has either laid down his life for the faith or who, if not actually succumbing to torture, has undergone sufferings of a character sufficient to produce death. Thus we have our Blessed Lady rightly called the Queen of Martyrs, and we remark our priests clothed in red vestments at Holy Mass and reading the office of a martyr for saints like St. John the Evangelist, whose end was in peace. Among this second class of martyrs we may well place the gentle, patient, exiled Polish religious, Mother Macrina, who, on February 11, 1869, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, passed to her reward in the Basilian monastery of Castel Gandolfo, near Rome. She may even be accounted a martyr many times over, for, like the Mother of the Macchabees, St. Felicitas and St. Symphorosa, there was added to her personal sufferings of mind and body the cruel spectacle of thirty-five of her spiritual daughters perishing in hunger or cold or torture before her eyes. The story of the Nuns of Minsk reads like a transcript from the "Acts of the Early Martyrs," and they and their heroic superioress are an evidence that there are still persecutors as merciless as those that held authority under the pagan Roman emperors, and that there are still virgins as valiant as a Lucy, an Agnes, or an Agatha in giving up their lives for Christ.

Julia Mieczyslawski, born January 5, 1784, at the Castle of Stokliszki, in the palatinate of Troki, gave from her earliest years clearest indications of her future holiness. In her reminiscences, gathered and preserved by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in their convent of the Trinitá dei Monti at Rome, she tells with charming simplicity and naïveté the story of her childhood days. "When I came into the world," she says, "my father looked through the calendar of the saints of my birthday to give me a heavenly protector. The saint of the day was Saint Theophilus, martyr. As of course his name could not be given me, father continued his search till he came to the name of St. Julia, also a martyr, whom he accordingly

selected as my patron. Some years later, my mother fell seriously ill, but just before her death she had me brought to her bedside. 'My little Julia,' she said, 'you will also be a martyr,' and she wept as she gave me her parting blessing. I had a brother of much the same tastes and inclinations as myself, and between us there therefore existed the greatest union and intimacy. He was called Calixtus, but afterwards took the name of Onuphrius on entering the Order of St. Basil. We often spoke together about our desire to consecrate ourselves to God. I was then some eleven or twelve years old.

"One day, we went to kneel before a picture of the Blessed Virgin and fixing my gaze upon it, while I held my brother's hand in mine, I said : 'Mother of God, I promise one day to become a religious.' As Calixtus remained silent, I urged him to promise that he would one day be a priest. This he did. 'Now,' I cried out, 'the Blessed Virgin has heard us, and this will come to pass. But we have spoken to her and not yet to our Lord. We must promise Him also.' So we knelt before a large crucifix to repeat our engagement. 'It must surely be brought about,' said I, 'since both our Lord and the Blessed Virgin know of it.'

"Mother's place was taken by one of our aunts. When we told her one day what we had promised, she tried her best to dissuade us. 'My children,' she said, 'great austerities are practised in the cloister, and there are a great many fasts to be observed.' Her efforts, however, only confirmed us in our resolution. We commenced to sleep upon the bare boards, and in the morning we would throw back the bed clothes so as to deceive the servants. I had not at times too much confidence in my brother, and I would occasionally peep into his room. As I always found him sleeping upon the boards, I saw that he was as fervent as myself. At table we managed things so well that we were able to confine ourselves to dry bread, without any one noticing us. We found ways of practising other mortifications ; but always before carrying out any new plan, we would go to our Lord to ask : 'Is this all right?' I made a discipline out of an iron chain, and after I had used it I would hand it to Calixtus, saying : 'Here, you take it ; it

won't kill you.' My brother had a great deal of difficulty in getting my father's permission to follow his vocation. He succeeded, however, and became a Basilian monk. Like myself he was persecuted to make him apostatize. Placed upon a cart, he was so cruelly treated and so tightly bound down with ropes that he died upon the road to Smolensk. Two of his companions, Szoerbisowski and Chrzanowski, also died, and a third expired on the arrival of the train at Smolensk.

"I had always had a great distaste for the world; still I had to accompany my family on an extended tour, during which my sister Leocadia was married to Colonel Saint Clair, a Scotchman, and another, Henrietta, was espoused to a Monsieur de Jumini, in Paris. This three years' travelling had been a part of my martyrdom; still I may add, my whole life has been in some small degree a martyrdom, especially at the hands of my brothers. When anything went wrong they would rush to me and say, 'Juliette, this is your fault.' I did not know how to defend myself and so this line of conduct was a constant source of mortification to me. Worldly festivities inspired me with such disgust that one day, to avoid attending a brilliant soirée, I forced a long pin under the nail of my index finger as far as the first joint. The finger at once began to swell and the inflammation extended to all my other fingers. God thus punished me for having employed so imprudent a means, which has often since been to me a subject of remorse of conscience. By how many confessions and penances have I endeavored to atone for it!"

The passage just quoted calls to mind the childhood of St. Teresa and her brother and is redolent of the memory of St. Rose of Lima's heroic efforts to escape worldly vanities. It shows us, too, how gladly Julia must have been welcomed by the Abbess, Isabelle Jagiello, her maternal aunt, when at the age of twenty-three she entered the Basilian Convent at Blala. Three years later, after making her profession, Julia, now known as Sister Macrina, was transferred to Minsk, where, after having filled various important positions in the community, she was finally elected Abbess in 1823. For several years

she governed in peace till, on the accession of Nicholas I, there fell to her and her sister religious a persecution which, for barbarity and cruelty, is almost unparalleled in history.

During the summer of 1838—we are quoting from Mother Macrina's own written narrative attested by oath—Siemasko, an apostate bishop, invited us in three different written documents to pass over to schism. In his impious diatribes he called Saint Basil a schismatic. He said that the rule of the Basilian Order was a monstrous error which he, by the grace of God, had renounced; and that, after having recognized that truth only exists in the so-called orthodox religion (Greek Schismatic), he, as our shepherd, commanded us, his sheep, to detach ourselves from the Roman Church and to abandon the rule of St. Basil.

Siemasko's blasphemy against St. Basil and his rule was all the more remarkable as the schismatics themselves venerate St. Basil as a saint and observe his rule in their monasteries, although, of course, greatly modified and changed by their errors. We were commanded to write at the bottom of his communication *we have read it*, which would be considered equivalent to *we have accepted it*. After the first and second letter he insisted still more strongly. After the third he employed threats. Coming himself in person, he angrily asked, "Why have you not signed the invitation I sent you for the third time?"

"Because," I answered, "I found in it only shameful falsehoods."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean to say that if, being a Basilian, you have had the unhappiness to apostatize, that is a proof that Saint Basil, having recognized the cockle among the good grain, has rejected it, or rather that, recognizing yourself as unworthy to be numbered among his children, you have abandoned them by a double apostasy." At these words he ground his teeth, crying out: "Shut up, you infernal hydra. Who has given you the audacity to speak to me in this way?"

"God Himself."

"Who has taught you it?"

shoulder during our journey. What a consolation it afforded us during the sufferings of our forced march from Minsk to Witebsk ! It was very heavy, it is true, and yet how sweet ! It kept before our eyes our Lord's Passion.

When we were moving away, our children were startled out of their sleep. They ran after us weeping and crying out: "They are taking away our mothers ! They are taking away our mothers !" They numbered forty-seven orphans, and about seventy pupils of our school. The cries of the children attracted the attention of the people of the village, the most courageous coming forward to offer us their sympathy. A league further on, our feet and hands were shackled with iron chains. Here the children and grown people were obliged by the soldiers to return home, but before leaving they knelt to ask our blessing.

The fatigue was beginning to tell on our sisters, and although many were, in consequence of the strain, bleeding from nose and mouth, we were urged forward by repeated blows. We were each given five francs for our support, with the understanding that this was to be our monthly allowance ; but even this small sum was taken away from us by the commanding officer, and no other money was ever given us. The first day we covered fifteen miles, and when night came on we were lodged in a peasant's hut. These poor people touched with pity would have gladly offered us food ; but the soldiers, who stood guard over us, would not permit this.

After seven days of like marching and suffering we reached Witebsk. The cross of Jesus Christ was our strength and our support. That dear cross was day and night upon my shoulder, and my head reposed continuously at the feet of my master.

At Witebsk, we were put in charge of the superioress of a kind of convent of schismatic religious, called the Black Ladies from the color of their habits. This particular convent had formerly belonged to the Basilians but had been turned over to these so-called religious, who, for the most part, were widows of Russian soldiers, and were never seen either praying or working. Their days were spent in singing obscene songs and they often fell to fighting among themselves, drawing blood by

their blows and tearing one another's hair. On such occasions the Abbess, bearing a kind of cross in her hand, would appear on the scene and, after having condemned the belligerents to make a number of prostrations before her as a penance, would levy a money fine which would be spent in procuring strong liquor which they drank to intoxication. These orgies ended by songs and cheers in honor of the Emperor Nicholas. It was thus these women fulfilled their obligation of praying for the Emperor and his family, for which they each received seven roubles a month from the government.

Such was the character of the religious whom we found in the convent of the Basilian nuns whose persecution had begun six months before our own. Driven from their home, our good Sisters had been condemned to live among the animals in a damp underground hut, and to render the most menial services to their keepers. The community of Witebsk had numbered eighteen sisters at the time of their expulsion ; but when we arrived, five, including the Superioress, had already succumbed to their sufferings.

On receiving us into their custody, our keepers promised that they would follow most exactly Siemasko's orders. They removed the chains which had bound us two by two during the march, substituting for them chains for our feet which we continued to carry day and night during the seven years our torture lasted. As soon as we had entered the apartment which was to serve as our prison, the thirteen Basilians whom we found there threw themselves at my feet, and, all in tears, cried out : "We have lost our mother, we are orphans. Adopt us as your children, O our mother, and we shall all together give glory to God."

The priests, the Black Ladies and the soldiers vainly endeavored by blows and maltreatment to check this manifestation of affection. We wept together, we united our prayers, and God filled us with consolation. Each morning before setting out to work I exhorted my Sisters, saying : "We wish what God wishes. 'May His Holy Will be done! Let us go joyfully to our work and sufferings, and with no thought of those who are martyring us, for this is God's will. It is for God that we

are going to suffer ; it is for God that we are going to labor."

The following week we were committed to the charge of the unfortunate Father Ignatius Michalewicz, a Basilian, our former chaplain, and at one time a zealous and exemplary priest. When the news of the apostasy of three Greek Uniate bishops and the outbreak of the persecution had filled us with alarm and terror, he had exhorted us with great fervor to fidelity to the faith. The separation came, and, after eight days at Witebsk, he stands before us, but wearing the beard of a schismatic priest. He speaks, but it is only to pour forth blasphemies and lies in the Russian tongue, he who always had spoken to us in our dear Polish, instructing us in the love of God and of truth. Oh, who could understand our grief at the change ! "You were our father," I said to him in tears ; "you have saved our souls, but now you wish to destroy them. Where now are your teachings and example ?"

"My children, when I preached to you fidelity to the Roman Church, I was a fool, I was blind ; but now God has opened my eyes." He then went on proclaiming the same doctrine as Siemasko, adding, "Behold me an Apostle."

"Apostate ! Apostate !" cried out my Sisters with one voice, "and not an Apostle."

This scene was continually renewed as the unhappy man was always at our side, superintending the forced labors to which we were subjected, and his presence was more painful to us than the cruel and repeated blows which were showered upon us. He threatened us with the most horrible torments, and even spoke of having us burned alive. To this last threat we answered : "Burn us. We are ready to follow the Apostle Bartholomew ; but we shall never follow an Apostate."

The Black Ladies imposed upon us the hardest and the most menial kind of work. Before six o'clock each morning we had to sweep the whole house, light the fires, cut and carry wood, draw water, arrange and put in order all the furniture after the orgies of the preceding night. At six, our work which varied according to the season of the year, began. At one time they made us break stone and carry it in wheelbarrows to which we

were chained. At midday we had an hour's rest, then hard labor till nightfall. After this we were employed either in the kitchen, or in caring for the animals, or in getting wood and water ready for the morning. The Black Ladies tried every means to make our tasks more difficult and painful. They purposely dirtied the house and kitchen; they would upset the water pitchers we brought in, and at all times complain of us and beat us violently.

The day's labor ended, we were shut up in our prison without being freed from our chains. The only furniture was a little heap of straw to serve us for beds. But the one ornament of our abode, the sweetness that filled our hearts, the strength of our souls, was the dear cross that we had carried with us from Minsk. It was our church, our altar, our Master, our Father, our All! At its feet we passed the night in watching and prayer. We commenced by the prayers and exercises of our rule which we had not leisure to perform during the day. We took scarcely two hours of sleep. This was our mode of life during the seven years of our martyrdom. We always began our prayers by prostrating ourselves with face to the ground to beg of God the conversion of the Emperor Nicholas.

The food given us was so miserable that hunger often forced us to eat field-herbs during the summer, and in the winter the fodder and corn set aside for the cattle and fowl, although even this brought down upon us blows and reproaches from the Black Ladies, who would brutally say: "You do not deserve even chicken food." In winter, notwithstanding the intense cold, we were refused all heat, so that our limbs were often stiff and frozen and the sores arising from these causes extremely painful.

At the end of about two months they commenced to scourge us twice a week. Siemasko's orders called for thirty strokes of the rods; but Michalewicz added twenty extra of his own accord. Some weeks the scourging was omitted but shortly after, at the instigation of Michalewicz, Siemasko ordered that this punishment should be more frequent to chastise our fidelity to Holy Church. On each occasion I was first handed Siemas-

ko's decrees which I read aloud to my sisters so that they might understand them. We prepared ourselves for this flagellation by meditating on that suffered by our Lord Jesus Christ. His Passion was our strength, our support, our consolation, our assuagement in all the forms of torture by which our constancy and fidelity were to be tried.

The scourging took place in a kind of outhouse open on all sides, in presence of Michalewicz, the Black Ladies, priests, deacons, chanters, children—in a word, of all those who lived and blasphemed in that house once consecrated to the pious retreat of the spouses of Jesus Christ. After reading the decree I went first to bow down to receive this punishment. There was no need of holding us. The cross of Jesus Christ held us fast enough to prevent us stirring under the blows which bruised our bodies. During the whole time that the torture lasted, we seemed to see our Lord scourged, and that sight took away from us all thought of pain. There was only one sorrow—the shame of being stripped naked for this scourging. But this we united to the pains of our Lord. “O Jesus, save my soul by your Cross and Passion.” This was the only cry that escaped us as blow after blow was rained upon our quivering flesh. To increase our punishment, they had the cruelty to force each of us to be witness of the scourging of all the rest while the Black Ladies clapped their hands with joy, and blasphemed at the sight of the blood that streamed from our wounds. The scourging ended, we intoned the *Te Deum*, and our butchers, without leaving us a moment's rest, drove us back to our hard labors. Our footsteps were marked in blood, and more than once we noticed upon our person large strips of flesh torn off by the rods. When the more feeble fell from sheer exhaustion, they forced them with blows of sticks to resume their work. It was after one of these scourgings, that one of my sisters, Colomba Gorska, fainted on her way to work. Michalewicz made her come to by dint of lusty blows. They chained her to a loaded wheelbarrow, but at the first effort to move, she dropped dead.

Baptiste Downar was burned alive in a large oven in which she had been shut up by the Black Ladies after she had been

sent to light the fire. Nepomucene Grotkowska died of a terrible blow from a large log in the hand of the abbess, because she had made use of a knife to scrape off some tar from a table. Soon after renewed scourgings ended the martyrdom of two others of our sisters, Susanna Rypinka and Colette Sielawa. The former died on the very day of this punishment. The latter under the following sad circumstances. We were tortured by hunger; but, from time to time, God sent us sustenance by inspiring some of the poor people to throw us crusts of bread. Sister Colette was noticed one day coming out to receive this alms. Immediately one of the Black Ladies fell upon her with a stick (they always carried sticks like swords at their side for use in their frequent fights among themselves). After knocking sister down, she beat her, tore open her cheeks, seized her by the hair, and threw her roughly against a log of wood which had a broken edge. Sister offered no resistance, for we always acted this way; but that very night she expired in my lap.

(*To be continued.*)

MISSION NOTES.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The *British South African Company* looks after the vast territory north of the Transvaal, and included between the Limpopo or Crocodile river and the Zambesi. The progress of the Catholic Church is impeded by the Church of England, the Wesleyans, the "Seventh Day Adventists," the "General Nonconformists" and other similar sects. There are Catholic Churches at Bulawayo, Victoria and Salisbury, with four out-stations. The Prefect Apostolic is Father Sykes, S.J. The Dominican Sisters form a hospital nursing staff at Victoria. There are some fourteen or fifteen Jesuit missionaries in charge of this prefecture-apostolic. They have an excellent boys' school at Bulawayo, where the Dominican-Sisters teach the girls. A night school for boys and young men is connected with the boys' day school. There is a day school at Empandeni, where three Fathers reside, and whither come hundreds of natives to be instructed in the

faith on Sundays. The Sisters are to be brought to this station and Victoria. At Salisbury a boarding school for girls is being built. At Chisawasha the schools are in a very flourishing condition and many of the natives, now more numerous than before the war, ask for baptism. The Fathers visit the police stations and other centres of white population, and one Father has constantly attended the troops during the war. The Sisters of Notre Dame have recently arrived from Europe.

THE PUNJAB.

The province of Punjab, in the northwest of British India, is under a Lieutenant-Governor. Its capital is Lahore. The mission of Lahore, as it is called, is confided to the missionary care of the Capuchin Franciscans of the Belgian province since 1889. Speaking of the beginning of the mission, the Franciscan Father, Alfred de Souza, gives the following interesting notes :

“ At the time the Capuchin Fathers took over charge of the Lahore Mission in 1889, there was no station immediately intended for the conversion of natives, and the missionaries, on their arrival, set to work immediately to acquire a knowledge of both English and Hindustani as a first step towards their evangelization. Shortly afterwards, Mgr. Mouard, the Bishop of Lahore, while at Sialkot in the course of a visitation of his diocese, received a visit from an influential native Presbyterian Catechist who expressed a wish to embrace the Catholic faith. As a proof of his sincerity, he was requested to preach the doctrine of the Church before reception into it, and did this so effectively that in a short time conversions were made in various villages, including the Chiefs of several of them. It was then determined to make Sialkot the centre of a Mission for natives and six missionaries were sent thither.

“ The labors and privations of these men were severe. They were obliged to traverse an extensive district, visiting localities from five to twelve leagues distant from their headquarters, sometimes on horseback, oftener on foot, always under the glare of a burning sun, and during the rainy season wading for miles through flooded plains. With a little boiled rice for their food, and a native hut for a shelter, they preached and taught, and were at last rewarded by numerous conversions, so that they were able to establish three stations in the district, the headquarters being at Adah.

“There were, however, also many disappointments and defections; but the zealous missionaries persevered through everything, and have been able to record, since the opening of the Mission, 446 baptisms, thirty-nine confirmations, thirty Christian marriages and 1,319 communions. The statistics of the villages dependent on Adah as a centre give an aggregate of 202 baptised Christians and about 315 catechumens under instruction. There are at Adah a little church built in the Gothic style of architecture, a school for both boys and girls, the pupils of which number from forty to fifty in summer and eighty to ninety in winter, and a dispensary where the physical sufferings of the villagers are ministered to by the Mission priest.

“A prosperous and thriving settlement inhabited entirely by converts and their families is the Christian colony of Maryabad, situated in the Gujranwala Bar. In the year 1892, the Punjab government, having colonised the greater part of the Gujranwala district, put up for sale a vast tract of unreclaimed land, 175 acres of which were purchased by the Bishop of Lahore, on very favorable terms, with a view of founding a Christian colony by transporting thither the miserable Christians of Daoki who, enslaved to pitiless Mussulman proprietors, were plunged in the deepest misery, and giving them these lands to cultivate. In furtherance of the above plan, the Daoki Christians were accordingly installed on the new site, their pilgrimage thereto, in which they were accompanied by two of the Fathers, being full of vicissitudes.

“To provide for the expansion of the Colony, some additional land which came into the market was purchased, bringing the property of the colony to nearly 700 acres. Some new families have already begun to settle on the vacant lands. A new church was built in 1898 for the congregation, as well as a school and a presbytery. As fever and other ailments were caused by drinking the canal water, a well has been sunk to a depth of seventy feet to ensure a pure supply. The handful of inhabitants who formed the first colony in 1893 have increased to 553, raising the village to the first grade among those along the Chenab irrigation line. The poorest colonist possesses at least one pair of oxen, many own ten head of cattle, all acquired by their own industry. All 700 acres, constituting the landed property of Maryabad, are under cultivation, and their produce gives ease and comfort to people who formerly lived by rapine or the exploitation of vice.

These good results are due to incessant toil on the part of the zealous missionaries, who have had to create everything from the foundation, laboring with hands no less than with brains to accomplish their great task."

There is a large orphanage for boys in the city of Lahore, to which is attached an industrial school. Here the boys are taught the weaving of Persian carpets, printing, and various other trades. They are patronized by the people of the city, who say that they have thus better goods and more excellently made than they can obtain at the same price elsewhere. The more intelligent of the boys are admitted to the school of art at Lahore, where they learn drawing, wood-engraving, and the grinding, and manipulation of colors.

The orphanage for girls, quickly filled after the famine of 1897, was put under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, from Ghent. Here 156 girls are taught the common school branches, with sewing, plain and ornamental, and the making of artificial flowers.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CROSS IN INDIA.

The Madras *Catholic Register* gives the following interesting account: "The Daughters of the Cross have carried on for the past forty years educational and charitable works, which have spread over a large area in the Presidencies of Bengal and Bombay. The principal works of charity in the latter Province are: the Orphanage at Bandora, containing about 300 children, the Founding Home, and the Home for Aged People, at Bombay, and the Home for famine-stricken children near Ahmedabad. This latter Home received during the famine of last year upwards of 800 famishing children, many of whom, in spite of the efforts of the Sisters, died from the effects of their previous starvation. However, a large number of these helpless little ones remain to be provided for. The orphanages and homes last year were so overcrowded that many of the children were attacked by fever. This obliged the Sisters to enlarge their premises, and, of course, entailed upon them great expenses. The British Government, which heartily approves and encourages these good works, has been unable, on account of the strain put upon its resources by famine, plague, and war, to give the usual building grants. Therefore, the only means left for this ever increasing need are the industry of the Sisters and the charity of the people. To

this latter they now appeal. Some of these Sisters, who are gathered together from all parts of Europe—England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and Belgium—have spent as many as thirty-five years in India without once revisiting their native land. They have given their whole lives to the service of these needy and suffering children of God. During the recent plague in Bombay seventeen of them offered themselves to nurse the victims, and in carrying out this noble work one of them laid down her life stricken by the fell disease. Queen Victoria, in return for the valuable services rendered by the Sisters, conferred upon two of them the title of Honorary Sisters of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.”

THE INDIAN AND THE NEGRO.

The Bulletin of the Anti-slavery Society of Belgium remarks that, notwithstanding the official abolition of slavery, the Indian and the Negro are treated in almost the same way by the progressive whites as they were in the days of bondage. It quotes with approval the words of Abbé Viardot at the Catholic University of Lille (France), who, while admitting the incontestable and uncontested material progress of our age, recalls that there are millions and millions of miserable human beings whose lives and liberty are infinitely more to be prized than all our money-making inventions. He simply denies that Protestant or atheist nations are capable of really civilizing the inferior races. The horrible deeds occurring just now in our own country add a dreadful significance to the Abbé's words.

TWO MISSIONARY BISHOPS DEAD.

The first Archbishop of Calcutta, Mgr. Paul Goethals, S.J., died on the 4th of July. He was born at Courtrai, in Belgium, in 1832; and having studied at the College of Tournai and the University of Louvain, he entered in 1852 the Belgian province of the Society of Jesus, which he governed as Provincial for six years. He was consecrated Bishop in 1877 by Pope Pius IX, and appointed Vicar Apostolic of Western Bengal. On the establishment of the hierarchy in India in 1886, by Pope Leo XIII, he was made Archbishop of Calcutta. He was a striking and influential figure in India, possessing the esteem and friendship of the highest English and native rulers and officials. His

appointment to Calcutta is said to have produced a real revolution in the interests of the Catholic Church.

Mgr. Van Hoof, Prefect Apostolic of Mele, in the Belgian Congo, broken by the climate and his excessive labors, died in the Premonstratensian Abbey of Tongerlo in Holland, where he had first received the religious habit. He was born in Werth (Holland) in 1871, and was one of the first mission band of monks of his order sent to Ihembo, near the northern border of the Belgian Congo. He died on the same day as the Archbishop of Calcutta, as the midday Angelus was ringing.

MISSIONARY BISHOPS CONSECRATED.

Mgr. Albert of the Lyons Society of African Missions was consecrated in the Basilica of Fourvière on the 21st of July. He is Vicar Apostolic of the Gold Coast. On the 25th of the same month, Mgr. Dartois, of the same missionary society, was consecrated at Cambrai, and appointed vicar-Apostolic of Dahomey.

THE SOCIETY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

This famous missionary society, whose headquarters are at Rue du Bac, Paris, shared largely in the splendid successes of the Catholic Missions during the 19th century. Nine of its martyrs were beatified on the 27th of May, last year; and with them, forty native priests or Christians who with them gave up their lives for Christ. The Society has at present thirty-one missions, thirty-five Bishops, 1,159 missionary priests, 612 native priests trained for the missions, forty-one seminaries, 2,133 seminarists. During 1900 its missionaries baptized 38,112 adult converts and ministered to a Catholic population of 1,254,068 souls in the foreign missions. In the same year, 137,958 infants were baptized when in danger of death, and 436 heretics were converted. During the late persecution in China, the Society offered to God one Bishop and nine priests as martyrs for the faith.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1901.

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THE LADY OF THE DEAD.

BY AGNES E. SULLIVAN.

THE gates of Heaven open at her word,
And from the splendor shining still afar—
Adown she glides where only sighs are heard,
And darkness reigns that knows no sun nor star;
But Oh! the brightness that her presence lends,
The Lady of the Dead, to these, her friends!

Her brow is gleaming with a wondrous light,
And in the tender pity of her eyes,
More liquid blue than summer skies at night,
A glory unsurpassed, unrivaled lies;
She comes! The ray of hope that will illumine,
The waiting hearts and pierce their souls' deep gloom.

Her voice like softest music tells of rest
And never ending joys that wait above;
Where pain is hushed upon His Sacred Breast,
And toil forgotten in His smile of Love;
And as she speaks her hand is stretched to one,
Whose exile ends and glory is begun.

So may I patient wait when life shall cease,
And hope to meet thy coming, Mother mild;
For thou wilt surely haste to bring release
To one who ever loved to be thy child;
And when the one last ransoming prayer is said,
Bear me to Him, sweet Lady of the Dead!

FATHER JOQUES AND THE CHINA PASSAGE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

TOWARDS the end of the summer of 1641 all the Huron and Algonquin tribes had gathered together for the celebration of a great solemnity. The Nipissings were holding, that year, the Festival of the Dead ; and according to custom had invited the Hurons and all the other allied nations to take part in the ceremonies. The Fathers were likewise invited.

On the appointed day all met at the place designated—the further extremity of a deep bay on the east shore of Lake Huron. They came in their canoes from all points of the horizon and, at a short distance from the shore, drew up in line according to tribes, in order of battle. The ceremonies were extremely interesting and differed materially from those of the Hurons. The festival lasted three days.

As soon as the tribes had assembled, the Nipissing chief arose and in a loud, clear voice announced the object of the gathering and, as an expression of welcome, he threw into the water the most precious things he possessed, such as tomahawks, peltries, etc. It was the opening of the feast—the initial part of the programme of the first day. Immediately after that all the young braves, as soon as the invitation was given, flung themselves into the lake and dived for the various objects that had been thrown into it, bringing them up amid repeated applause and cries of joy on the part of the spectators.

Then the visitors came ashore and there was a great display of all the Indian treasures—beaver and otter and caribou and wildcat skins, axes and pots and collars of beads. The Nipissings offered their presents to the chiefs of the other tribes. "They would have cost in France," says Father Lalemant "fully fifty thousand francs." The allied nations then, in their turn, made presents to the heroes of the festival ; the Jesuits bringing their offerings like the rest. Then the festivities began. There was a dance representing a battle, performed by the men to the sound of a drum, "while the voices," writes

the narrator, "mingled *in happy* accord." A grave and serious dance followed, exclusively for the women. Afterwards, singularly enough, there was the planting of a sort of May-pole, flexible and well-greased, at the top of which were hung two prizes, a pot and a deerskin, with the usual sport of climbing for them.

The second day had a different programme. A cabin had been built more than three hundred feet long and shaped like a crib; the women hung it with their finest ornaments and the men carried into it the bones of their dead in coffins made of the bark of trees. In the evening the men sung the funeral hymn and the women joined them with sobs and lamentations, and this manifestation of grief continued all night long.

On the following day sad farewells to the dead were pronounced, and admonitions given by the old chiefs to the living. The women, meantime, with branches in their hands, chased from the cabin the souls of the departed, and then all the mortal remains were deposited in a great trench along with furs, and collars, and arms of warriors. The feast then terminated with a great banquet where roast dog was the especial delicacy, and last of all came the funeral games where the strength, agility and skill of the different competitors were tested.

During these three days oratory was not lacking on the part of the chiefs; all boasting of their exploits and extolling the great deeds of their ancestors. The Jesuits spoke also, for no one offers a present without a speech; but to the astonishment of the Indians there was no flattery in these discourses. The greatness of God was their theme and they reminded all the congregated tribes of the obligations of the moral law and of the rewards and punishments of the other world.

The words of these apostolic men bore fruit. Among the tribes was one of Algonquin origin, living near the famous rapid or Sault which unites Lake Superior with Lake Huron. It was called in those days Panoitigoueienhac. The French called them "The Indians of the Sault." "At this September festival," writes Father Lalemant, "we endeavored to win the affection of the most distinguished among them by little feasts and presents, and we succeeded so far that they invited us to

their country." This was precisely what the missionaries wanted, as they were anxious to push their explorations beyond the great lakes, and become acquainted with the inhabitants of those remote regions, so as to find out what chances there would be of extending their apostolate into those unknown countries. Besides these conquerors of souls had not lost all geographical curiosity. To know the land was not of course their object, but nevertheless it was not forgotten, as their narratives show. The French of those days were concerned with a problem which only the nineteenth century has succeeded in solving.

There was an impression as is well known that the great lakes, somehow or other, were connected with the Pacific Ocean. The Jesuits like all their fellow countrymen were interested in the matter, and while not neglecting in the least the work of the sacred ministry, were extremely anxious to find a way to China or Japan. Hence, when accepting the invitation of the Indians of the Sault they hoped to obtain some precious information about this much talked of Western Passage. Father Lalemant intrusted the work to Fathers Raymbault and Jogues.

To-day numerous centres of commerces have been established all along that extended chain of mighty lakes ; steamers and other craft plough the waters of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie and Lake Huron, and there is not an island in the furthest extremity of this great reach of waters where the Gospel and civilization have not penetrated. But in the first half of the seventeenth century while the Jesuits were evangelizing the scattered peoples along the shores of those inland seas, those great superimposed basins which feed the waters of the St. Lawrence were as unknown as the lakes of Central Africa were a hundred years ago.

On the 17th of September 1641, Fathers Raymbault and Jogues left St. Mary's, and sailed out of the Bay of Penetanguishene in a bark canoe along with a little band of Hurons. They directed their course through the numberless islands whose dense woods came down to the very shore ; they skirted the great Manitoutin Island with its countless bays and head-

lands, and after seventeen days entered the Strait through which the waters of Lake Superior pour into Lake Huron. Arriving at the foot of the impassible rapids, they went ashore and directed their steps to the nearest village of the Sault Indians. Nearly two thousand of these savages awaited them. The chiefs received them cordially, offered them presents and prepared a banquet for them. The Jesuits were of course delighted with this hearty reception, and began forthwith to preach and baptize, all the while gathering precious information about this great Northwest where no white man had ever penetrated. Some leagues from the Sault they discovered Lake Superior beyond which dwelt the warrior nation of the Nadouesses, who were in uninterrupted strife with the Sault Indians. These Nadouesses were not nomads, but like the Hurons had fixed habitations, cultivated maize and tobacco and spoke a language quite unlike that of the other Canadian tribes. The *Relations* of 1642 informs us that "according to the Sault Indians, a great number of other fixed tribes had their dwellings in those regions."

This journey of the two hardy missionaries was only one of exploration. They had made this hazardous trip only to study the country, to become acquainted with the inhabitants and to open the way for the conquests of the faith when the time would come. Having achieved this much they bethought themselves of returning. "Remain with us," said the chiefs; "we want to receive your instructions; you shall be our brothers and we will profit by what you tell us." The invitation was tempting for apostolic hearts like theirs, finding as they did a people with better dispositions than the Hurons. But because of the scarcity of priests, they had orders to return promptly to St. Mary's, as the superiors had resolved to concentrate their forces in order to complete the conversion of the Hurons before attempting to preach to other nations.

We shall soon find Father Jogues among other surroundings. As for Father Raymbault, he had scarcely arrived home when he took his canoe again, traversed Georgian Bay and attempted to enter French River, so as to reach the Nipissings in their winter camp, but the storms drove him back in his course. The most

robust constitution could not resist such fatigue. He sunk exhausted; his labors were over and they carried him down to Quebec. "There," says the Protestant Bancroft, "after lingering till the month of October, 1642, this disinterested man, who had burned with the desire of carrying the Gospel across the continent, among all the savage tribes of the New World, as far even as the ocean that separates America from China, ceased to live; and the body of this first apostle of Christianity among the tribes of Michigan was buried in the tomb which the justice of that epoch had built to the memory of the illustrious Champlain." Before dying he had an Algonquin chief called to his bedside—one who was most devoted to the missionaries, but, like all the chiefs of his nation, deeply attached to his beliefs and sunk in the most degrading vice. "Mangouch," said the priest, "you see that I am going to die. At such a time I would not wish to deceive you. Believe me when I assure you that there is a fire below which will burn forever those who will not accept what I taught them." The words struck terror to the heart of the savage. They converted him, and ever after he lived not only as a fervent Christian but as an apostle among his people.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

It is always a cause of regret that the pilgrimage season must come to an end and the Shrine be closed early in September. During that month the place appears at its best, after the warmth and rains of the summer, and the weather is delightfully cool and clear. This year the prolongation of the season until September 8, only served to emphasize this regret and some instead of indulging it chose to remain until the middle of the month, so that until September 17, the day on which Holy Mass was last offered at the Shrine, there was each day a respectable congregation, sometimes enough to make the Way of the Cross in common. Even since then parties have been visiting the place daily. We may hope that the time is not far off, when the Shrine may be opened until the feast of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin, usually the third Sunday of September, or even until the an-

niversary of René Goupil's death September 29, and in due time all the year round, if some permanent work, such as a house of retreats, can be established there.

Without doubt the increased interest in the Shrine this year is owing to the number and extent of the pilgrimages which were greater than ever before, the last one exceeding any than had previously been witnessed at Auriesville. It was an event that will not soon be forgotten in the Mohawk valley, and it crowned in a fitting manner an unusually successful series of pilgrimages. The Sunday before, September 1, had been somewhat gloomy, the rain falling lightly nearly all day. Nevertheless, threatening as it was, over twelve hundred pilgrims, nearly all from the Polish parish of St. Stanislaus, of Amsterdam, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. A. Gorski, came to the Shrine about 10 o'clock that morning, and spent the day in prayer and devotion, little heeding the discomfort of the weather, and regretting only that it prevented them from having the usual open air programme of the pilgrimage, such as the Way of the Cross and the procession to the Ravine. They assisted at the High Mass sung by their pastor, and in the afternoon assembled for vespers chanted by their well trained choir, and listened with no slight evidence of emotion to the eloquent sermon of Father Gorski. As on the Sunday previous the Calvary was their favorite place of devotion, and few failed to make their way over the road to the Ravine where a prayer at the grotto of Our Lady and the Sepulchre repaid their piety. To none, apparently, does devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows appeal so much as to our Polish fellow-Catholics. Fully one-half, if not the majority, on this pilgrimage were men, and a simple but stalwart body of men they were.

The feast of Our Lady's Nativity was chosen for the great pilgrimage of the year. Although it was planned and organized by men who had led large bodies of pilgrims to Auriesville several times before, it surpassed all their expectations. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lynch, D.D., of Utica, Rev. John V. Quinn, of Ilion, Rev. William A. White, of Little Falls, and Rev. John Driscoll, of Fonda, and their assistants, spared no effort to make this pilgrimage large and successful, selecting committees representative of their congregations, meeting together every week to discuss arrangements, now at Utica, again at Ilion and Little Falls and Auriesville, and advertising the Grand Union Jubilee Pilgrimage, as it was called, by circulars and press notices, with

the result that a week before it came off the Mohawk valley, east as well as west of Auriesville, was looking forward to an extraordinary gathering. Meanwhile, preparations were made actively at the Shrine itself. The Ravine woods were thoroughly cleared, the pulpit moved back to a position more favorable for preacher and people, the sacristy of the open chapel enlarged, a communion rail erected at the Shrine chapel, and the grounds made ready to accommodate, if necessary, five thousand people. Saturday, September 7, some of the priests attached to the Shrine went to Utica, Little Falls and Fonda to assist hearing confessions and lead the pilgrims to Auriesville.

The weather on Sunday was perfect, the air so clear that one could see the hills thirty miles off and so cool that it was pleasanter to sit in the sun than in the shade. An early Mass was said at the Shrine so as to permit those who attended it to return home for breakfast and assemble again before the pilgrims arrived. About half past eight the first section of the Little Falls' pilgrimage came, under the direction of Father White, Very Rev. Anthony P. Ludden, the pastor, accompanying him with over one thousand pilgrims. With processional cross and banner at the head of the line they followed the Little Falls' Military Band of twenty-six pieces up the hill to the open chapel where Father White immediately said Mass for them. Before Mass was over, the second section of the Little Falls' pilgrimage, about 800 in number, arrived, led by Rev. D. Lynch, S.J., accompanied by the Hibernian drum corps of fifteen pieces and proceeded at once to the Shrine chapel to assist at the Mass offered there by Rev. Dean Ludden. Next came the pilgrims from Ilion and Mohawk numbering 700, their pastor, Rev. John V. Quinn, in charge. As they marched up the hill they were greeted by the band from Little Falls and led to the open chapel where Father Quinn said Mass for them. The Utica pilgrims, reinforced by pilgrims from Oneida, Rome and points west as far as Syracuse, and a large number from Frankfort, St. Johnsville, Johnstown, Gloversville and Fonda came a thousand strong, under the leadership of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lynch, D.D., accompanied by Rev. Father Smith, chaplain of St. Vincent's Industrial School, Father Murphy, assistant at St. John's and Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., headed by the fife and drum corps of St. Vincent's Industrial School of forty pieces, and grouped in societies under fourteen beautiful banners. As they neared the open chapel the Little

Falls' band played "Holy God, we praise Thy Name." Whilst they were assisting at the Mass said by Father Murphy, another Mass was said by Father Lamb, S.J., in the Shrine chapel, for the 800 pilgrims who had arrived from points east of Auriesville, Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Amsterdam, some of them from New York City. For pilgrims who had come from different places in the neighborhood, Mass was said by Father Smith, of Utica, and about eleven o'clock, Solemn Mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lynch, assisted by Fathers Smith and Murphy, the fine choir of St. John's, Utica, rendering the music.

From 8:30 to 11:30 four priests were busy hearing confessions and giving Holy Communion, over 700 approaching the holy table. Soon after the arrival of the Ilion pilgrimage, Father White led all who had heard Mass, fully 3,000 persons, over the Way of the Cross, the choirs of the different parishes intoning the *Stabat Mater*, accompanied by the Little Falls' band. During the intermission for lunch, the band gave a sacred concert, and the fife and drum corps from St. Vincent's Industrial School an exhibition drill.

About two o'clock all the pilgrims assembled in the chapel to form the procession to the Ravine. This was one of the impressive exercises of the day. The march over the town road with bands playing, colors flying and choirs singing, down into the deep ravine to the grotto of Our Lady is a rare experience and it is still more rare to witness in such a place 5,000 persons gathered about a rustic pulpit, ranging amphitheatre fashion, in tiers high up the hillside, back towards the deep creek, and over a bridge into the glade beyond, to listen to the preacher whose voice, no matter how weak it may be, rings out with wonderful resonance in this wooded vale. Father T. J. Campbell, S.J., of New York, was the preacher on this occasion. He had chosen for his subject, the influence of a mother's love, in order to impress upon his hearers the influence of the love of the Mother of God on this feast of her Nativity. He was listened to most attentively by that vast throng, especially when he illustrated his subject by an allusion to the influence of the life of President McKinley, who was then between life and death. Father Driscoll, of Fonda, Father Hayden, of Gloversville, and Father Ready, of Little Falls, took part in this exercise.

Immediately afterward all assembled in the open chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the time being too short,

and the breeze too high for the procession for which the Rt. Rev. Bishop had kindly given special permission. The pilgrims left for their trains, the Little Falls train leaving about 4:30 P. M., Ilion about 5 and Utica about 5:30. Needless to remark, all, priests and people, were loud in expressing their satisfaction with the day's devotion and pleasure. One of the pleasing recollections of the day is, that there were no accidents, nor even danger of an accident. The trains were managed with the utmost care, fifty-five cars being required for passengers from the west, and ten for those who came from the east.

The pilgrims from Little Falls marched 1,800 strong through the streets of the city from the church to the railroad station. For a badge they wore a heart-shaped device inscribed with the name of their parish and date of the pilgrimage. It was their third large pilgrimage. With them were ten Sisters of St. Joseph. The Utica pilgrims came for the fifth time to the Shrine this year, a number of them fasting, as usual, in order to receive Holy Communion. Their banners were very beautiful. Several Brothers accompanied them.

For the first time the Ilion people came to Auriesville in an organized pilgrimage. Friends of the Shrine will recall gratefully a letter written by their pastor, Rev. John V. Quinn, when pastor of Galway, New York, repudiating sentiments attributed to him by some malevolent persons who spoke untruly about it.

Several of the pilgrims came as an act of thanksgiving for favors received by prayers through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs, or of the servants of God whose lives and death are commemorated there. And many recommended special intentions for which all our readers are requested to pray.

Since the Shrine was closed, workmen have been busy raising a retaining wall under the hillside south of the road leading down to the Ravine, and the work is now finished, so that we shall no longer be troubled by landslides or washouts from this bank. This removes the only eye-sore from this beautiful spot. When removing the pulpit the large stone, for which many persons had foolishly conceived a sort of veneration, was again exposed to view. That the superstition is dying out would appear from the fact that it was not seriously defaced, though some did chip pieces from it on the day of the great pilgrimage.

Mass will be offered at the Shrine, Friday, October 18, the anniversary of the death of Isaac Jogues, the first missionary to

the Mohawks, on that sacred site. The time of the Mass will be 10 o'clock. We have not usually invited pilgrims on the occasion of this anniversary, fearing the inclemency of the weather ; but since we have had but one rainy day in five years, we are encouraged to invite all who wish to come. If not rainy, the weather at that time is usually the finest, and the autumn foliage is well worth seeing. The Mass on this day is offered for all who contribute in any way to the interests of the Shrine.

The bazaar for the benefit of the Shrine was closed Sunday, September 22 ; the drawing took place Saturday, September 28. It was necessary to take all this time to make sure that every name and number would be included in the drawing. We take this occasion to thank all who have purchased or obtained purchasers of shares in the prizes offered in this bazaar ; nor are we unmindful of the kindness shown in their letters, and in the letters of some who could not conveniently purchase shares. It is gratifying to have this evidence of a deep and widespread interest in the Shrine at Auriesville. The names of the winning shareholders are as follows :

- A. Fine Diamond Ring. Won by Miss Lizzie Tynan, Nelson House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. No. 3,637.
- B. Lady's Gold Watch. Won by Miss Frances Minnon, St. Clair, Mich. No. 925.
- C. Diamond Earrings. Won by Mrs. Jacobs, 235 West 48th Street, New York. No. 17,918.
- D. Pen and Holder. Won by Philip Dwyer, 67 Water Street, Troy, N. Y. No. 406.
- E. Lady's Diamond Pin. Won by Miss Annie L. Clarke, 403 West 23d Street, New York. No. 3,999.
- F. Franklin Typewriter. Won by Celia W. Feeney, 18 Lee Avenue, Newport, R. I. No. 1,039.
- G. Amethyst Beads in Gold Wire. Won by Mrs. George Poorman, Houtzdale, Pa. No. 1,662.
- H. Handsome White Vestments. Won by Miss Mary Reiter, 66 McCallen Street, Ft. Wayne, Ind. No. 983.

Many things are needed at Auriesville. We must by all means collect enough money this year to have the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs and a chapel for the same, a worthy and permanent shrine, to which all the pilgrims will flock as the central object of devotion there ; and we need some of this money at once, as the order for this statue should be given now, if we hope to have

it ready next August. The returns of the bazaar do not yet cover the debts we have had to incur for the land bought and the improvements made this year. Hence we appeal to our readers and to all the friends of the Shrine to help us in this necessity, so that there may be no question of deferring the erection of this shrine and the ceremony of offering the crown of thorns in gold during the pilgrimages next summer.

Our readers will observe that we have been receiving contributions of gold, silver and jewelry "for the chalice and other sacred plate or vessels" to be used at the Shrine. The crown is finished, and the chalice will soon be made. As many clients of Our Lady of Martyrs still wish to send us offerings of gold, silver or precious stones, we have decided to receive them and to make of them articles used about the altar, a ciborium, ostensorium, communion plate and crucifix. Hence, offerings of this kind will be gratefully received and devoted to the pious use of the sanctuary as ex-votos of the donors.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

C. B., Gloversville, N. Y.	\$5.00	I. McK., Devon, Pa.	\$5.00
D. F. R. C., Philadelphia, Pa. .	1.00	B. H., Jersey City.	1.00
M. F. L., New York.	1.00	E. J. M.	1.00
E. G. P., Philadelphia, Pa.	10.00	J. P. G., Jersey City.	1.00
V. Z., Milwaukee, Wis.	5.00	E. R. L., Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00
F. E. R., Troy, N. Y.	1.00	E. M. B., St. John's, Canada ...	1.00
M. K., Pittsburg, Pa.60	Anon.40
Miss D., New York City.	2.00	A Friend, Utica, per Right Rev.	
		Mgr. Lynch.	5.00

The contributions received at Auriesville were acknowledged personally and are not mentioned here.

FOR THE CHALICE AND OTHER SACRED VESSELS.

M. A. B., Philadelphia, three pieces of jewelry.
 Mrs. M., a gold ring set with diamonds.
 Mrs. S., Utica, three gold rings and a pair of earrings.
 L. V., Troy, N. Y., a gold ring.
 C. H., three pieces of jewelry.
 U. M., New York City, a gold graduation medal.
 M. M., Troy, N. Y., three silver thimbles, a pair of earrings and two brooches.
 Miss D., a silver penholder and a silver match-box.
 A. R., Brooklyn, N. Y., brooch and earrings of pearl.

A FORGOTTEN PAGE OF MODERN PERSECUTION.

(*Concluded.*)

“WE had now entered on the year 1839, and Siemasko had severely reprimanded Michalewicz for having failed to shake our constancy and not forcing us to apostatize. Thoroughly frightened, Michalewicz wrote at once to the bishop that we were ready to embrace the schism, and that we had become as wax in his hands. While awaiting the arrival of Siemasko he redoubled our tortures in order to bring about what he had falsely announced. He now divided our party and shut us up in four separate dungeons. The cell where I was with eight of my Sisters was a cold, dark, damp cave filled with vermin which covered us from head to foot and found their way into our eyes and mouths and nostrils. Without any prearrangement, we all commenced that same day a novena for our mutual perseverance. The Sisters in the three other dungeons received each day for food and drink a pound of bread and a pint of water, an allowance which was afterwards reduced by one half. As for us, they gave us neither bread nor water. We lived on the refuse of rotten vegetables thrown into our cave, which the vermin had not entirely gnawed away. And yet we passed most happy, nay, even joyous hours in our prison. Our prayer was continual, and we improvised a canticle which was our refreshment and our consolation.

“Michalewicz came every day to each of the prisons with a paper intended to receive our apostasy. ‘Why do you resist to no purpose?’ he would say. ‘Your Sisters have already renounced the Church of Rome. Here is the document with their signature. They are now free and happy. Come, my children, sign.’ Then addressing myself personally, ‘Well, Lady Abbess, is it not much better to become once more an abbess than to be eaten alive by vermin? Come, sign. Your children have already affixed their signatures.’ In this way he endeavored to deceive us. We were trembling one for the other’s perseverance. At last I heard a voice whispering to me, ‘*Seize the paper.*’ I took it from the hand of the apos-

tate. I opened it. It was entirely blank. He did not have his stick with him, so he contented himself with filling my mouth with vermin and filth, and then retired in shame.

"As soon as our novena was ended our cell doors were again thrown open and we were once more set to work. When we found *all* together at their wheelbarrows, we saluted one another with indescribable joy. 'Our Mother,' cried my Sisters, 'you are then with us?' 'I am with God,' I made answer. 'We also, we are with God.' We then all fell on our knees to thank God for our latest victory, and we intoned the *Te Deum*. After this I said to my Sisters, 'We have had a good rest, my children; let us make haste to work hard. To our work! to our work!'

"Siemasko did not long delay in answering Michalewicz's invitation. The bells announce his coming. The Black Ladies rush out to welcome him. We await his advent in our prisons. Michalewicz and his clergy accompany him. He salutes us kindly, saying, 'I am glad to see you.'

"'We also bless your presence, if you come to us as a good bishop and a good pastor; but if you come anew as an apostate, withdraw from us.'

"He answered that he had come at our invitation; that this invitation, joined to our declaration of profession of the orthodox faith, filled his heart with joy; that he named me Mother General, and, as proof of His Majesty the Emperor's special good-will toward me, he brought a magnificent cross as a mark of my high office.'

"We at first believed that Siemasko had gone mad; but then almost involuntarily a horrible fear seized us. Did we count a traitor among our number? My Sisters looked vacantly at one another, and then the eyes of all turned towards me.

"'Wretch! What do you say? Who has called you here to tempt us again?'

"'Yourself!' he answered.

"At these words my Sister uttered a cry of distress and then there came an awful silence. Inexpressible grief weighed me down. I snatched from Siemasko's hand the pretended petition. I opened it in the presence of my children and there we

saw in large characters the name of Michalewicz written, however, in a trembling hand.

“‘Ah, it is you that have deceived your Master, Satan!’ and I threw the fatal paper away in indignation.

“The wretch dared to answer by a fresh lie. ‘You Polish dogs, you have all licked my feet in asking me to make in your name this humble petition.’

“‘And you have no fear of God Whom you offend by such unconscionable falsehoods? You know better than any one else that we fear neither martyrdom nor death. How then could we beg you to bring here your accomplice whom you recognize as your archbishop, but who is for us an apostate like yourself?’

“Then addressing myself to Siemasko: ‘This cross that you bring me from the Emperor you may hang upon your own breast already so richly decorated. In old times they suspended brigands from the cross, but now I see that crosses are suspended on brigands. Go, you will tempt to no purpose God’s servants.’

“Siemasko appeared surprised, but, without changing his tone of voice, he endeavored to gain us over by kindness. When he had gone away tears of joy flowed from our eyes. We thanked God for the grace He had granted us and my Sisters pressed around me to give free vent to the sentiments which the presence of the apostate bishop had so long restrained.

“The next day Siemasko had us all scourged beneath his window, taking, for price of his visit, our blood. He went away after administering a severe rebuke to Michalewicz who revenged himself upon us by still greater cruelties. Not content with beating us, they threw stones at us, even the Black Ladies and the choir children running after us armed with sticks doubled in two in the form of a knout. The Black Ladies made us carry water from the river several times a day in heavy copper vessels for their tea and liquor. The distance was great, especially in winter when we had to take a roundabout way to reach the river. When worn out with fatigues, they would overturn our buckets on our heads and force us to make four

or five trips in succession. Such a bath would cover us with ice, and the only means of restoring to us the use of our benumbed limbs were blows, which were never wanting us.

"After the lapse of several months, Siemasko returned to consecrate our church after the Russian rite. They would have made us work in getting things ready for the ceremony, but we preferred to expose ourselves to the anger of our persecutors rather than put a hand to such a sacrilegious task. We were forced to attend the consecration. As we left our cells we were assailed by a crowd of people with sticks and clubs. All my sisters were adorned with bloody wounds during this glorious march. My own head had been split open. As we reached the door of the church, blood was streaming from our whole bodies. I cried out in a transport of superhuman strength: 'My Sisters, in the name of Jesus Christ let us offer our heads to the ax.' Just then Sister Wawezecka fell like a log at Siemasko's feet. I seized an ax which a frightened laborer had let drop. All my Sisters knelt down, and I, at their head, adjured Siemasko in a loud voice: 'Thou hast been our shepherd, be now our executioner. Like the father of Saint Barbara, strike down your own children. Take this hatchet, cut off our heads. Make them roll into the church, for our feet will never enter. Take this ax, I beg of you, and cut off our heads.' I cannot recall my exact words; but this I always remember, that, filled with the divine fire, I repeated several times, 'Cut off our heads—here is the ax, here our heads.'

"Siemasko with a stroke of his sword knocked the ax out of my hand; but, in falling, it struck Sister Hortolane Jakubowska's leg, inflicting a deep wound. I was then terribly beaten about the face, and one of my teeth knocked out. Just then the apostate had a fainting spell, but a drink soon brought him to. He consoled himself by an all-night revel with the Russian Sisters. Michalewicz took vengeance for his master by smashing to pieces the little stove that had been given us by the kindness of some Jewish peasants.

"Meanwhile, our persecution became from day to day more violent. Michalewicz, who was always drunk, slipped one day

as he was leaving our prison and, falling head-first into a pool of water, there perished. May God have mercy on his soul! We then passed under the tyranny of a priest named Iwanow, who treated us still more cruelly, often repeating: 'I am not a Michalewicz.'

"Towards the end of the autumn of 1840, two years after our arrival at Witebsk, we noticed one day a troop of soldiers in the courtyard. Fresh irons were placed on our hands and feet, we were chained two by two together, and we were marched away without receiving any intimation of our destination. Oh, how can I express the grief which pierced our hearts when they took from my arms the cross which we had carried from Minsk, and which we had treasured so much during our days at Witebsk! It was a Friday; we travelled two days, still weeping over our lost cross. Sunday noon we reached Polock. We halted in a public square. The good people of the place gathered around us to offer sympathy and food, and were with difficulty held back by the soldiers' bayonets. That same evening we put up at a Basilian convent, now occupied by Russian priests and nuns. We were placed in the charge of one Iwan Wicrowkin who, in his drunken fury, would beat us with a knotted rope as often as he met any of us. We found in our prison ten Basilian Sisters, all that were left of a community of twenty-five. Five had already died. The abbess, named Honorine Rozanska, who was in poor health and advanced age, had succumbed to her sufferings. At the moment we entered our prison, these ten Sisters threw themselves at my feet, to offer me their obedience and to beg me to be their mother. We embraced them weeping. I blessed my new children, and we all rendered glory to our Lord.

"Of the Polock Sisters, two had become crazy, and yet they were loaded with chains like the rest and made to work with them. The first, Elizabeth Filihauzer, died soon after in my lap, of consumption and the injuries she had received. The second, Theresa Bienecker, lived six months. Her madness was of a peculiar character. She rendered all household services without any signs of insanity; but, as soon as they chained her to her wheelbarrow, she would go into a kind of ecstasy,

during which, her crucifix in her hand, she would sing the most beautiful hymns of her own composition, keeping time the while by striking the wheelbarrow. She would lift up her crucifix and press it to her heart and no one could succeed in wresting it from her hands. She would end by repeating with all dignity and solemnity the words of the Gospel: *Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will.* She would then become quiet, only to begin again an instant after. One day, on coming back to our prison, we found our dear child lying dead in a pool of blood. It is said that she had expired under the blows of her tormentors. Peace to her soul!

"We lost these two Sisters, not at the convent of Polock but at a house named Spas, about a league from the city whither we had been transferred on account of the charity shown us by the inhabitants of the town. We began by carrying all the furniture and provisions of the Black Ladies to our new abode. We were then employed in clearing away the snow from the mountain on which they purposed building a palace for Siemasko.

"During the winter (1840-1841), we were twice visited by the so-called Uniate Greek Bishop of Polock, one of three apostate bishops. He seemed filled with remorse, and tears would come into his eyes, as he would repeat, again and again, 'How can you stand it? How can you stand it?' Siemasko denounced him as insane, because he would not add to our sufferings.

"The Black Ladies of Polock treated us in the same manner as those of Witebsk, with this difference that, as the community was more numerous, we had more suffering to undergo, more work and more blows from their sticks.

"As to our labors, the most painful was that of breaking stone. As they had no sledge hammers, we had to break one stone with another. The strain was so great that the bones of our arms were dislocated, and often we had to stop to have a companion put them back in their place. Our necks and heads were covered with painful ulcers. Our hands were inflamed and split, and the blood flowed so copiously from them and other parts of our body that it soaked our clothes and trickled down

to the ground. Each moment we were ready to faint away. This suffering was so great that our bodies were constantly quivering under the sense of pain ; our bones so bruised that we could not lie down or close an eye on account of headaches. We passed the night sitting up, one leaning against another for support. The work was clearly beyond our strength, and yet, by a refinement of cruelty, they never permitted one Sister to render any assistance to another.

"Many of our Sisters died at this time. In the space of eight days we lost three under the following circumstances : We were carrying up pails of lime to the third story of Siemasko's new palace then in course of construction. These pails were extremely heavy, but only one Sister at a time was set at this work. After two or three trips, one became faint and the pail fell from her hands upon the head of a poor Sister, instantly killing her.

"During the summer of 1841, five of our Sisters were buried in a pit they were digging. The priests perceived the danger but only answered by saying : 'Let the earth swallow them up.' A few hours after, nine Sisters met their death. Just before finishing this third story, five sisters were working on a scaffolding, and four immediately below. I myself was with the former, when Sister Rosalia Meduniecka, who was passing up some gravel, cried out : 'My Mother, I can't do it.' I was the only one authorized to change place with the Sisters who succumbed. I came down at once and Sister Rosalia went up to the scaffolding. Scarcely had I gone a few steps when a terrible report caused the ground to shake under my feet. I raised my eyes. The wall in front of which they were working had fallen down, and my nine Sisters were buried in its ruins ! 'Oh, how could I have survived this catastrophe ! Your will, O Lord, be done !' I fell unconscious under my load of gravel. When I came to, I prayed in a loud voice to heaven. I bewailed before God the evil that had fallen upon us, and yet I thanked Him with all my heart. But our guards were no lovers of prayer. They dragged me to a cart, and there I received the payment of my too great sensibility to grief. They cruelly scourged me, and then pushed me back to my work,

saying: 'Get to work! You also will die like a dog. God will kill you in the same way to punish your obstinacy.' The Black Ladies stood by clapping their hands and uttering blasphemies.

"After the loss of so many laborers, they were obliged to suspend for a while the work of building, and we were then employed in breaking stone, digging, carrying wood, water, etc. At the end of some weeks the building was resumed. Siemasko was expected to arrive in a few days, and they must make haste to finish his palace. One morning they found the following inscription in Russian verse on the walls of the church destined for the schismatics: 'Here, in place of monasteries, Siberia and the galleys.' They accused us of doing it, and twice that same day we were so cruelly scourged that two Sisters died from the effects. They both passed away in my lap.

"The priest Wierowskin had written to Siemasko that, seized with fright at the death of so many of our Sisters, we were ready to pass over to the orthodox religion. This news hastened his arrival in the autumn of 1841. He greeted us kindly and said he had come in response to our invitation.

" 'Whose?' I asked.

" 'Yours.'

" 'Mine?'

" 'Well, if not you, at least some of your Sisters have asked me to come.'

" 'Which of them?'

"At these words all my Sisters uttered a cry of indignant protest. I then reproached him with his lying and apostasy, to which he answered by striking me on the cheek. 'Our Saviour,' I said, 'directs us to present the other cheek when we are struck. Here it is; strike it if you dare.' He dared. I may add that in these cruel buffetings that I received on occasion of each of his visits, I had lost nine teeth.

"Siemasko then gave me a paper to read to the Sisters in which the emperor approved all that he had done in our regard. Again he demanded that we should apostatize, and, on our refusal, we were all stripped and terribly beaten, the strokes being beyond number. Bathed in blood we were sent

back to our prison to resume the following morning our heavy labors. During the night Sister Basillissa Holynska expired in my arms.

“And so the time wore on, the only assistance or relief we received being from some Jews whom they did not suspect of such charity. The winter which followed (1841-42) was one of still more terrible suffering. On the return of spring, by order of Siemasko, the bi-weekly flagellations were resumed, fifty strokes being the measure of our punishment. Three more of my Sisters died under this torture. The first of these was Sister Seraphine, aged seventy-two years. At the thirtieth stroke, with the Holy Name upon her lips, her soul took its flight to heaven. The remaining twenty strokes were given her dead body. The second, Sister Stanislaus Dowgial expired two hours after her scourging, invoking the sweet name of Jesus, and saying, ‘Do not weep for me. My sufferings are about to end. But weep for the suffering that yet await yourselves.’ The third died that same night as she was repeating the words ‘O my Jesus, I love thee with all my heart.’

“At the instance of his wife, the Russian General, commanding the soldiers in that district, put a stop to these scourgings ; but his good offices cost us dear, for as soon as Siemasko heard of his action, he came to heap upon us every insult and cruelty, even going so far as to threaten to burn us alive—an announcement we all welcomed with cries of joy as it would end our sufferings which were worse than death and open up to us the gates of heaven. He changed this threat into something still more horrible. He let loose upon us a band of drunken barbarians to do us violence and to outrage our virtue. In the resistance we offered two of our Sisters were trampled to death and eight had their eyes gouged out. I had my head broken and my side so torn that my entrails were visible. A third Sister died during the course of the night.

“At the end of two months we received a visit from a Franciscan monk who had lived in a convent near ours. At his coming we were filled with joy in the hope of being able to go to Confession and receive Holy Communion. But our joy

was short-lived. He, too, had gone over to the schism, and, although he brought us food and money, the real object of his visit was to shake our faith. We were then for six days given no other food than half a salt herring apiece ; but, as during all this time not one drop of water was given us to drink, this but increased our suffering.

"On the seventh day we were released to return to work, but we voluntarily deprived ourselves of water on this day in honor of the seven dolors of our Lady. It was now towards the end of spring, 1843, when we were ordered to leave our prison. Chained two by two together, the command was then given to go forward, and singing a hymn in honor of St. Michael, the Archangel, we set out, as we thought, for Siberia. After ten or twelve days, they came to a small village called Miadzioly where we were handed over to the Superioress of a community of Russian nuns to be put at work of the hardest and most disgusting kind.

"And now a punishment of unheard-of cruelty was meted out to us. To cleanse us, as he said, of our *cursed Polish blood*, Siemasko, who had just arrived on the scene, gave orders that we should be stripped of all our clothes, to put on a short, coarse undergarment like a flour sack, in which one sleeve held both arms pinned together. Large ropes were fastened around our necks and we were led in this fashion to the border of a lake. Two of our tormentors were seated in each of a number of boats. Then the priest, Skrypin, said to us: 'If you do not accept our religion you will be drowned like little dogs,' to which we made answer: 'We shall never abandon Jesus Christ. Carry out your orders.' The boats were then rowed out from the shore, each brute dragging behind him a victim. When we were in the water up to our breasts, the boats stopped, and the same threat was repeated. They then went further out. The weight of our heavy garment and the pinioning of our arms made useless all efforts to keep our heads above water or to render mutual assistance. From time to time the boats would approach the shore and a moment's ease be granted from the strangling sensation resulting from the pull of the ropes around our necks.

"Then renewed threats, and once more immersion in the deeper water. This torture lasted three hours and was repeated on six different days. The only ones who showed us any sympathy were again the Jews, and it was due to their remonstrance that a stop was at length put to this barbarity.

"Two years more of labor, blows, hunger, cold, imprisonment brought us to the end of the winter of 1845, when God inspired us with the design of escaping. There were only four of us left for whom this could be a possibility. All the rest were blind or dying by slow stages. A drunken revel of the whole village lasting several days gave us the desired opportunity. We had succeeded in breaking our chains, and, on the midnight of March 31, we made our way to the outer wall of our prison. The distance to the ground appalled us; but, invoking the aid of the Holy Trinity and signing myself with the sign of the Cross, I set the example by jumping, and was soon followed by three Sisters. We landed on the soft snow unhurt. Our first steps were directed toward a ruined chapel hard by, where we recited night prayers in common, commended ourselves to the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin and our guardian angels. We then embraced each other affectionately and separated, the better to avoid pursuit. After having wandered three months, amid every manner of privation, in the forests of Lithuania, I reached a place of safety, whence I have happily found my way to Rome, and, by express order of the Holy Father, have detailed the events which have passed during the past seven years when we had the happiness of suffering for the faith. In all, by all and everywhere may the name of the Most Holy and Most August Trinity be praised and glorified forever and ever. Amen."

So far the deposition of Mother Macrina. We may add that her progress to Rome was a veritable triumph, and that, on her arrival there, Gregory XVI accorded her the most cordial and sympathetic reception. In after days, when questioned on what she had endured, she would answer: "Now that I have told all to the Holy Father, I would wish to forget all, and I am afraid that I would displease our Lord by recalling their memory." Her one only desire was to learn the fate of her companions

from whom she had been separated; but on this point no definite information ever reached her. It was no small sacrifice; but it must have made all the more joyful their reunion in heaven, there to sing for all eternity the canticle of the virgins whose garments have been washed in the blood of the Lamb Whom they follow wheresoever He goes.

MISSION NOTES.

CONVERSIONS IN SYRIA AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

We are assured by the French journal, *La Vie Catholique*, that the remarkable movement amongst the separated Christians of the East goes on steadily. Conversions are numerous in Syria, Armenia and Persia. It is said that scarcely a week passes without some entire village asking to be admitted into the unity of the Catholic fold. One of the latest to make this request is Casem Oglu, a place of about 130 families. The case of the Nestorians, so long separated from the Church, appears to be really extraordinary. Twenty-two villages in the districts of Van, Seraï, Norduz, Mahmudié and Lewin have become Catholic with their priests; and in most of them schools have been established. This makes up a population of 2,400 souls. In the district of Gaver there are, moreover, 697 Catholics. Melik Benjamin, Chief of the Gelo tribe, is a Catholic; and the Baz tribe, also, is about to enter the Church.

THE NEW BISHOP OF GALILEE.

What a source of inspiration to be Bishop of the place where Our Lord spent the greater part of His life on earth! Galilee of the Gentiles has Nazareth and Thabor, and the harp-like Lake of Genesareth, with its ruins of the towns so oft trodden by Our Saviour's feet during the three years of his public ministry.

The Bishop of Galilee, Mgr. Gregory Hajjar, belongs to a patriarchal family, distinguished for nobility and piety. He was born on the slopes of Lebanon, at Roum, near Sidon. Of remarkable talents and piety, he entered the Monastery of St. Saviour, and at the age of fourteen had finished his literary studies. Having been obliged by failing health to go down into Egypt, he studied mathematics and took his Degree of Bachelor

in the schools of the Brothers in Cairo ; but caring little for fame, he returned to his monastery to study philosophy and theology. Later on he taught those branches besides rhetoric. In 1896, at the age of twenty-four, he was ordained priest and made prefect of studies in the seminary of St. Saviour's. Meanwhile the Bishop of Galilee died and the young priest was the people's choice as his successor. Owing to his youth, however, he was first made Vicar-General of St. John of Acre ; and after six months he was consecrated Bishop at Damascus on the 24th of May. Those ancient names come back to us as if from a dream.

Bishop Hajjar has a large diocese in which labor thirty-five priests, so poor that they must live by their stipends for Masses, when they can get even these. Owing to the poverty of the mission, Catholic schools are few ; and hence the children have to frequent the schools of the non-Catholics. The churches are generally extremely poor ; whereas the Russian, German and English Protestant missions, being well provided with resources, are a dangerous attraction to the needy.

IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

The "White Fathers," so named from their Arab costume, were founded by Cardinal Lavigerie in 1868. There are at present about 350 priests in the congregation, about 170 lay brothers with several hundreds of novices and scholastics. Their headquarters are at Algiers, and their missions are amongst the Mahometans of North Africa and the negroes of Central Africa. For a long time it was impossible to directly evangelize the Mussulmans ; and it is still to a great extent : their dangerous fanaticism is too easy to arouse. However, there are now many converts. It is easier work amongst the poor negroes: these readily yield to instruction, kindness and care ; and the "White Fathers' " work amongst them is singularly blest and fruitful, their being many influential blacks amongst the converts. Here, as elsewhere in the Catholic missions, the miracle is that the Church can do so much with means so slender. How dreadfully apathetic we all are ! and how we lavish our money on trifles, vanities and luxuries—money that would afford means to bring hundreds of thousands into the Fold !

A TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

A few miles from Durban in Natal (South Africa) is an establishment of Trappist Monks, which is the wonder of Natal

and an enormous source of civilizing influence amongst the native Kaffirs.

The property embraces 12,000 acres, and was bought by the monks eighteen years ago. It was then a wilderness; the monks set to making bricks and quarrying stone for buildings, erecting a monastery, church, boarding-schools for the Kaffir boys, workshops, stores, kitchens, mills, telegraph and telephone offices, hospital, and consulting rooms, rooms for chemistry, hydraulics, and astronomy. The estate is now a smiling garden with a large congregation of educated and useful members of society. Some thousands of young men and women (Kaffirs) have been taught trades, housed, fed and clothed. The Trappists have spent about £2,500,000 in property, buildings and land. Besides this, some £17,000 a year is spent in Durban for stores, clothing, food and other requisites. Books and newspapers are set up in English, Zulu and Kaffir and bound by the natives under the direction and editorship of the monks.

"All this has been done," writes Bishop Gordon of Jamaica, (British West Indies), "since I left South Africa, twenty-two years ago. The money has all come from friends and relations of the monks and nuns, and principally from Germany. The Abbot is now in Europe arranging for a woollen factory at Ixopo. Roads, bridges, water works for irrigation—everything they have had a hand in."

Father Manuel, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, writes of his work amongst the transitory population of Kaffirs at Durban. He praises his converts' manner of life amidst the corruption which surrounds them. They are faithful to their monthly confession and communion—the sole means of preserving them. The priest assembles them in the evening in the churches frequented by the whites and is much impressed by their desire to hear his instructions. Those poor converts easily understand the falsehood of the calumnies against the Church, and show an admirable zeal to bring to the instructions their relatives and friends. The poor people even contribute their pennies as generously as they can. They have no chapel of their own, whereas the Protestant missions are well provided for.

THE MISSION INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

A special correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* (August 17), Helen Tyler Griswold, asserts that the Mission Indians will

soon be utterly extinct. She quotes the Report of the Indian Agent, Mr. Leroy, who says :

“ The condition of the Mission Indians in southern California is the most deplorable of any in the Southwest, and the story of the rapid degeneracy of these simple, genial, and well-intentioned people, since they came in contact with the ever-growing population of Caucasians, is a pathetic chapter in the history of our national dealings with the Indians. The 70,000 of 1821 have been reduced to about 4,000, men, women and children, who live in miserable hovels in communities of 200 or 300 people each, on dry, sun-baked, intractable soil among the foothills and cañons, while the vast areas of richest soils in the valleys below, where their ancestors were once in undisputed supremacy, are occupied by the pale-faces' ranch-houses and luxuriant orange and lemon groves and fields of waving alfalfa.”

The Indians known as the Warner's Springs tribe have been driven completely by adverse litigation with the whites from the beautiful valley in the north of San Diego County, owned by them for two hundred and fifty years. To-day not one remains of the 7,000 Indians, who, according to the Franciscan mission records, lived on Santa Catalina Island, thirty miles off the shore of Los Angeles County. For twenty years not one has been known to remain of the three hundred of the missions of San Fernando in 1810. The largest remaining Indian settlements are amongst the lonely San Jacinto Mountains, “ where white men seldom go.”

The following is Miss Griswold's account of the missions of the Franciscans amongst “ Ramona's people ” :

“ When Father Junipero Serra and his followers came as Franciscan missionaries and established the chain of missions at San Diego, Los Angeles, San Gabriel, Monterey, Santa Clara, San Buenaventura, San Juan Capistrano, and San Francisco (Dolores), and San Luis Obispo, between 1767 and 1783, they estimated that there were over 80,000 Indians in Alta California. At the mission of San Gabriel there were about 7,000. The priests wrote that they had never found anywhere such tractable and energetic savages as those in California

“ After a few years the missionaries were never afraid to trust their lives and property among the Indians. The fathers taught the Indians at the several missions to sow wheat, grind corn, till the soil, to raise herds of cattle, to dress hides, and to make

their clothing. The priests brought grape-vines, olives, fruits and nuts from their old homes in Spain and Castile, and taught the Indians how to cultivate them in California soil.

"In time the missionaries had induced all the Indian families to come and dwell in Pueblo communities about the missions, where the Spanish padres were monitors, socially, industrially, and religiously. In 1798 over 3,000 Indians joined the Roman Cernuschi (him of bimetallic fame) to live in Italy under a united monarchy ! To him at Paris we went, and found the hero of the barricades of the five days of Milan, the staunch defender of the Roman Republic (who was kept a prisoner by France in the Castel S. Angelo for many months after the restoration of the Pope), aged beyond recognition, with a cloud of silver-white hair surrounding a pale and thoughtful face, where the old light flamed in the dark-brown eyes, and the old impetuosity echoed in the question, 'Why cast pearls before swine? Publishers are excellent thermometers. If none will print, all are convinced that no one will purchase the volumes when issued. Then, as likely as not, the Government will sequester the heresies, and the Triple Consorteria will privately cremate the volumes.' At length, however, Cernuschi consented to pay the expenses of printing one volume. Some copies did sell, and he added sufficient to print another. Then, he too died, in 1897, and in the same year the bright, brave Gabriel Rosa went to his rest.

THE WOES OF CHINA.

The Coadjutor Bishop of Northern Kiang-si, Mgr. Ferrant, reports that frightful inundations have ravaged the central province, all along the Yang-tse valley. To make the case more sad, the crops had been promising a splendid harvest. Within the memory of the living, he says, no one has seen similar floods. The newspapers have given dreadful reports, perhaps exaggerated, of the loss of homes and lives. From the same sources we learn that the fearful famine which has followed the footsteps of the Boxer rebels continues yet undiminished. Awful suffering, death, and shame are its fruits amongst the unhappy multitudes of China.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 11.

SLOWNESS IN BAPTIZING CONVERTS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THE Algonquin Mission suffered a great loss in the death of Father Raymbault. But God in his mercy raised up a worthy successor in the person of Father René Ménard, who was the ideal of supernatural devotedness, and whose reputation for sanctity was very great with both the French and Indians. "Verily," says Charlevoix, "New France had no more perfect missionary. God had given him a particular talent for ingratiating himself with the Indians. He often used to say to the Fathers, and the words were a reflex of the zeal which consumed him and the desire by which he was possessed of doing much for God: "We work a great deal, my dear Fathers, but we do not do half enough for the glory of God." When he came to St. Mary's in 1641, he took Father Raymbault's place, and aided by Father Claude Pijart, did wonders in the Mission of the Holy Ghost, on Lake Nipissing, and in that of St. Elizabeth where the Algonquin families had settled.

Up to this, we have described only the missions outside the Huron country. Let us take a glance at what the Jesuits were doing there.

The work among the Hurons began, of course, with scattered missions, all of which were ultimately united into five separate residences, with their chapels, near which was usually the cemetery. The most noted of them were those of the Conception and St. Joseph. St. Louis was on the banks of the little river that empties into what is now known as Hog

Bay; about a league further, on Sturgeon Bay, was St. Ignatius, in a deep ravine and surrounded by a fifteen-foot palisade. Father De Brébœuf had planned these fortifications and superintended their construction. St. John the Baptist's was some distance off, on the north shore of Lake Simcoe, near what is now the little city of Orillia.

All the Huron villages were evangelized, sometimes by one missionary sometimes by another. In the beginning, the Fathers started from St. Mary's in the early part of November, took up their abode in the chief settlement, and then visited all the scattered wigwams of the neighborhood, carrying in their knapsack their portable altar and the presents so dearly loved by the Indians, such as beads and knives and mirrors and hatchets. When these missions developed into residences, Daniel was at St. Joseph's, Brébœuf and Gabriel Lallemant at St. Ignatius', Chaumonot at the Conception, and Du Peron at St. Michael's. The other Fathers traveled here and there as the population shifted.

In this field of the Great Father of the family there seemed to be nothing but thistles and thorns. Never did a people resist the grace of God so long and stubbornly as the Hurons, and yet working that ungrateful soil were men of remarkable virtue and a self-sacrifice that withstood every test. If they did not perform miracles which compelled wonder and brought conviction to those hard hearts as in the first days of the Church, they did, nevertheless, give health to many sick who were despaired of and even opened the eyes of the blind. We are not, however, writing their panegyrics and, besides, our age does not believe in miracles. But as we read their story we are forced to admit that it would be hard to find in the missions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a group of apostles comparable to those of the Huron Missions. "All New France," says Charlevoix, and he is right in saying so, "renders such public testimony to the hard and truly apostolic life they led, as well as to the eminent sanctity of several among them, that we cannot possibly hesitate to admit it." The reader knows Brébœuf, Garnier, Gabriel Lallemant and his uncle Jerome, Raymbault, Jogues, Chaumonot, Pierre

Pijart and his brother Claude. What splendid religious were Daniel, Le Mercier, Chastelain, Simon Le Moynes, Du Peron, Garreau and Noël Chabanel. All might differ, as they did, in effect, in birth, temperament, education, intellect, knowledge and skill, but with all of them virtue rose to the heroic; if there was any difference it was only one of degree.

What a life was theirs in those apostolic journeys which lasted all year long! Begging every day for a little sagamite to eat as they went from wigwam to wigwam; lying at night on the bare earth or on some strips of bark in a filthy corner of the first cabin they were permitted to enter, in the midst of the blinding smoke and surrounded by savages and dogs; all day hunting from hut to hut for children or adults in danger of death; preaching incessantly the doctrines of Christianity to ears that would not hear, or showing the truth to eyes that would not see; robbed, beaten, insulted and threatened with death; and in that life, which was such as to discourage the bravest and dishearten the most persistent, remaining always calm, patient, charitable, devoted; appearing to like the hardest and most disgusting work; and happy to impart to souls at the price of their blood truth, morality and salvation. Such an existence only those could embrace who were of the race of the saints and whose model and motive was Jesus Christ, whom they loved and adored.

Father Ragueneau wrote from St. Mary's of the Hurons to the General of the Society, Vincent Caraffa: "The condition of our house and in fact of the mission is such that I think that nothing could be added to the piety, obedience, humility, patience, charity and perfect regularity of all of Ours. Truly we have all but one heart, one soul and one mind. In whatever manner God wishes to dispose of us for life or death, it will be our consolation to belong to the Lord and to belong to Him forever." He who wrote these lines of praise for his co-workers was then only an ordinary laborer in the ranks. Of him Father de Brébœuf wrote to Rome: "We have here excellent and capable religious, but they are all inferior to Father Ragueneau, especially for government."

It was these men who ploughed and reploughed this field for

years, and watered it with the sweat of their brows without result and almost without hope of a harvest.

Three years after reaching the Huron country Father de Brébœuf wrote, on the 16th of June, 1637, to Father Vitelleschi, the General of the Society: "On the feast of the Holy Trinity we baptized one man fifty years old. It was the first adult we have baptized *who was in good health.*" They called him Joseph.

Two years later the situation was a little better while not being anything to be proud of. "We baptized solemnly fifty Indians at the Mission of the Conception, twenty-five at St. Joseph's and six or seven at St. Michael's. *They were not sick.*"

The 20th of August, 1641, shows a decrease. "Our growing mission among the Hurons," writes De Brébœuf, "counts about sixty persons. That is little for seven years." On the 3d of May, 1647, Father Garnier writes somewhat sadly to the General that, "the harvest is gathered very slowly, that the Indians are slow to accept the truths of the Gospel, and when they are baptized have to be kept at continually."

Of course, during all this time the missionaries had sent a legion of children to heaven, as well as a great number of adults who had died immediately after baptism. De Brébœuf alone had baptized several thousand. But the Huron Church counted at that time only a few hundred who made open profession of Christianity and they were scattered through the various missions. At St. Mary's there was a group of fervent Christian families, and a choice gathering of staunch converts among the Petuns.

This result of thirteen years of incredible labor is scarcely satisfactory if compared with the rapid and numerous conversions wrought in the preceding century in the other missions of Asia, Africa and America. Everything was slow, hard and without anything that was striking. There were none of those marvellous workings of grace which in a single day would bring whole populations to the foot of the cross. Father Ragueneau, however, was not discouraged. "I think rather," he writes, "we ought to bless the mercy which God shows these

people." He finds the reasons which explain the slow growth in the moral character and temperament of the Hurons, their restless and disorderly nature, and their superstitious and limited intelligence which prevents them from seeing the justice and the mercy of God.

We have dwelt at length on these facts. The Hurons attributed to the Jesuits the fatal epidemic which fell upon them and carried off so many victims during the four years it raged. From that moment the missionaries were looked upon as sorcerers who were powerful and dangerous ; the God of the Christians was an evil genius and the Gospel a fatal religion. The medicine-men who feared the influence of the missionaries worked on these fears to discredit the priests and to make them hated and despised. In that there was a serious obstacle to conversion of the Hurons.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING ?

BY E. M'AULIFFE.

IS it not a holy and wholesome thought, during this month of the souls, to linger in spirit by the death-beds of those who, having fought the good fight, died in the Lord ? Those whose noble lives and heroic deaths we find recorded in the pages of the poet and historian. I speak not of the names enrolled on the calendar of the saints, but of men and women in the rush and struggle of human affairs, who, keeping the "eye of pure intention" steadily fixed upward, and looking on all temporal things as vanity, entered, in the fulness of time, into eternal life !

Longfellow has left us the story of a Christian cavalier, translated by him from the Spanish.

Don Jorge Manrique had spent his life in the service of God and his country ; his days were filled with great deeds ; old age was coming on :

" Then, on Ocana's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call.

"Saying, 'good cavalier prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
 With joyful mien ;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
 The closing scene.

" 'Since thou hast been, in battle strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
 For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle plain
 Thy call thy name.

.
" 'O Death no more, no more delay ;
My spirit longs to flee away,
 And be at rest ;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
 To God's behest.

" 'My soul is ready to depart.
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
 Breathes forth no sigh ;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
 That we shall die.

" 'O, Thou that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
 Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to Thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
 By mortal birth,

" 'And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
 So patiently ;

By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me !'

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind ;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind.

" His soul to Him, Who gave it, rose ;
God lead it to his long repose,
Its glorious rest !
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest."

Clorinda, the warlike maid, who plays so prominent a part in Tasso's great poem, was born of Christian parents, but in her earliest infancy was consigned to the care of Saracens, and grew up without knowing the secret of her birth. Instinctively she practised Christian virtues, guarding her chastity in the midst of the seductions of pagan society. She fought against the crusaders ; and fell, wounded to death by the sword of Tancred.

" She, as she falls, in mournful tones outsighs
Her last faint words, pathetically sweet ;
Which a new spirit prompts, a spirit replete
With charity, and faith, and hope serene,
Sent dove-like down from God's pure mercy-seat,
Who, though through life his rebel she had been,
Would have her die a fond, repentant Magdalene.

" Friend ! Thou hast won ; I pardon thee, and O
Forgive thou me ! I fear not for this clay.
But my dark soul—pray for it, and bestow
The sacred rite that laves all stains away :"

Like dying hymns heard far at close of day.
 Sounding I know not what in the soothed ear
 Of sweetest sadness, the faint words make way
 To his fierce heart, and, touch'd with grief sincere,
 Streams from his pitying eye the involuntary tear.

Not distant, gushing from the rocks, a rill
 Clash'd on his ear ; to this with eager pace
 He speeds—his hollow casque the waters fill—
 And back he hurries to the deed of grace ;
 His hands as aspens tremble, while they raise
 The locked aventayle of the unknown knight ;—
 God, for thy mercy ! 'tis her angel face !
 Aghast and thunderstruck, he loathes the light :
 Ah, knowledge best unknown ! ah, too distracting sight.

Yet still he lived ; and must'ring all his power
 To the sad task, restrained each wild lament,
 Fain to redeem by those baptismal showers
 The life his sword bereft ; while thus intent
 The hallowing words he spoke, with ravishment
 Her face transfigured shone, and half apart
 Her bland lips shed a lively smile that sent
 This silent speech in sunshine to his heart :
 " Heaven gleams ; in blissful peace behold thy friend depart!"
 A paleness beauteous as the lily's mix'd
 With the sweet violets, like a gust of wind
 Flits o'er her face ; her eyes on heaven are fix'd,
 And heaven on her returns its looks as kind ;
 Speak she can not ; but her cold hand declined
 In pledge of peace on Tancred she bestows ;
 And to her fate thus tenderly resigned,
 In her meek beauty she expires, and shows
 But as a smiling saint indulging soft repose.

Jerusalem Delivered, c. xii, v. 65-70.

Guidobaldo of Montefeltro, Sovereign Duke of Urbino, had such a grand and noble character, that to sum up his good qualities would seem like exaggeration. Carlo Grossi, in his "Com-

mentaries on the Illustrious Men of Urbino," says of him: "One does not know which of his virtues to praise most, because he is endowed with so many, equally balanced, that it would make him appear a prodigy." After a lingering illness, though still in the prime of life, he felt that the end was near, and, having settled his earthly affairs, and named his successor in the Dukedom, he sent for his confessor.

Baldassare Castiglione, one of the most eminent men of the period, in a letter to the King of England (Henry VIII), gives a touching account of his last moments. He describes him, lying on his couch, surrounded by the members of his family and the principal personages of his court; his wife, the Duchess Elizabeth of Gonzaga, kneeling beside him and clasping his hand, already growing cold. As he gives directions to his confessor as to the many charities which he has remembered, his friends attempted to console him, saying that his preparation for death was premature, that recovery was not hopeless, etc. He interrupted them, saying: "My friends, would you deprive me of the only good I desire, the deliverance which death will bring me from my atrocious sufferings?" Then, turning to Castiglione, who stood near him, he said: "Whilst I live, O Baldassare,

*"Me circum limus niger et deformis arundo
Cocyti, tardaue palus inamabilis unuda
Alligat, et noviens styx interfusa coerces."* (Georg. IV. 478.)

On finishing these lines of Virgil he relapsed into silence, looking from one to the other of those who stood around his bed, as though he would say: "It is not the thought of death which pains me, but the separation from so many and such dear friends."

"The physician in attendance having administered a restorative, he regained a little transient strength and profited by it to exhort his nephew (whom he had chosen to succeed him in the Dukedom) to walk always in the paths of truth and justice, loving and honoring the Duchess, who had been a mother to him and honoring, above all, his uncle, the Pope (Julius II), asking his advice and being guided by it on all occasions. To

his friends, who found it impossible to control their emotions, he said : ‘ Instead of shedding vain tears pray, rather, for my soul’s weal ; or join me in glorifying and praising God for all the mercies and graces he has showered on me ! Death is not terrible when one goes to meet it willingly, joyfully ; and then I have the sweet consciousness that in your hearts and in your affections I shall still live ! ’ ”

After a short silence he addressed the Duchess as follows : “ I have no parting admonitions to give you, my blessed wife ! Your duties have always been your first consideration ; I need not commend our dear nephew to your care ; one favor only I will ask of you : that you weep not for my death ! Oh, my best beloved, what is death ? A blessing that, like all blessings, comes from the hand of God ; it calls us from a vale of suffering to a state of eternal happiness ! ”

He then turned to the Archbishop who, with a large number of ecclesiastics, stood by his bed, and requested him to bring the most Holy Sacrament. He received the *Vaticum* with great humility and recollection and after some minutes spent in contemplation of this adorable mystery, again asked the prayers of all and, turning on his side, as though wishing to sleep, he placed one hand under his cheek, in an attitude of repose ; then, without the slightest struggle, rendered his soul to Him Who gave it !

He died in his thirty-seventh year.

Padilla, a Spanish knight who was concerned in an insurrection in defense of the people against the tyranny of the government, was seized and condemned to pay the penalty of treason. As he was led to death, hearing one of his companions, who was to suffer with him, express indignation at hearing himself proclaimed a traitor, he made the following heroic rejoinder : “ Yesterday was the time to display the spirit of men ; to-day to die with the meekness of Christians.” (*Robertson, Charles V.*)

The same historian relates of Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, that in his last battle, finding it impossible to resist any longer the force of superior numbers, he took his position in the rear of the army to cover its retreat. “ In this

service he received a wound which he immediately perceived to be mortal and, being unable to continue on horseback, ordered his attendants to place him under a tree with his face towards the enemy; then fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God and in this posture, which became his character both as a soldier and as a Christian, he calmly awaited the approach of death.

“Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy’s troops, found him in this situation, and expressed regret and pity at the sight. ‘Pity not me,’ cried the high-spirited chevalier, ‘I die as a man of honor ought, in the discharge of my duty: they indeed are objects of pity who fight against their king, their country and their oath!’”

Bayard died on the battlefield; and so great was the respect in which his noble and Christian character was held by his contemporaries, that the Duke of Savoy commanded that his body should be received with royal honors in every city of his dominions, through which it passed, as it was being borne to his own country of Dauphiné. (*Robertson.*)

Shakespeare has described the deaths of two of England’s heroes, so filled with pure brotherly love that they scarcely noticed the pangs of dissolution:

Exeter. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty,

King Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exeter. In which array, (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Lording the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honor—owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk died first, and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kissing the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud: “*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall keep thine company to Heaven:”

*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast ;
 As in this glorious, and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry !*
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :
 He smiled me in the face, *caught* me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my Lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign !
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips.
 And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into my eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

Henry V. Scene VI.

Henry the Fifth, of France, surnamed Henry the Wise, son of John the Good, has left a most beautiful example of a Christian death.

“In order to give some recreation and comfort to his servants, whom he saw greatly afflicted on account of his sickness, he caused himself every day to be raised up, dressed and placed at table; and, however weak, he would still address to them some words of consolation and good advice, without any complaint or sign of grief, but only invoking the name of God, of our Lady and of the saints. Two days before his death, after a most grievous night, he rose in this manner and spoke to all his attendants with a very joyous countenance, saying, ‘Rejoice, my good, loyal friends and servants, for within a short hour I shall be out of your hands.’ They supposed from the joy of his countenance that he alluded to his recovery; but he said this to intimate his approaching departure from this world of sorrow. On the day of his death, which was the Sunday, he desired to behold the crown of thorns of our Saviour and his own coronation crown, which were both brought to him by the Bishop of Paris and by the Abbot of St. Denis. That of

the thorns he received with great devotion, tears and reverence, placing it before his face, and that of his coronation was put under his feet.

“Then he began this prayer to the holy crown : ‘O precious crown, diadem of our salvation ! how sweet and delicious is the joy which thou givest by the mystery which is comprised in thee, if, indeed, He be propitious to me, with whose blood thou wert bedewed, as my spirit rejoices in the visitation of His worthy presence.’ And then he said a long prayer very devoutly ; after which, directing his words to the coronation crown, he said : ‘O crown of France, how art thou precious, and precious vile ! Precious, considering the mystery of justice contained in thee ; but vile, and viler than all things if we regard the labor, anguish, torment of heart, body and conscience ; yea, peril as to the soul, which thou bringest to those who bear thee ! And he that should well consider these things, would rather leave thee lying in the mire than lift thee up from it to place thee on his head.’

“Then the king uttered many remarkable words, full of great faith, devotion and gratitude to God, so that all who heard him were moved to great compassion and tears. After this Mass was celebrated, and the king desired that lauds and Benediction should be sung to God with organs and melodious chant. Then he received the last sacrament, after which he blessed his sons and all who stood by his side, and then the history of the passion was read to him ; and near the end of the Gospel of St. John he expired in the arms of the Seigneur de la Rivière.”—*Christine de Pisan*.

The following touching account of the death of a poor unlettered soldier (I had almost said ignorant, but ignorance presupposes darkness, and surely *Ferraught* was spiritually enlightened) is from Scott. An Irish chieftain, O’Neale of Ulster, finding himself at the point of death, his sons slain around him, his lands laid waste, his castle razed to the ground, trusts his infant grandson to a *berne* (foot soldier) charging him to bring the child to a tried friend in England.

As the man neared the castle of the English knight he was set upon by ruffians, who, after wounding him to death, robbed

him of valuable jewels and letters; still, he managed to drag himself with his precious burden to his destination :

It chanced upon a wintry night,
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,
The chase was o'er, the stag was killed,
In Rokeby hall the cup was fill'd,
And by the huge stone chimney sate
The knight in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate,
And sore for entrance and for aid
A voice of foreign accent pray'd.
The porter answer'd to the call,
And instant rushed into the hall.
A man, whose aspect and attire
Startled the circle by the fire.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,
His vesture show'd the sinewy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent folded round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.
He clasped a burden to his heart,
And, resting on a knotted dart,
The snow from hair and beard he shook,
And round him gazed with wilder'd look.
Then up the hall with staggering pace
He hasten'd by the blaze to place,
Half lifeless from the bitter air,
His load, a Boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby, next, he bended low,
Then stood erect, his tale to show,
With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.
Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear !

Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear ;
He graces thee, and to thy care
Young Redmond gives his grandson fair.
He bids thee breed him as thy son,
For Turlough's days of joy are done ;
And other lords have seized his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand ;
And all the glory of Tyrone
Is like a morning vapour flown.
To bind the duty on thy soul,
He bids thee think on Erin's bowl !
If any wrong the young O'Neale,
He bids thee think of Erin's steel.
To Northern first this charge was due,
But, in his absence honors you—
Now is my master's message by,
And Ferraught will contented die.

His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew pale,
He sunk when he had told his tale ;
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,
A mortal wound was in his side.
Vain was all aid—in terror wild,
And sorrow, scream'd the orphan child.
Poor Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,
And faintly strove to soothe his cries ;
All reckless of his dying pain,
He blest and blest him o'er again !
And kiss'd the little hands outspread,
And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head,
And, in his native tongue and phrase,
Pray'd to each Saint to watch his days ;
Then all his strength together drew,
The charge to Rokeby to renew.
When half was falter'd from his breast,
And half by dying signs express'd,
" Bless the O'Neale ! " he faintly said.
And thus the faithful spirit fled.

Rokeby, c. vii.

Petrarch, the first Poet Laureate, crowned Laureate of the world ; lauded and honored by the most cultivated minds of every land ; as years brought increase of wisdom. looked on the pleasures and joys of his most successful career with bitter sorrow.

In the following lines he left us the beautiful sentiments in which he soon after died a most Christian death :

“ Bright days of sunny youth, irrevocable years !

Period of manhood's prime

O'er thee I shed sad but unprofitable tears—

Lapse of returnless time :

Oh ! I have cast away, like so much worthless dross,

Hours of most precious ore—

Blest hours I could have coined for Heaven, your loss

For ever I'll deplore !

Contrite I kneel, O God inscrutable, to Thee,

High Heaven's immortal King !

Thou gavest me a soul that to Thy bosom free

Might soar on seraph wings :

My mind with gifts and grace Thy bounty had endowed

To cherish Thee alone

Those gifts I have abused, this heart I have allowed

Its Maker to disown.

But from his wanderings reclaimed, with full, with throbbing heart

Thy truant has returned ;

Oh ! be the idol and the hour that led him to depart

From Thee, for ever mourned.

If I have dwelt remote, if I have loved the tents of guilt—

To thy fond arms restored,

Here let me die ! On whom can my eternal hopes be built,

Save upon Thee, O Lord !

(Translation from Petrarch.)

Michel Angelo, whose splendid genius was equalled by his nobility of character and greatness of soul, met death in the

same humble, chastened spirit, confessing the nothingness of all earthly things :

“The course of my long life hath reached at last
 In fragile bark o’er a tempestuous sea,
 The common harbor, where must rendered be
 Account of all the actions of the past.
 The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast,
 Made art an idol and a king to me,
 Was an illusion, and but vanity
 Were the desires that lured me and harrassed.
 The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,
 What are they now, when two deaths may be mine—
 One sure, and one forecasting its alarms?
 Painting and sculpture satisfy no more
 The soul now turning to the Love divine,
 That spread to embrace us, on the cross its arms !”

(Longfellow's translation.)

In the thrilling tale of “Sintram and his Companions” how beautifully death is depicted, as he comes to a sinner whose repentance is the fruit of many prayers, ceaselessly offered up for him.

Sintram, having by prayer, fasting and terrible penances, overcome his worst *companion*, the “Little Master,” is approaching his father’s castle, attended by the last remaining one : the terrible rider of the little horse, who holds in his hand an hour-glass, while his head is crowned with twisted serpents, and his fleshless bones rattle beneath his cloak.

The young man no longer has any fear of him, and tells him how gladly he will go with him, as he now recognizes him for a true friend and wholesome monitor. Death replies that it will be many years before he comes to take him, but that now he is going for another. “Meanwhile he gradually becomes divested of all his terrors : his form began to melt away in the ever-growing light that shone from the hour-glass ; his features, before so stern, now smiled softly ; the serpent diadem had become a crown of palm, the horse a white

vaporous morning cloud ; and the bell rang sweet lullabies. Sintram thought he could hear in the sounds these words :

“ World and arch-fiend fly before thee ;
Heavenly lights are hovering o’er thee ;
Hero, thou hast won the prize.
Help the old man in his sorrow,
For my hand this very morrow
Fast will close his flaming eyes.”

The knight knew that his father was hereby meant, and urged his horse to full speed. . . . Death had vanished, only a ruddy morning cloud moves before him, and floats into his father’s chamber as he enters. The wild Biorn, formerly so flame-eyed, is now white and pale, while Sintram, the pale-faced, is steeped in the rosy light. . . .

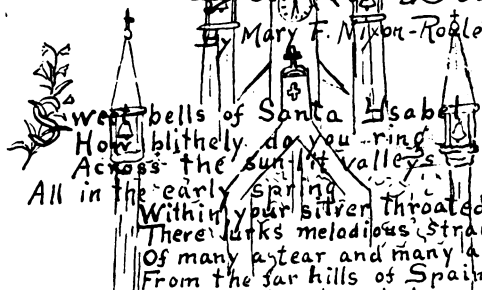
“ See, my son, said the old man gently, I have long lain in slumber, and have known nothing of what was passing around me ; but inwardly, ah inwardly ! I have known too much. I thought my soul must perish in the eternal anguish, and yet I felt something even more terrible still, that my soul was as eternal as this anguish. But then I saw something beautiful : far away, in a lofty bright church, I saw Gotthard and Rudlieb kneeling there, praying for me ; and mightily did they call upon God for me, their enemy.” . . .

As he ceased speaking, the chaplain came in, and Biorn, smiling with joy, stretched his hands towards him. . . .

Now it became even quieter and even more still in the hall. The old knight’s last hour drew near, but he remained cheerful and calm. Sintram and the chaplain prayed by his couch. The vassals knelt reverently around. At last the dying man said : “ Is that Verena’s prayer-bell in the convent ? ” And Sintram bowed his head and his tears fell on his father’s death-pale cheeks. Then a gleam as of sunshine shone from the old man’s eyes, the cloud drew close over him ; and cloud and gleam and life had vanished together from the corpse.

Sweet Bells of Santa Ysabel.

By Mary F. Nixon-Rodlet.



~~S~~weet bells of Santa Ysabel
How blithely do you ring
Across the sunlit valleys
All in the early spring
Within your silver throated chimes
There lurks melodious strain
Of many a tear and many a prayer
From the far hills of Spain.

Brave bells of Santa Ysabel
What hands have fashioned you?
What thoughts were welded in your breast.
What dreams and fancies true?
The gleaming silver of your mould
Speaks it of offerings rare.
Of one who scorned the toys of earth
For Christ's sweet service fair?

Bold bells of Santa Ysabel
You rang but not for mirth
From out your silver throated tones
There pealed a clarion forth.
Mad warfares din and carnage dire
Followed your wild alarm
And peace was not the note you rang
Nor love its mellow charm.

Dear bells of Santa Ysabel.
No belfrey now is yours
Where minaret or Gothic tower
Or carven cross endures
Yours but a rude and lonely shrine
Upon the mesa wild.
As humble as Judea's hut
Where lay the Holy Child.

Yet, bells of Santa Ysabel
Far holier now you are
Than when you rang the tocsin bold
That called to fame and war.
The messengers to simple hearts
Of Christ's sweet rood are you.
Blest bells of Santa Ysabel
Upon the mesa blue.



(The bells of the old Mission of Santa Ysabel, California, were cast from silver votive offerings in Spain in 1723. In the surface of one is imbedded a leaden bullet." Land of Sunshine Magazine.)

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

While it is in large measure true that to see Auriesville aright one should visit it on a day of one of the great midsummer pilgrimages when earth and sky add splendor to the scene and fervor and confidence in the power of prayer are as the very breath of the air, still it is none the less true that an October pilgrimage puts us still more closely in touch with the spirit of a Shrine dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs and redolent of the memories of those who there laid down their life for the faith. The same cold, biting breeze is blowing across the hills as when in the days ago Father Jogues was exposed in nakedness and hunger to its blasts. The same sullen, leaden sky overhead, casting its shadow on field and river ; and then for a few brief moments a little flurry of snow as an advance herald of the death of autumn and the coming of winter. And over and above all a calm, a stillness which makes it easy to picture to the imagination the silence foreboding death of the Indian natives as they awaited the decision as to the fate of their captive soon to be made by their chiefs in council assembled on Tribes Hill. This very hill now stands out clearly in the distance, and the Schoharie Creek as its waters find their way into the Mohawk under the great stone viaduct, and the river itself, sanctified by the bones of the first martyr in the State of New York. With such surroundings and under such circumstances some half dozen pilgrims had come together at Auriesville on the eighteenth of October to celebrate and honor the two hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of the death of Father Jogues. Of this number were Mr. Felix McCann and two Sisters of Mercy from Albany, a devoted client of our Lady from New York City, two others from neighboring villages, the Rev. William H. Walsh, S.J., of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and the Rev. Francis J. Lamb, S.J. All found suitable accommodations in the new Auriesville Hotel where they were welcomed by the proprietor, Mr. Glenn, and Mr. James J. Sullivan of the Shrine. The Masses were at eight and ten o'clock in the Old Shrine, and one could not help noticing how appropriate to the life of Father Jogues was the prayer read in the Feast of the day, that of St. Luke : "O Lord, we beseech Thee, that there plead for us Thine Holy Evangelist Luke who for Thy Name's sake bore about always in his body the death of the Cross." After the second Mass the Way of the Cross was made by the pilgrims, and the rest of the day till the departure of the afternoon trains was spent in pri-

vately satisfying their devotion and in noting the many changes and improvements made about the Shrine proper and in the Ravine. These changes were especially noted and admired by Father Walsh. It was his first visit to Auriesville in six years, and he recalled those first days when the Fathers lodged in small rooms in the rear of the present chapel and were obliged to go to the old hotel for meals, when no well-made roads contributed to the convenience and comfort of the pilgrims, and when the stations were rude crosses placed close together within a narrow area. But there are other improvements which would surprise and please even those who have visited the Shrine as late as last September. The woods in the Ravine have been completely cleared of undergrowth and many of the trees so skilfully lopped and trimmed that as one goes up the side of the little creek it is now possible to obtain a panoramic view of not only all the points of interest in the Ravine itself—the grotto, the Statue of St. Ignatius, the Sepulchre, the rustic bridge—but even of all the surrounding country as far as Fonda. Recent rains have swollen the tiny stream to its erstwhile dimensions of a creek, and large stacks of wood piled here and there give promise of the rustic decorations which will next year add fresh beauty to this spot already so favored by nature. The work of placing a stone wall at the base of the bank on the right side of the road leading down to the Ravine has already been completed, and its erection marks the transformation of the only unsightly strip of land on the Shrine property. All these improvements have cost much labor, and we may add, considerable expense, which we have no doubt our kind and generous friends will enable us to meet.

Among the letters received from friends of the Shrine during the past month are several which record Thanksgivings for favors received through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs, and of the servants of God who suffered and died for the faith at Auriesville. Two of these are temporal and one a great spiritual favor. Three letters make special mention of the relic of Katherine Tekakwitha, which was in great demand among those who knew something of the story of her life and virtues.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

N. D., Hastings-on-Hudson,	M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y. . .	\$5.00
N. Y.	L. T.	1.00
Anon., Notre Dame, Ind.	Mrs. P., Houtzdale, Pa.	1.00
		5.00

MISSION NOTES.

THE MISSION OF JAMAICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES.

One of our few American Missions is the Jesuit Mission of Jamaica, in the British West Indies. This Island has nearly 700,000 inhabitants, mostly blacks. The Catholics number about 14,000 out of this large population. Converts are numerous and very many souls are saved by infant baptism. In some of the remoter stations it often happens that from ten to fifteen children, mostly the illegitimate children of non-Catholic parents, are baptized by a priest in one day. On one rare occasion not long ago as many as fifty-two were baptized together. One priest, in places especially where bigotry has not been aroused, will baptize a hundred adult converts in a year.

The following letters from Father Emerick, S.J., who is laboring alone in a very large district in the middle of the northern side of the Island, illustrate his ambition and his success :

“ You can readily understand that even the most necessary expenses for establishing the Sisters in a new place would cost a very large amount of money. Would you believe it? Almost without assistance it has been done, and I think it one of the most important steps that have been taken for years. Thank God, through many difficulties the work has been going on beyond my expectations. One of the best ways to really Christianize our blacks is by religious education—*religious*, in which the Sisters will be entirely independent in their formation of the children. How few in America realize how much can be done here by a few thousand dollars given to aid our schools ! I doubt if there is a place in the world where as much good can be done with a little money as here.

Already the Sisters are doing wonders in the mountains in the teeth of every difficulty. Already I have 300 children in my schools in the Dry Harbor Mountains ; and if I only had the means I would soon have a thousand. Yet, not long ago, I had not two dozen Catholic school-children. There was only one school ; now I have five. There have been difficulties, but there always has been a way out of them. God always put a little money in my hands to meet the necessary expenses of this work, as well as of developing the other parts of the mission.

The Sisters have charge of two schools. One is about four miles distant from their house at St. Boniface, Alva, where they

all live. Two Sisters must go every day to the school at Murray Mountain. The road is very rough and uphill. You can understand that the purchase of the necessary means of conveyance, the taxes, the employment of a driver, repairs, etc., required money. Well, by God's help, I have managed it all. The expenses, too, of fitting up a good comfortable house for a convent for the Sisters have all been paid ; although, so far, we have only the absolutely necessary furniture. The sisters find it hard to make ends meet, to support themselves and hire a servant on an income of five dollars a month for each ! Yet, by God's help, they have got on, and have already done wonders. With our present Government schools, if I could get an endowment of say sixty pounds a year for a school at Brown's Town, my natural centre and a splendid position, I would soon have a large attendance there.

I need two or three sets of Stations of the Cross for my mission chapels, that there may be an opportunity for my poor people of making the Stations on Friday nights when I am absent. So much depends upon interest in the services of the chapel in country districts in the priest's absence. The Stations of the Cross the people can make themselves together. On account of my many chapels, I need whatever you can get in the way of vestments, etc., from the Tabernacle Societies.

The Island seems to have reached the climax of hard times. There are thousands of children and even of grown people who have not clothing decent enough to appear in public "

His Lordship, Bishop Gordon, Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, writes :

" We have a splendid field in Jamaica for missionary enterprise if you take only the fact that we have the best church and the best elementary schools in Kingston, which contains two-thirds of our people and is the centre of the Island. We are not limited as to size of schools and our schools are scientifically placed. Then, outside Kingston, we have the most important centres, as Spanish Town, Brown's Town and Port Antonio, furnished with churches. We have from fifty to sixty nuns teaching, we have Industrial Schools, a good College and a training College. All this has sprung up as if by magic. It is our own fault if we do not profit by such opportunities."

The last great development made by His Lordship is to establish a community of Salesian Fathers and Brothers on a large

tract of land, hitherto of little profit, where they will train the orphan boys much as the Trappists are doing in South Africa.

ABYSSINIA.

KING MENELICK RECALLS THE LAZARIST FATHERS.—In our August PILGRIM there was an account of the persecution in northern Abyssinia. A vassal of King Menelick expelled the Lazarist missionaries; and their seminary at Alitiena, for native priests, was closed. The Catholic converts were scattered in terror to various places of refuge. Now, however, the storm has blown over, owing, no doubt, to the tears and prayers of the exiled priests, sisters, and people. King Menelick, when he heard of the persecution, ordered the tyrant to reinstate the missionaries; and not knowing that the Lazarist Fathers had been obliged to close their Seminary, sent them the following friendly letter, couched in the usual laconic style of the Abyssinian Court:

"The lion of the tribe of Judah hath conquered. Menelick II, Elect of the Lord, King of the Kings of Ethiopia, to Abba John.

"How do you do? I, thank God, am well. I cannot understand the vexations to which you have been subjected, in spite of my orders. Remain in the places which you possess by my authorization. In order that you may not be disturbed, I have given my instructions to Ras Ouolie; have an understanding with him.

"Given on the 16th day of Myazia, in the year of grace 1893. (24 April, 1901)."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

On the 3d of February a fierce storm broke over the leper island of Molokai, made famous by the Story of Father Damien. Father Wendelin of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart writes that the storm lasted more than a week, and wrecked many of the houses of the poor lepers, while great trees were torn up by the roots. The village of Kalawao, in particular, suffered greatly. The new church of Kalaupapa, however, resisted the storm uninjured. After the storm, rains came in torrents, and completely shut off the entrance to the leper-houses from the land. Fever began to carry off the leper children, fourteen dying in Kalawao before the 22d of February. The empty places were, however, soon filled by new arrivals of the afflicted.

THE DEATH OF THE VICAR-APOSTOLIC OF THIBET.

Mgr. Biet died on September 9th, in France, whither his broken health had compelled him to return. He went to Thibet in 1864, and was stationed at Bonga, the first Catholic outpost in the kingdom of Lhasa; whence, however, he was soon expelled by the native pagan priests or *lamas*. He went to Yerkalo, where he remained for ten years, and having opened a little drug store, became the physician of the natives, especially of those afflicted with smallpox, the bane of the Thibetans. He was made procurator of the missions, and carried to his brother priests all that they needed in the mission field, travelling as many as three months at a time through fearful paths, often in frost and snow. In 1878 he was appointed Vicar Apostolic, being then thirty-nine years of age. He was accustomed to furnish guides and any other assistance he could give to European travellers through Thibet, including Count Bela and Prince Henry of Orleans. After the failure of the English expedition in 1887, many of his missions were plundered, and it was only a short time ago that the missionaries were allowed to occupy their former posts.

The family of Mgr. Biet was most remarkable for its piety, while being in a very honorable place socially. There were five sons and two daughters. The oldest son gave up the study of law to become a Trappist monk. Through humility he would never accept Holy Orders. The other four sons all became priests and missionaries of the famous *Society of Foreign Missions*. The second son was sent to Manchuria, where he was drowned by pirates. The third is still living, a missionary in Thibet. The fourth son was Mgr. Biet; and the fifth was sent as a missionary to Burma, where he soon died. One of the sisters became a Sister of Charity. She begged to be sent to China, in order to be somewhat near her brothers; but she was destined for Peru. The aged father used to say that if he were younger he would go out as a Catechist with his sons.

CHINA AFTER THE PERSECUTION.

Mgr. Hofman, of the order of St. Francis, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Shansi, has returned to his residence after a forced absence of nearly eleven months. He was received with great pomp. All the mandarins of the episcopal city of Honan came out to meet him, while the people formed a thick hedge on either

side. He was escorted by a general and several officers at the head of 300 soldiers. In the ranks he noticed many of his Christians, happy and proud to see him return. The honor is to continue, the 300 soldiers being at the disposal of the Bishop. The mandarins are now as friendly as possible. All this is owing to the determined attitude of the French Minister.

In other parts of China the state of things is not so reassuring. There is fear and flight and insecurity for those who remain in their native place.

It has been estimated that 4,348 churches have been destroyed in the late persecution, 4000 elementary schools, 47 seminaries and a large number of other schools. In Shantung 350 stations have been destroyed, and in one place, Tai-Tcheow, in Che-Kiang, 14 chapels are ruined, recalling, says the Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Raynaud, the Stations of the Cross.

UGANDA.

Bishop Hanlon reports that 8,000 persons have been baptized in Uganda during the eight years since the mission began, while 1,600 are being prepared for baptism. The slave-trade there is practically stopped. There are better roads, trees are being planted and the natives are taught trades. Polygamy is falling into disrepute, and intemperance is checked. The chiefs now build houses of brick—a good sign of progress in civilization. The field will not lack harvesters, for twenty-five missionaries are now ready to depart from Mill Hill (England).

HINDOSTAN.

The Indo-European Correspondence quotes a letter from Monsignor Zaleski, the Papal Delegate, in which the natives of India, especially those of Southern India and Ceylon, are praised for their faith and piety. "The Church," the Delegate says, "is developing powerfully and efficaciously. In India there has been much progress during these fifteen years that I have been here. The educational institutions show a gratifying steady progress. At this moment there are working in India 2,406 priests, 1,580 of whom are natives. The number of seminaries is sixty-seven, and that of clerical students brought up in them 482. Besides the higher schools there are 2,562 primary schools with 145,500 children. There are 2,400 Religious belonging to the various congregations for women; 162 orphanages and asylums with about 10,000 orphans."

The following interesting religious statistics for the Presidency of Madras and the three Feudatory States—Pudukota, Banganapalle and Sandur, are given by the *Madras Catholic Register* (Sept. 14th): Hindus, 34,436,586: Mussulmans, 2,477,610: Christians, 1,038,854: Animists, 641,825: others, 28,191.

“The marked rise under Animists shows that the enumerators were more careful not to return hill and forest tribes worshipping stocks and stones as Hindus, and does not mean that Animistic beliefs are on the increase. Mussulmans have, as usual, multiplied at a relatively faster rate than Hindus. The most striking figures, however, are those for Christians, who have increased between two and three times as fast as the population generally. They are more numerous in every District, except Bellary, than they were in 1891, and even in Bellary the decline (217) is so small that it is probably only due to the absence of part of the usual number of British troops from the Cantonment. In every District, moreover, except Ganjam, Madras and Salem, Christians have increased at a relatively greater rate than the population as a whole. The highest relative increases are in Godavery (86 per cent.) and Cuddapha (94 per cent.) and the largest actual advances are in Kistna (32,890), South Arcot (11,624), Madura (11,406), Tinnevely (13,251) and South Canara (12,844).”

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Archbishop of Pondicherry, Mgr. Gandy, sends to the *Missions Catholiques*, letters of his missionaries, with his own testimony, concerning the extreme misery of his famine-stricken converts. M. Chavanol writes from Mel Sittamour: “For twenty-five years the famine has not ceased to strike the hearts of the new children of God. Last year it filled the land with graves and heaven with Indians. This year still, no rains, no harvest either of grain or rice. Drought forever, forever a tropical heat, increased by the west wind, which burns the chest and makes the head reel. The aspect of the country is dreadful.” The pagans reproach the converts with having denied their gods of India. The men have to leave their families, and engage themselves as coolies, or contract laborers, in other countries.

SCOTLAND.

Dr. Turner, Bishop of Galloway, lately stated that in 1880 there

were only two bishops in Scotland, less than forty priests and less than 4,000 Catholics, and twelve Catholic churches in the whole country. To-day they have six bishops, 465 priests, 340 churches and chapels, sixty-three religious houses, twenty-nine charitable institutions, 245 congregational schools and nearly 500,000 of a Catholic population.

In the diocese of Galloway there are about 18,000 Catholics in a population of over 340,000. The churches and chapels, thirty-eight in number, are attended by thirty priests. There are twenty-eight Catholic schools, and nearly 3,000 scholars. The diocese has, moreover, two orphanages, a hospital, and industrial school, and several religious institutes.

CHINA.

Kwang-si. Mgr. Lavest, Prefect Apostolic, writes, that, while the allies are signing articles of agreement and peace at Peking, Kwang-si retains its reputation for revolt and brigandage. Since January, four missionaries have been attacked, their houses pillaged, and many of the Christians slain. Still there are many conversions, and hopes of a new era for the missions. God visibly protects them, the Bishop says. At Nan-nin, a central town of the province, where the railway will pass, and a French Consul is to reside, a group of houses has been purchased for the construction of an episcopal residence, and central station. Here, according to promise, a church of the Sacred Heart will be erected. A short distance away a house has been prepared for the sixteen seminarists. A residence is about to be established at Kouilien, the capital of the province, in order to be near the authorities, which is a very important matter. Another will be at Se-tchen, where the missionaries of the northwestern district will find some protection from the continual attacks of pirates, and the injustice of officials.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVII. YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 12.

THE EARLY MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

WHY THE MISSIONS PROSPERED—SLOWNESS IN BAPTIZING CONVERTS.

IF the number of Catechumens increased in the years which followed the establishment of the Missions, on the other hand a great number remained outside the Church. The reason is evident. The time of probation was long ; and the most elementary prudence exacted guarantees of perseverance in the practice of Christian morality. For the first adult baptized by Father De Brebeuf the trial lasted over three years and the same time was exacted for Tondatsa, a Huron chief for whom the Governor of Quebec stood sponsor. Moreover, sincere conviction was required in the Catechumens before admitting them to baptism. "A precaution," says Charlevoix, "of the greatest importance, for one must not fancy that a savage is convinced as soon as he appears to approve." On this point Father Lalemant relates an interesting fact.

In the Settlement of St. John the Baptist a great many chiefs were assembled in council. Father Daniel was addressing them. He took two hours in explaining the mysteries of the faith. All the Commandments of God seemed reasonable to them and they were of the opinion that the whole world ought to hear such discourses, pronounced, as they were, with great eloquence, on matters of gravest importance ; and, nevertheless, not one of them followed the advice he gave them.

One missionary relates that a Catechumen had followed the

ceremonies of the Church for years with assiduity, modesty and exterior reverence ; in fine, with every appearance of a sincere desire to know and embrace the truth. One fine day he withdrew and blandly told the missionary, who had been for a long time flattering himself with the hope of baptizing him : "You had not anybody to pray with you ; I took pity on your loneliness and wanted to keep you company. Now that others are coming around I withdraw."

'This was not a solitary example among the Hurons. It was absolutely necessary to be sure of the religious convictions of the Catechumens. On this point the Jesuits carried their prudence almost to exaggeration. It was not a rare thing to find many of the Indians perfectly convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion and nevertheless refusing to accept the requirements of the Sacrament of Penance. What was the reason of this obstinacy in their wickedness and their almost general refusal to embrace the truth which they acknowledged? In a letter to one of his brothers Father Chaumonot gives us the principal reason.

"I never could have imagined," says he, "a hardness of heart like that which is found in the character of a savage who is born an idolater. When he is convinced of the folly of his superstition, when you have proved to him the truth and the wisdom of the Catholic faith, you are obliged, in order to complete your work, to promise that baptism will give him long life and prosperity ; for these wretched people have no other ideas than what are connected with temporal goods. This does not imply that they are stupid—in fact, they are more intelligent than some of our country people—and one is forced to admire the eloquence of certain of their chiefs, which is acquired without the help of the precepts of rhetoric. Their persistence in their errors is produced by the difficulty which they think they see in the observation of the Commandments and especially of the Sixth." The observation of the Sixth Commandment was, therefore, the great obstacle in the way of conversion. The fact is that of all the nations of the new world, the Huron tribe is one of the most corrupt. They had not the slightest idea of the obligations of the moral law.

Purity in a woman or girl was a reproach. They were obliged almost in order to win esteem to throw away their chastity. The man who was respected was the one who did no harm to anyone and enjoyed himself in the horrible orgies of their festivals. The chiefs gave the example of immorality. To be a Huron chief and to be a Christian was to unite fire and water. The whole occupation of those leaders of the people was to obey the devil, to preside at their hellish ceremonies and to encourage the youth of both sexes in dances, festivals and the most infamous indecencies. The medicine-men, whose influence was great with these superstitious people, were generally the most licentious and made use of every occasion to organize these dances and immoral festivals. Finally, liberty with regard to marriage was great and the permission to break the marriage tie was universally received by the people almost as a fundamental law, so that when a man became a Christian he ran the risk of being compelled to lead a life of nearly absolute chastity. It is easy to understand, therefore, that the divine purity of Christianity seemed to be inexplicable to a people who were so low in the scale and so buried in sensual degradation. If there were a few who had the courage to rise above their evil tendencies and to attain to the sublime beauties of the gospel, the greater part of the Hurons absolutely refused to do so. The strength of their convictions was wrecked against the violence of their passions. To the priest who urged them to be baptized they answered with most extraordinary reasons. "You tell us very beautiful things," said one of them to Father De Brebeuf, "and no doubt all you tell us is true; but it is only good for you who come from beyond the sea. Don't you perceive that we live in a world quite different from yours and consequently that there ought to be another Paradise for us and another road to reach it?"

"This life is short," said the missionary, "and it is of the greatest importance to die well. If you do not become a Christian you go to hell." "I want to go," said the Indian, "where my parents and friends are."

"Heaven," said a Huron, "ought to be a nice place for

Frenchmen, but I want to be with the Indians, for the Frenchmen there would not give me anything to eat."

Another objection. "The Iroquois who become Christians will go to Heaven, but I do not want to live with them ; they would not let me stay there."

"Which do you want to choose," said the priest to a dying woman, "Heaven or hell?" "Hell," she said, "if my children are there."

"Do they put you out of Paradise?" "Do they fight there?" "Have they festivals?" asked an Indian. "No," said the Father. "Then I do not want to go there ; it is not good to be lazy."

"Do you want to be baptized?" said Father Le Jeune to an Indian. "What!" said he. "Do you want to skin me alive?" When they laughed at his answer, the savage replied: "You tell me that by being baptized I will become like you. I am red and you are white. You would, therefore, have to strip me of my skin to make me like you."

Father De Brebeuf was exhorting an Indian woman to be converted and to merit Heaven. Her sister, who was present, said: "You have no sense ; you want to make her choose the place where she will go after she is dead. Wait till she is dead and then she will choose."

"What will he do when he goes to Heaven?" asked another woman. She was referring to her husband. "He will be very lonely, he has no relations or friends."

The missionary often fancied he had convinced the savage of the truths of faith and in fact he had often succeeded in doing so, but as soon as there was question of receiving baptism instead of admitting that he did not feel the courage to practice the moral law, he would suggest replies that were calculated to disarm the most heroic patience.

Many children and adults died after baptism. "I do not want to be baptized," said a Huron, "for I do not want to die and baptism kills people."

For the Indian the dances had irresistible attractions, especially as they always had a religious character. "If I become a Christian," an Indian said to a priest, "I could not dance

any longer and I would displease the Oki who would take vengeance on me ; besides, I would have bad luck in the hunt and in war."

Again, they would say : " Your religion is good ; it is better than ours ; but our nature is not yours. Your Great Spirit has given you means to go to Heaven ; our Spirit ought to teach us how to reach ours. Each one ought to obey his own Spirit if he does not wish to be unhappy."

In certain instances the Indian urged against the pressing exhortations of the missionaries diabolical apparitions which they pretended to have received. " The demons and the spirits have threatened us," they would say, " with the most terrible chastisements, if we embrace the religion of the Europeans." That they believed these diabolical manifestations there is no doubt, for they were persuaded that their medicine-men lived in direct and intimate relation with the spirits and on that account they feared to draw their hatred upon themselves by being baptized.

We are far from having exhausted this subject. Nevertheless, we have included the principal obstacles in the way of the conversion of the Hurons. These difficulties explain the very small success of the Huron church during the thirteen first years of the apostolate of the Jesuits in that country. On the 15th of May, 1645, Father Lalemant wrote to his Provincial in Paris : " There was a great deal of difficulty in converting civilized nations. It required whole centuries to plant the faith in their hearts ; although God assisted the first preachers of His word by numberless miracles, by the gift of tongues, by prophecies and by all that is calculated to excite admiration in the neophytes and compel them to recognize the power and the majesty of Him whose greatness they proclaimed. What can we expect from a barbarous people, especially as it has not pleased God to bless us by miraculous powers in order to make the faith more attractive by the favors rained down from Heaven upon those who submit to the laws of the Gospel." Only a great grace of understanding and a great grace of will were capable of producing that general movement to conversion

which the missionaries were longing for. It took some time for it to come.

In 1646 the era of martyrs began. Martyrdom, it is said, and rightly so, is the seed of the Church. So it was in the Huron country, as we shall see later on in the course of this history. The hour of grace which was so much desired came in the very year which followed the bloody death of the first martyr of the Society of Jesus in New France. But before narrating these events, which are so sad and yet so glorious, we must retrace our steps and explain the facts which led up to these horrid deaths.

IF GOD WILLED IT SO.

BY D. S. BÉNI.

IT was Christmas Eve. Not a cold, biting, typical Christmas, but mild and still. There was no snow in this southern city, save a few feathery flakes which fell silently as soft down from angels' wings, as they filled the midnight air with the *glad tidings of great joy*, and promised *peace on earth to men of good will*. The mild night did not change the character of the holy feast, for even in far distant climes where Christmas falls in midsummer, fanned by the sickening simoon or the deadly sirocco, to the Catholic heart, Christmas will always have its framework of ice and snow, the bitter night winds and the piercing cold, which drew tears from the new born Babe of Bethlehem as He lay shivering and helpless in the manger, when "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

Father Carr was Rector of the Church of the Nativity which had never seemed so beautiful or devotional as it was that Christmas Eve. It was wreathed with crimson holly, crow-foot moss and silvery cedar, which exhaled the fragrance of southern groves and woodlands, and the gothic altar, almost a mountain of pure lilies, tried to lift itself to the height of that

stupendous mystery, accomplished nineteen centuries before, "while deep silence dwelt on all things here below, and the night was in the midst of its course."

The pious rector remained in his confessional until after midnight and then retired to his room, but not to sleep, for his heart and soul were full of visions of that first Christmas, as in spirit he travelled over the white, rugged roads with the shepherds, as they went over to Bethlehem to see this word that had come to pass.

Father Carr's name was a household word in the city; he was known and loved by all, Catholics and non-Catholics turned to him as a true friend in the hour of sadness, sorrow and distress. He was looked upon as a saint as well as a scholar. We can give no name to the character of his sanctity, but its charm lay in his sympathy for the poor and suffering; he was meek and gentle always; kind as a father, with the tenderness of a mother he felt the suffering of others as if it was his own, and on this night he shared all that which our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph endured when there was no room for them in the inn, and inhospitable Bethlehem drove them beyond its walls. He stood even at the stable door, he gazed upon the Divine Child and His Virgin Mother with the eyes of his soul, he saw this word that had come to pass, and he murmured: "The Lord is mighty and greatly to be praised; the Lord is *little* and greatly to be loved!" And so the time passed by unheeded until the town clock chimed half-past four, as Father Dunn passed out the front door of the rectory to celebrate the early Mass at the orphanage, where the least of Christ's little ones found shelter when they, like their Divine Master, could find no room in the inn. The young curate was weary and tired from the long vigil in the confessional, but he kept his mind fixed on the Christ Child and His mission of incomprehensible love, the theme of his sermon, and his step grew lighter as he recalled the consoling words: "Whatsoever you shall do for the least of these My little ones, you do it also for Me," but his step was arrested by a basket in the way. "Left late by some tired expressman," he murmured, as he

opened the door and pushed the basket into the hall without interrupting the pious current of his thoughts.

At the same moment Father Carr passed through a side-door into the church, which was brilliantly lighted and already well filled, for his devoted parishioners had learned from him, that "Jesus will not dwell in a heart that has not the courage to travel to Bethlehem on a cold December night, and where is the heart so dead as to be without holy aspirations on this day when Heaven descends to earth?" So said the holy priest in his sermon, every word of which came from his heart and sank deep into the hearts of his hearers. "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word that is come to pass," and with all the pathos of a heart on fire, he painted vividly the Divine Babe, great in its littleness, the Desired of Nations, the Light of the world, shining in the darkness of the midnight cave—and in the darkness of a world that comprehended it not."

Every eye was moist, every heart was moved to practise the lessons of this feast of feasts—charity, love, good will to all—kindness and open-hearted charity for His dear sake. He continued: "Let us gather up all the graces we can from the tiny hands of our Infant King, Who is Christ the Lord. Oh, blessed would we be, if we could live and die near the lowly manger; but this happiness was not vouchsafed even to Jesus and Mary, for there are shadows of Calvary even in Bethlehem, and every true life must have its Calvary and its Cross!"

The grand Credo was finished, and while the Adeste filled nave and vaulted dome, a touching tableau was taking place in the Rectory; the repeated invitation *Venite Adoremus* fell unheeded upon the ears of Ann Mote, the housekeeper, as she knelt with joined hands, as if in ecstasy, beside a basket on the floor. She bent down, and the flickering flame of the candle by her side, revealed her furrowed face aglow, in strange contrast to the soft, sweet face of a lovely babe that slept peacefully in the basket. Was this the Christ child, or only a vision of the new born King? What could the strange apparition mean? Certainly, it must bring peace to the house and to all who dwell therein. Ann lifted the angelic little visitor from its primitive crib and pressed it to her honest heart. There was

a note pinned to its dainty white robe: "The name of this child is Jeannette Holmes K—— (the surname was blurred as it by tears, and was illegible). She is an orphan left to the care of an aunt, who, finding it impossible to provide for her support, where she can be brought up a Catholic, leaves her here, where she is sure she will be baptized, and provided with a good home." Ann was radiant as she rushed out to tell Father Carr of the unique Christmas gift, but before the good priest could fully understand what she wished to say, he stood beside the little babe in the basket.

It is said that as in all exalted genius, so in all great sanctity there is a feminine element, and as the holy priest bent tenderly over the little outcast, his hot tears fell upon its upturned face; the babe clenched its tiny hands and opened its soft brown eyes, and then as if satisfied with its surroundings, relapsed again into that dreamless slumber which only happy infants know. Father Carr gave his blessing to the unexpected guest and he whispered to himself half audibly: "Yes, this is how the Infant Jesus comes to me, this is His gift to me, and it shall be well taken care of, for His dear sake."

It is needless to say that as housekeeper Ann was an important factor in the house and she spoke as one having authority when she announced her intention of "raising that child in her own room." Father Carr had no idea of entering the lists with Ann; that he never did. He knew her kind heart and judged her by her good intentions rather than by her actions; he listened and at the same time sent a message to Mother Euphrasia at the Orphanage and God arranged all things well for, happily, she knew of one of her former pupils then visiting in C. who would adopt the stranger and, indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad both opened their hearts and home to the beautiful child for whom they stood as sponsors, when good Father Carr made it a child of God on that memorable Christmas day. He called it Marie Aimée, the beloved; and he took it from Mrs. Conrad's arms and laid it on the Altar of our Blessed Lady; he prayed silently, he offered it to her as her child and the offering was ratified in Heaven.

Mrs. Conrad conscientiously examined the clothes carefully

folded in the basket and she prayed for the tender mother who had put in the exquisite stitches with so much love, for everything bespoke refinement and delicacy. There were two rings, one bore the inscription : "Jeanette, Sept. 8th," the other, the wedding-ring, bore the same name, Nov. 30th ; that was the only clue to the antecedents of the child. In the following spring Mr. Conrad began the practice of law in Baltimore and no one knew that Aimée was not flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, for she was the sunlight of their home and as sponsors Mr. and Mrs. Conrad felt they had the right to call her their child.

Aimée Conrad had passed nineteen summers in her happy home and again a fleecy veil of snow covered the earth to herald the approach of the holy Christmastide. An open fire burned brightly on the hearth and shed a glowing warmth and radiance over the cozy library and its two occupants seated near the centre table, covered with papers and periodicals. Ralph Keene read aloud to his companion who, leaning over her embroidery frame, blended soft shades of silk into graceful flowers upon a snow white linen. Without, the cold winds howled and whistled and tried to force the snow drifts even through the window panes. Ralph read on. He was the picture of buoyant hope and happiness, but was it the fitful firelight from the glowing grate which cast a shadow over the sweet, gentle face of his fair listener or was it the pathetic story he was reading, that caused the tears to fall like dewdrops upon the roses which bloomed beneath her fingers ? Presently the young man paused and looked at the downcast head as he said tenderly :

" Aimée dear, if it is not an impertinent question, do please tell me what *is* that work that absorbs all your attention ? "

" It's a centerpiece for a tea-table, Ralph, and these are wild roses I am embroidering."

" Why don't you say for *our* tea-table, Aimée, because if it is for our table I'll forgive you for your excessive industry. Make the roses bloom as fast as you can, dear, for our little house is almost finished and, I tell you, Aimée, you planned it so well

that I am afraid you will eclipse me as an architect. Everyone praises the plan and compliments me for it, while I know all the praise is due to my *silent partner*. But tell me, when will it be, Aimée dear, that I'll be free to say that the credit belongs entirely to the fair mistress of the house, for I am growing so impatient that I can scarcely pass by an upholsterer's without ordering our furniture and our engagement is not yet announced. Tell me dear, when will the wedding be?"

"I can't name the day yet, dear Ralph, we are very young and we have plenty of time," said Aimée, while her heart beat quick and fast.

"Then, Aimée, if we have *plenty of time*, why try to make all those pretty pink roses blossom in this one evening. Lay aside your work and let me see your face."

"I think the ice and snow have blighted my flowers, for the leaves droop beneath my touch."

"O no, Aimée, you are mistaken for while hope the heart can fill."

"Let earth be ice, the soul has summer still."

"But you can't finish those roses to-night dear, so you might just as well devote yourself to me."

"I am not trying to finish the roses, dear Ralph, but only to conceal the thorns."

"Oh! we will have no thorns, Aimée; leave out the thorns and make your wreath only of sweet roses, for we will begin life sensibly, and I see my way quite plain before me. I am becoming better established in my profession every day, and my father is so pleased with my attention to business, that he intends to give me a substantial Christmas gift, in capital. I will take good care that no thorns ever touch you, my beloved, you will trust me won't you?"

"I trust you in everything, dear Ralph, but roses without thorns bloom not on earth, and what life would be useful, without some thorns and crosses? Indeed we talk and act like children in fairy tales. Don't you think you say very foolish things sometimes?"

"No, I think we are the most sensible young people I know,

and every day I congratulate myself, that we act with so much dignity and good common sense."

"Or, in other words you say : ' O Lord ! I thank Thee that I am not as other men are ! ' "

"Now, Aimée, you know very well what I mean—that we don't waste our time in ' whispering pretty falsehoods ' which the poet says, are ' so sweet to lovers ' ears.' "

Here Aimée laughed heartily, her own merry laugh—

"O hush ! hush Ralph, no one is so blind as he who will not see. I could help you in your examination of conscience—rather say that from habit you whisper pretty falsehoods unconsciously."

"Now, Aimée, I'll not stand that, you know I would not stoop to the dishonor of saying a thing which I felt not in my heart, for

' I had not loved you dear, so much,
Loved I, not honor more.'

But come now Aimée look up, and atone for that thorn which you have not concealed."

"I did not mean to hurt or wound you, Ralph, but there is a still, small voice within my heart that tells me our happiness is too much for earth, that we have not consulted God sufficiently, or that we have acted too much upon our own impulses; the temporal future never troubles me, but have we done all we should do to know if we are in the way designed for us by God?"

"Aimée, you must have been making a Mission, or *what has come* over you? We have been so happy in the six months of our engagement, not a single cloud has passed over the horizon of our hopes, and why do you fear now? You have known me all your life, and you always trusted me. I can't understand you, Aimée."

"Indeed, I still trust you, Ralph. I think my greatest fault is that I trust *you* too much, for not even *you* must take the place of God in my heart, and I am so afraid that we have acted hastily, without depending on God's light and grace to know if we are right."

"Now, you are going to extremes, Aimée. I am sure *you*

have always prayed, and I have never neglected for one single day to say the little prayer you gave me, to be sure of what I ought to do, which I knew perfectly well five years ago, and I am *sure* I am a man and know my *own* mind."

"Oh! there's no doubt of that, we both know *our own* minds and *our own will*, but is this according to the mind and will of God. He alone knows the future, and His ways are not always our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Mamma says that the whole secret of happiness in this world, is to be faithful to the inspirations of God, and to pray earnestly to be guided by His light. She says that the certainty of being in the position God willed for her, has sustained her under every trial, for she knew God's grace was sufficient for her, and that He would not refuse it, because she asked for it with all the earnestness of her heart. You know we are young and inexperienced, you are only twenty-five, and I, still younger; our decision now, is not only for time, but for eternity, and we must 'not rush in where Angels fear to tread.' Now, dear Ralph, don't be hurt, because I speak to you from my heart. I cannot be happy unless I tell you everything. This does not change our position, all I ask of you is to *pray more* and beg God to give us the light to know if we are in the right path."

"But how can mortal man know with *certainty* what is God's will? Do you expect an Angel to descend from Heaven to speak to us? It does seem to me that we have both tried to do our duty, our relatives are all pleased with our prospects, and I can't see a single obstacle to our happiness. No, you needn't talk to me about a Retreat, I can't leave my business, and I am sure I know what I want to do, just as well as if I had made ten retreats of thirty days each."

There was a painful pause, then Ralph continued with much feeling in his tone: "Besides that I asked you to hurry up the wedding for my father's sake, while he is at home, so that he may renew his youth in our happiness. You know my mother died when I was only one year old, and my father has never recovered from that blight upon his happiness and his hopes. He says that the void in his heart can never be filled, and that his whole life has been wasted in an unavailing sorrow. Only

lately he told me this, and I hoped his depression was only the result of the grippe, but it still clings to him. He always calls *you* the sunbeam. O, Aimée, let us be the sunlight of his declining years."

Poor Aimée! her tender heart was torn between two desires, her duty to God, and her wish to accede at once to Ralph's requests, but *all* must be subservient to God's will, which could only be known by prayer. So she parted with Ralph after the promise of a fervent novena which was to conclude on Christmas Day with Holy Communion, and then she would name the day as they walked home together after Mass—if God willed it so.

During the nine intervening days Ralph devoted himself exclusively to his father, but he counted the hours until Aimée could give him the final decision. It was Christmas Eve. Mr. Keene was in close conversation with Ralph about business affairs and the promised Christmas gift, when he said:

"But tell me my boy when will the wedding be? I had hoped it would be soon, for your little Aimée is very near and dear to my heart, not only for your sake, but in character and countenance she is the counterpart of one who was the joy of my heart, and I might almost say the salvation of my soul."

"My mother?" asked Ralph.

"Not your mother, but my *second* wife." Ralph could not conceal his surprise, and he said: "What father—your *second* wife?"

"You must not be surprised my son, when I now tell you, what I have never told even my own dear mother, who knew of my marriage, but she does not know the heart breaking sequel. After your mother's death, in my grief, this city and this house became distasteful to me, and as professional interests invited me South, I gladly availed myself of this release from all that reminded me of my sorrow. After a year's residence in M——, I met there a Miss Jeannette Holmes, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, an orphan of good family, but in reduced circumstances who supported herself as music teacher in an Episcopal Seminary, where her aunt, her only near relative, taught the modern languages. It never occurred to me that she was not a Catholic, for I had seen her frequently

in church, until she told me, later, that she knew nothing of the teachings of the Church, but that she loved to go there to pray during the week, when the other churches were closed, and that she felt there an indescribable peace which could not be found elsewhere. I offered to lend her some books which she gladly accepted, and in a short time she was thoroughly convinced of the truth, and on the 8th of the following September she was baptized; on that day I placed the betrothal ring upon her finger, and we were married on the 30th of November. She was a lovely character, and her pure soul overflowed with gratitude to our Lord for giving her the true faith, and on Christmas day when she made her First Communion, it seemed that Paradise was opened to us, nothing could be added to our happiness. She made of me only one request, that I would not separate her from her aunt, who, ten years her senior, had been a second mother to her. To this, I readily assented, but I saw plainly that Miss Blayne, or "Aunt Em" as we called her, was not likely to forgive the change in religion which she said was not the result of conviction, but of my influence, which was entirely false.

Soon after our marriage a new survey in Alabama obliged me to remove to Mobile, and Aunt Em declined to accompany us. We were so happy in our new home, and Jeannette was the best help-mate in the world, because her anxiety to be well instructed in her religion, gave me the responsibility of setting a good example in every way, and I blushed at my tepidity and negligence. Many of our evenings were devoted to reading and conversation on religious subjects, and it seemed that God had arranged our meeting and our marriage for our spiritual good. We had intended to come North after our wedding, for I was proud of my beautiful bride, but we were so happy in our little home that Jeannette proposed to defer our trip till the summer, and so it was deferred from month to month. In September, business forced me to go to Key West, as I supposed, for one week; from Key West I was sent to Havana, but I wrote to my wife to have good courage, that I would be absent only three weeks at the most. We were wrecked in the Gulf, and I, half dead and delirious, was picked up and carried

to Havana, where I was unconscious for weeks ; it seems to me that I have been delirious or mad ever since. As soon as I was able to speak I asked to have a message sent to my wife, and this was repeated many times ; when I could write one word, I wrote, but I received no answer, and I will never know whether my messages were received or not. In January, although I was not able to leave the hospital, I set out for home in a state of suspense that no human tongue can describe. Weak and emaciated, I was not recognized when I arrived in Mobile ; I hurried to my home to find it closed and empty. I will not go into details ; my precious wife was dead and my child gone—I knew not whither. I sought doctor, priest, and servants, and could learn little, save that the end came suddenly, and my wife's last words were a request to have our child baptized and brought up a Catholic, which Miss Blayne promised.

She then asked for a priest, but all was over before he arrived. "Oh, my son ! *life* is a mystery, and *death* a greater mystery still."

Mr. Keene was greatly agitated, and Ralph scarcely less so ; he could not trust himself to speak, for his heart and mind were busy with this astounding revelation of his father's second marriage and the lost child. When he asked for Aimée's hand, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad had confided to him the secret of her adoption, which he tried to banish from his mind, begging them to bury the secret forever. Could Aimée be the lost child ? He recalled the name, *Jeannette Holmes*, and the dates in the rings corresponded to those given by his father. Was this the solution of Aimée's hesitation, and the answer to the fervent Novena for light ? He could not mention it to his father now, he must be sure of the truth, but he begged him to rest and finish the conversation at some other time, when he was less fatigued. But Mr. Keene continued : "No, I will tell you all. I am neither tired nor ill, but while I was waiting to get into the confessional to-night, Christmas Eve brought back all the sweet memories of this day, twenty-one years ago, when Jeannette was preparing for her first communion, and then the sorrows of the intervening years swept over my heart and renewed all my agony. And now I tell you, that notwithstand-

ing my ceaseless efforts of twenty years, I have never been able to find my child. Miss Blayne sold the furniture in the house, paid all expenses, and went North. I learned indirectly that she confided my little one to some friends, that she married and went abroad, but I could not ascertain her married name or her whereabouts. Now you understand why I am an old man, though not yet fifty years old ! Oh, my son, there is more wormwood than honey to be found in this life ; do not imagine that even the most favored life can be free from suffering, but Aimée will teach you how to bear your trials and crosses when they come."

There was an unsteadiness in Mr. Keene's voice ; a strange pallor overspread his handsome face—it was but for a moment, then all was over; the sad and weary heart had ceased its labor, and all mysteries were solved for him in the light of God !

No argument or pleading on the part of Ralph's friends could detain him in Baltimore ; he determined to begin life anew in a far distant city, and the close of January saw him in his office in New Orleans. A few months later the newspapers announced that the beautiful and gifted Miss Aimée Conrad had buried herself and her accomplishments in the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity, under the name of Sister Mary Rose.

There through the dim cloister, a Vestal she trod,
Like Jephtha's fair daughter an offering to God,
and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad understood how our Blessed Lady had watched over the child confided to her by good Father Carr, on that memorable Christmas day in a distant southern city, twenty years before !

Six years later, when the yellow fever scourge swept over the South, Sister Mary Rose was one of those Angels of Charity who whispered peace and consolation to the sick and dying in the overcrowded hospitals of Memphis. Amid the desolation which surrounded her, she carried sunshine and hope with her, and by her touching narration of that one great sacrifice and all-atoning death, she gave peace and consolation to the dying, concealed the thorns with the roses which sprang

forth in the sunlight of faith in God's love, bedewed with her tears of sympathy.

In an extract from a letter from Ralph Keene about the same date, to one of his loved ones at home, we will see that he was not idle, but that his generous soul, by resignation sanctified, found too, its peace and happiness in serving his fellow-men, in imitation of Him who said : " Love one another, as *I have loved you.*"

" I have written home by every possible opportunity, but as I have received only one answer, I fear my letters have not reached you, for we are so quarantined on every side, that it is as difficult to get the mails, as it is to procure provisions, therefore in this I will repeat some things which I have written before. This is now the sixth week of the scourge ; the fever has spent itself and must soon cease for want of victims. I was in bed with a slight bilious attack when the panic occurred, but I arose at once and found, that of our party of twelve who were here, I was the only one who remained. Every one who could leave the city, left it immediately, and I was preparing to do the same, when I heard that Mr. Belt had been stricken. I went at once to his house and found him ill, and Mrs. Belt already delirious. This changed my plans. They had been exceedingly kind to me and I was glad to be of some service to them. You remember I had the yellow fever the first summer I was in New Orleans, but you did not know that my convalescence was so slow, that I was in the hospital three months, for I carefully dated my letters from my office, so you would think I had entirely recovered. During that time I saw many fever patients treated, and in fact, I sometimes aided the Sisters, and this experience has been very useful to me. Mrs. Belt soon passed away, and my devoted little friend Bessie, their only child, four years old, survived her only thirty-six hours. When I saw she was dying, in the absence of a priest, I baptized her, and two hours later I buried her with my own hands, and as I closed in the little grave by moonlight, I thanked God that for her heaven had been so easily won. The Belts were nominally Presbyterians, but there was an utter absence of anything like religion, when they needed it most. Mr.

Belt is recovering slowly, and he clings to me as the last spar in the shipwreck of his hopes and happiness, and he can hardly bear to have me out of his sight. But when I saw the inexpressible suffering of the poor here, I offered my services to the Sisters in the hospital, where I spent the greater part of my time, though, of course, I have not abandoned Mr. Belt. The Sisters have worked nobly; seven of them have here exchanged the cross for the martyr's crown, and five priests have gone forth from among us, to receive the immortal palm of victory. I saw a dastardly wretch search the pockets of dear, saintly Father Charles, and for his booty he found only a crucifix and a rosary; was not that edifying and touching? I could only think of the words of the gospel: "And looking up, they saw only Jesus"—and this good Father possessed only Jesus! To-day we have neither priest nor sister in the city, whether others will come to replace them or not, I cannot say. I am well, do not be uneasy about me, I will come home as soon as possible and remain until we can resume our work. I will not return to New Orleans for the present. I cannot send you telegrams as I would wish, for we have no operators, so many have died at the post, that others are loath to come. You ask me if I say the Rosary every day? No, I am afraid not, but I always say my "mystery" and, when I can, I say the Rosary on the street, passing to and from the hospital, but I try to make up for it in little aspirations, which the saints say supply for all other prayers, and I do my best to make a prayer of my work. It seems strange that so many of the little prayers we said when we were children come back to me now, and I find myself repeating the little offering we made every morning:

"My God, I offer Thee this day,
All I shall think, or do, or say,
Uniting it with what was done
On earth, by Jesus Christ Thy Son."

Sister Mary Rose remembers it. As for sermons, I have one every hour, but the most affecting of all, and the one which makes the deepest impression on any heart, is preached to me

every night, when I go out to bury the dead—I think one such sermon would be sufficient for a life-time. Pray for me—I will soon be home.

A Memphis paper gave the notice of Sister Mary Rose's sacrifice in these words, in the column of deaths: "Sister Mary Rose, Hospital Sister of Charity, aged twenty-six," the record of her life was kept in Heaven, by Him, Who said: "Whatever thou hast done for one of the least of these, My brethren, thou hast done it also unto Me."

A letter from Mr. Belt a week later, showed that another sacrifice had reached its consummation on that same day; in a city two hundred miles distant, Ralph Keene had passed away, the last victim save one; for the noble priest who arrived from New Orleans in time to assist him in that last supreme moment, also died of the infection, another martyr of charity.

In a grave unmarked and unknown, save to that heavenly band, whom St. Paul calls "that great cloud of witnesses"—after life's fitful fever, the noble-hearted, self-sacrificing Ralph Keene sleeps well—for "greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

A review of the work done at Auriesville during the year now closing is very gratifying to all who have witnessed it and coöperated with those in charge of the Shrine. The PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS records it faithfully and but for a grateful memory of all that had been done in previous years, one might easily think that more had been effected in 1901 than ever before. It needs but a moment's reflection to perceive that the patient labors and disappointments of the past made possible the results just achieved. The enlargement of the property, the purchase and improvement of the hotel, the extensive repairs and clearing done in the Ravine, its embellishment by the erection of three fine new statues, with the consequent increase in the pil-

grimaces—all this and more might have been the good fortune of Auriesville years ago but for obstacles, not of our making, which we could not surmount.

We owe a debt of gratitude to God. In surveying the work of the past year and recalling the labors of the year previous, which are briefly recounted in the *PILGRIM* for August, we cannot fail to recognize His guiding and helping hand throughout, and we are justified by the thought of His goodness in the past to hope for still greater favors in the near future. The material work was little in itself though it, too, had to be done under difficulties, but the charity that prompted our friends to aid us as they did by special contributions, by their interest in the Bazaar and in the Passion Play given last April, was surely of God, as were also the zeal of the many pastors and the piety of the thousands of their congregations who came in devout pilgrimages to worship at the Shrine. Nothing we could do at Auriesville, not even the erection of a magnificent temple, could compare with the sweet memories with which the place has been hallowed by this devout concourse of men and women who come there yearly to add to its traditions already so sacred the manifestation of their own faith and piety.

Not the least important of the work done this year for Auriesville is that of the *PILGRIM* itself. A glance at its contents is enough to show how well it accomplishes the purpose for which it was founded. The chapters on the early Canadian Missions, translated from Rochemonteix's great work, recounting, as they do, the labors of Father Jogues, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, Garnier and other missionaries in which we are interested; the Mission Notes, short stories, articles on devotion to Our Blessed Lady and the Shrine Annals, make it a most acceptable periodical to all clients of Our Lady of Martyrs and friends of the Mission of the Martyrs on the site of which her Shrine is situated. Readers of the *PILGRIM* may confidently recommend it to others, and we earnestly request them to help us to extend its circulation as a means of making known the interests of Auriesville and providing for its maintenance and improvement.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. W. C., Scranton, Pa., . . . \$100 00	A. B. N., Brooklyn, N. Y., . . . \$1 00
M. M., Buckingham, Canada, 4 00	F. L., New York City, several pieces
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y. . . 5 00	of jewelry.
F. E. M., Phila., 50	

MISSION NOTES.

THE FATHERS OF THE HOLY GHOST IN AFRICA.

The Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Holy Heart of Mary, was founded by Venerable Father Libermann, a converted Hebrew. Their chosen field of Apostolic labor is Africa. They are in the French colonies of West Africa and in the English colonies of Zanzibar and East Africa. Their religious establishments number 144. They have 273 schools in their missions, and 97 hospitals. Since 1850, 604 of those heroic missionaries have given up their lives in the hard and unhealthy mission-fields of the Dark Continent. In French Congo particularly, their influence and labor have saved the missions for the Church, and for their native country, France. French Congo is now divided into three vicariates Apostolic—Gabon, Congo proper, and Oubanghi. In 1900 there were 36 schools, with 3,236 pupils in those vicariates.

IN ABYSSINIA.

Abyssinia is the only country in Africa which has remained faithful to Christianity through all the inroads of the Mahometans. For thirteen centuries the people, retired in their mountains, have resisted Islam.

Here the Cross has never ceased to be honored, and the voice of prayer has never died away in the groves which shade the churches. The people are unfortunately separated from the Church by the Eutychian heresy, which acknowledges only one nature in our Lord. Even King Menelik's Mahometan subjects, or at least many of them, are willing to accept his religion. The Christian Abyssinians are enthusiastically religious, being most remarkable for their veneration of the Cross and of the Blessed Mother, whom they call Mother of God, as we do. It would seem in fact that the mass of the people adore our Lord absolutely as we do, without being restrained by heretical teaching, regarding which they seem to be in great part ignorant. There is, however, a regrettable admixture of coarse and superstitious practices, resulting from ignorance and from Pagan and Mahometan influences.

King Menelik is very friendly to the Catholic missionaries. His terrific defeat of the Italian army at Adowa gave him a

peculiarly sacred character in the eyes of his people. Under his sway there is a new era opened in his country.

A BISHOP'S VISITATION IN INDIA.

The Madras *Catholic Register* informs us that the Bishop of Mylapore, during the visitation of one district of his diocese, namely Tanjore, has confirmed 6,000 persons, the majority of them being over forty years of age. About 200 were septuagenarians or octogenarians. His Lordship spent the nights with the priests who accompanied him, in the pandals erected by the faithful near the chapels. The heat was at times blistering, especially at Manganur (an affiliated chapel of Vallam), where in the Bishop's pandal the thermometer registered 107! On this day the Bishop fell ill and it was believed that he would not be able to continue his pastoral tour. But fortunately the illness proved to be of a passing nature, and the same evening he left for another chapel in a country cart. In all of the churches and chapels visited, His Lordship was received with great and spontaneous festive demonstrations, the faithful doing all that they could and knew, to receive their Prelate worthily, there being in some places, as at Tanjore, a veritably royal or triumphal progress.

CHINA.

The missions of China are being quickly re-established. The residence of Bishop Favier has been rebuilt. Two large hospitals are building at Peking and Tientsin. Soon the traces of ruin will be effaced. The Bishop entertains bright hopes for the future; for it is now more and more clear that the *people* were not opposed to Christianity. Many pagans brought presents to the returning Bishop. Twelve hundred persons have been baptized since the crisis of last year, and there are 3,000 preparing to be received into the Church. The Chinese do not object to paying the indemnity, which will cover about two-thirds of the losses of the missions and of individuals. Bishop Favier refused large sums of money offered by the Viceroy to compensate for the martyred missionaries. He had complete lists of Boxer leaders, and knew the hiding-places of many of them, even of the murderers of one of his priests; but the lists he threw into the fire, and in answer to an inquiry, said: "We have not come to cause death, and will not inform even against the guilty." Whatever was taken in the way of food, etc., under stress of necessity had been carefully noted, and was deducted from the indemnity. The

Bishop himself indemnified his neighbors and others, and even the owners of houses burned near his residence during the siege. All this was unexpected. With regard to the ludicrous story that Bishop Favier had "looted" the house of Lou-Sen, he found after much inquiry who Lou-Sen was. Lou's father had been slain by the Boxers. Not only had he no charge against the Bishop, but, on the contrary, he thanked him for preserving what remained of his house, in the ruins of which, he said, there had been no treasure to "loot." He even offered a small house to the Bishop on his return to Peking. Count Waldersee, the French Minister, and the Chinese Government declared that there was no charge against Bishop Favier. He himself invited by placard all who thought they had claims against the Catholic mission. At the request of the Mandarins, he bade his Christians forgive; and all—Christians and Pagans—have agreed, he says, to let the dead past bury its dead.

Famine is raging still, and in some parts of China, with dreadful violence. Very many die of hunger, the death-rate amongst children being especially great. Fern roots are made into a sort of bread, and leaves of trees are boiled to allay the pangs of hunger. Many, completely exhausted, lie down by the roadside and sleep their last sleep. Horses, as they pass, stumble over the bodies. Wild beasts, attracted by the corpses, have multiplied in alarming numbers, and have seized as their victims many of the living. The missionaries have been simply forced to open some sort of orphanages to shelter the children parentless or abandoned. Father Urban, a Franciscan missionary of Shen-si, found a young mother with two children lying by the wayside. To his questions she returned no answer, for she was dead. One of the children, while endeavoring to tell that they had come to beg of him, turned on its mother's breast and died. Such scenes are very common.

FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The total receipts for the Work of the Propagation of the Faith in 1900 amounted to \$1,369,740. The greater part of this sum was given by Europe, America contributing only \$120,028. Yet several Protestant organizations in the United States collect a million dollars annually for their missions. The missions of America received \$67,928 out of the money collected by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

BEATIFICATIONS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

In the century just elapsed, 310 of the children of the Church have been beatified, amongst whom 264 were martyrs. Some were children even of three or four years, as, for instance, amongst the Japanese Martyrs. Some were far advanced in years, as Lucia Fleites, who, at the age of eighty years, died for the faith in Japan. Nineteen of the beatified were Jesuits, and sixteen Franciscans. Eighty were canonized; and amongst these, forty-seven were martyrs. There were seven Christian Virgins, and only two were not priests or religious. Pope Pius VII., canonized five, Gregory XVI., five; Pius IX, fifty-two; Pope Leo, eighteen.

TRAVELLING IN ALASKA.

The following extract is from a missionary's letter.

"KOSEREFISKY, YUKON RIVER—On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, my old companion, Brother Mark, made the solemn profession of his last vows, after which we prepared for our sled journey to St. Ignatius' Mission on the Kuskowim River, eighty or more miles distant. Our party consisted of Father Robaut, the pioneer priest of Alaska, Brother Mark and myself, with a guide. Two sleds carried our travelling outfit, with some supplies for the mission. For the first ten miles, the trail, when there is one, runs through a portage over frozen lakes and through woods and winding sloughs until it strikes the big Yukon again.

"Our sleds glided smoothly over the ice and light snow and no difficulty was met with until a great steep bank obliged us to unhitch the dogs and lift the sleds over the obstruction.

"For a distance of several miles the ice was so slippery that even the dogs found it hard to keep there footing. The wind which was fortunately in the right direction, was now stronger. On we swept through the gathering darkness of the long Alaskan nights, now and then blown against some jagged ice to the damage of our sleds. Coming to a slippery bank Brother Mark fell heavily on one knee and quite disabled himself.

"After another piece of rough road we came to the smooth ice again, to be once more hurried along at the mercy of the wind. Once both teams were reversed, the sleds being blown clear past the dogs, which were dragged along for some distance. About 6 P. M. we reached Pimute, an Eskimo village,

and making a last effort to get up the high bank, we pulled up in front of a little log cabin for a night's shelter."

DENMARK.

Copenhagen lately celebrated the seventh anniversary of the death of its founder, Bishop Absalom, who lived in the 12th century. His statue on the front of the City Hall, represents him with mitre, crozier, and sword; for, as was usual with the Bishops in the Middle Ages, he was the educator of his people, and their staunchest defender in days of danger. Many eloquent discourses delivered during the festival recalled the great deeds of Bishop Absalom, who, being prime minister of Denmark, delivered his country from the pirates, added new provinces to it, and assured its maritime supremacy in the north. He founded churches, schools, and monasteries. A striking sign of the revival of the faith in Denmark will be the introduction of monastic orders during this year, seven centuries after the death of the illustrious bishop who was their great patron in his own day.

FROM THE MISSIONS.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, CHANGANACHERRY.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—You will be glad to learn that by orders of the Holy See, we established here, on the 22d of June last, a Confraternity of the Sacred Heart *i. e.* Apostleship of Prayer. We have about 200 members now, and we hope that the number will increase. I am therefore bound to be a subscriber to *The Messenger*, and I hope you will have the goodness to supply me every month with copies of the same, on the conditions agreed upon.

The Messenger I get down, is read not only by me, but by all my friends, and by the Sisters of the local Carmelite Convent.

As you are already aware, India has been ravaged by a most dreadful famine. Please pray that its sad results may cease.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Rev. ABYRIAC KAUDANE,

Vicar-Foranus, St. Mary's Cathedral, Changanacherry.

Travancore, India.

ULLAL, MANGALORE, INDIA.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER :—You have received, I hope, my letter, written on the feast of the Sacred Heart, in which I thanked you for your kind letter of April 12th, a check for £2 17s 3d and two Mass intentions, and for the deep interest you have been so practically taking in my poor mission. Not a single day passes without my remembering you and my other American benefactors, both during Mass and at other times. That the Sacred Heart of Our Lord may inspire some more benefactors to send us some substantial aid at this crisis, is my daily prayer. To you the needs of my poor mission are well known.

More than the crumbling walls of the Sanctuary of our church and the incomplete chapel built in a distant corner, our mind is directed to an old chapel that partly gave way during the last monsoons. The stormy weather carried away several tiles of the roof. Here and at another place (eight miles distant from this) the Lutherans have secured several of our children to their newly built splendid school. To allure our poor and ignorant people they have erected a fine looking chapel in our vicinity. Being a mercantile mission, they offer to our illiterate and despised people very favorable terms and allurements—a house to lodge free of rent, a pair of buffaloes to till the fields, corn both to sow in the fields and satiate their belly-god, and oftentimes employment in their own tile factories.

When some time ago I went to the interior to inspect a place for catechism (793 Catholics), the pagans requested me to open a school for the benefit of their children. Right well they understand the self-sacrificing spirit of Catholic priests and highly prize the high tone of morality imparted to their children in Catholic schools. But I have no money. If some charitable persons come forward with thirty dollars a year, I could secure the services of a schoolmaster, and with one hundred dollars I hope to build a school here. For erecting a chapel too I entirely trust in you, after my heavenly procurators.

I hope to be able to send to you the Christmas number of the *Mangalore Magazine* (edited by the Rev. J. Moore, S.J., the present rector of St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore), in which you will find an article on the fountains of Father Vaz, once pastor of this place.

Yours, very sincerely,

R. M. LOBO.

ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

DEAR REV. FATHER :—The Bank has at last cashed the check you kindly sent and has handed over the money to Rev. Father Marshall the Vicar-General, for distribution. He thanks you for the donation and timely help you give to some famishing people. I take the liberty of enclosing a circular I pass round here in India. Perhaps a charitable person of your acquaintance would be able and willing to send a contribution.

In Union S. S. sincerely yours,

P. HIPPE, S.J.

As the new Central Station of Khargpur, on the Bengal Nagpur Railway, is one to which a large Catholic Community of Railway employes will always be attached, it is proposed to erect a suitable Catholic Church in the locality, with a Bungalow adjoining for the use of the Chaplain.

A plot of ground necessary for the purpose has already been secured and the Priest's Bungalow is in course of construction, but funds are urgently needed, both for its completion and to allow of the building of the Church being taken in hand.

I therefore appeal with permission of his late lamented Grace Dr. P. Goethals, Archbishop of Calcutta, to the public and more especially to such as Railway employes, in the hope that they will generously come forward and enable me to effectively carry through the project in hand. Contributions may be forwarded to

P. HIPPE, S. J.,

Visiting Chaplain.

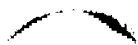
*Address:—*ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

Khargpur, July 8, 1901.

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